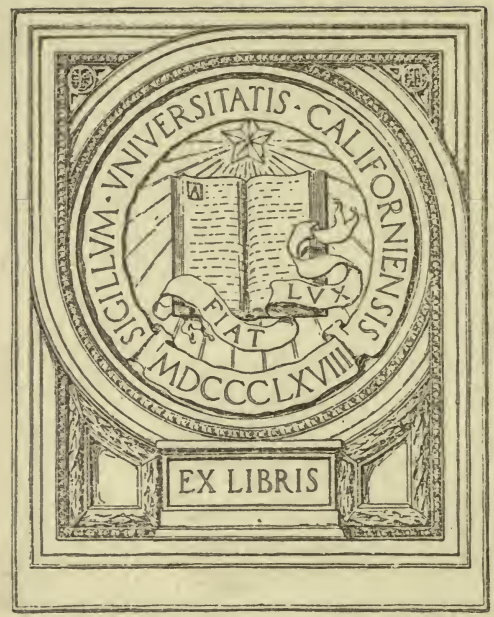
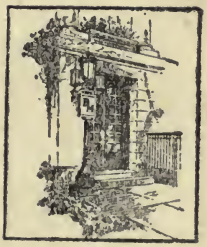
YC 09838


SIGILLVM · VNIVERSITATIS · CALIFORNIENSIS
LVX
FIAT
MDCCCLXVIII
EX LIBRIS

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/whyeuropeleavesh00roberich

WHY EUROPE LEAVES HOME

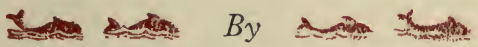


UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

A typical morning gathering of emigrants at the visé office in Warsaw. The people in the gallery are standing four deep. The serpentine line on the floor, only a small part of which appears in the picture, is nearly two hundred yards long. Ninety per cent. of these people are Jews.

WHY EUROPE LEAVES HOME

A true account of the reasons which cause Central Europeans to overrun America which lead Russians to rush to Constantinople and other fascinating and unpleasant places which coax Greek royalty and commoners into strange byways and hedges and which induce Englishmen and Scotchmen to go out at night.



By

KENNETH L. ROBERTS

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

From accurate and de-propagandized information gathered in England, Scotland, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Danzig, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Italy, Turkey and Greece in the years 1920 and 1921

THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

TO WIN AMERICA

Copyright, 1920, 1921
The Curtis Publishing Company

Copyright, 1922
The Bobbs-Merrill Company

JV 6455
P5 5

Printed in the United States of America

PRESS OF
BRAUNWORTH & CO.
BOOK MANUFACTURERS
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

To
BOOTH TARKINGTON

520219

CONTENTS

	PAGE
WHY EUROPE LEAVES HOME	1
PORTS OF EMBARKATION	35
THE EXISTENCE OF AN EMERGENCY	67
THE REMEDY	99
WAIFS OF AN EMPIRE	121
THE CONSTANTINOPLE REFUGEES	169
THEY SOMETIMES COME BACK	221
THE BEER WORSHIPERS	263
SCOTLAND FOR SCOTCH	315

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

Why Europe Leaves Home

THE center of Europe, prior to the attempt of the male members of the Hohenzollern family to corner the world and kick it brutally in the face, was occupied by the large and fretful combination of peoples known as the Austro-Hungarian Empire. In this so-called nation dwelt Germans, Czechs, Slovaks, Magyars, Poles, Croats, Slovenes, Rusins, Rumanians, Dalmatians, Serbians, Jews, Gipsies, and a number of other peculiar folk. When an outsider strolled into Austria-Hungary and tried to get a quick but comprehensive grasp of the different national groups which made up the empire, his brain reeled with a loud buzzing noise.

Among the peoples in the old Austria-Hungary, for example, there were Slovaks, Slovenes and Slavonians. The newcomer, hearing these names for the first time, usually thinks that they are garbled versions of the same thing. They aren't, however. The Slovenes and the Slovaks are hundreds of miles apart. The Slovaks hate the Hungarians and their Czech rulers; the Slovenes hate their Serb rulers and the Italians. It is a baffling matter at first sight; and even travelers frequently speak of Jugo-Slovakia in the same breath with Czecho-Slovakia. Yet there is no such country as Jugo-Slovakia. There is Czecho-Slovakia,

and there is Jugo-Slavia. There are plenty of Jugo-Slavs, but no Jugo-Slovaks. It is all very strange and befuddling; but in time one learns these delicate nuances, just as one finally learns that standard time is an hour later than daylight-saving time—or vice versa, whichever it is.

The people in the old Austria-Hungary ranged all the way from the refined and cultured individuals who lived in the great centers like Prague and Vienna and Budapest, used whipped-cream on their chocolate and murmured mutinously when there were fewer than fifty beautiful women in the ballet of *Faust,* down to the hard-boiled Rusins who wore sheepskin undergarments and slept on the mud floor of the living-room with the heifers and the pigs. They differed widely from one another in their traditions, their history, their religions, their languages, their culture and their national costumes. They had only a few things in common: not one of the different peoples of old Austria-Hungary was ever satisfied with its government; each nationality had a bitter, passionate and unwavering hatred for at least one adjoining nationality; and all of them wanted to go to America. In these things they were alike.

During the thirty-five years before the war, the bulk of the immigrants who surged so freely into the United States came from three countries—Austria-Hungary, Italy and Russia. They were running neck and neck when the war broke; and on an average about a quarter of a million immigrants were entering America from each of the three countries. Austria-Hungary, however, showed unmistakable signs of nosing out the other two. In the ten years before the war broke out, 2,347,636 immigrants had entered the United States from Austria-Hungary as against 2,196,884 from Italy and 1,991,284 from Russia. In the big immi-

gration year of 1907, Austria-Hungary alone sent to America the staggering total of 338,452 emigrants. This was the greatest number of people that ever moved from one country to another country in one year's time in the history of the world. Part of them went because the agents of steamship lines painted glowing pictures of the ease with which money could be made in America; part of them went because agents of big manufacturing concerns circulated through the crowded districts and offered jobs in American mills at wages which seemed fabulous to the poor peasant; and by far the largest part went because relatives and friends and acquaintances who had already gone to America wrote back to their home towns telling of easy money and bright lights and fine clothes, and filling the minds of the stay-at-homes with a red-hot, sizzling desire to be up and doing in order to participate in the delights of America—especially in the easy-money part.

To-day Austria-Hungary no longer exists. It has become Czecho-Slovakia, Hungary, Austria, a part of Poland, a part of Rumania, a part of Italy and a part of Jugo-Slavia. The inhabitants of these new divisions of an old empire have as little in common as they had before the war; but the few things which they have in common have grown greatly during the last few years. They hate one another even more passionately than they hated one another in 1914; they are even more dissatisfied with their governments, for the most part, than they used to be; and their longing to go to America is so violent and poignant and all-pervasive that they would willingly permit themselves to be kicked all the way from Warsaw to Paris or from Belgrade to Danzig—both of which trips would require a vast amount of kicking, to say nothing of a frightful amount of

wear and tear on the garments of the kickee—if the final kick deposited them aboard a ship bound for America. They would do anything to get to America. They would lie with a fluency that would cause the bones of Baron Münchhausen to rattle feverishly in his grave; they would steal anything which could be stolen by human hands; probably they would willingly commit murder; for human life is not highly valued in Europe at the present time, what with several years of war, and the menace of Bolshevism, and the low rate of exchange, and one thing and another.

Before the war there was a great pother over the vast quantities of immigrants which were pouring into the United States each year. The United States Immigration Commission proved conclusively that the bulk of the more recent immigrants from Central and Southeastern Europe hived up in settlements of their own, where they retained the customs and the languages and the ideals of the countries from which they came, and failed utterly to become Americans. They had their own publications and occasionally their own laws. They were too frequently the sources of unrest and dissatisfaction, as well as of sedition and of innumerable varieties of revolutionary and anarchistic doctrines. In the cant phrase of the day, the majority of the more recent immigrants didn't assimilate. An ostrich could assimilate a croquet ball or a cobble-stone with about the same ease that America assimilated her newcomers from Central and Southeastern Europe. Most of them seemed to have been inoculated against assimilation before leaving home. Their standard of living in their home countries was as low as any standard of living could possibly be. If it had been any lower, it would have ceased to be a standard, and would have become a hole or socket.

The immigrants brought many of these standards with them, and clung to them determinedly in America. No matter how meager their wages might be, they lived on them handily and saved money, which they sent back home. That was what most of them came to America for—to save money and send it back home. Now there is nothing wrong with the saving of money by an immigrant; and when he has saved it, he is entitled to do what he pleases with it; for he has paid for the money with hard work. But it is a different matter when great numbers of men, accustomed all their lives to living on starvation rations, come to America and take jobs at low wages and then, in their determination to save money, crowd into wretched quarters and live in squalor and filth and darkness on a fraction of the money which an American workman must spend in order to live decently. Such a proceeding lowers the standard of living in America. The 1920 platform of the Republican party voiced the opinion of most political economists when it declared that, "The standard of living and the standard of citizenship of a nation are its most precious possessions, and the preservation and elevation of those standards is the first duty of our Government," and added that, "The immigration policy of the United States should be such as to insure that the number of foreigners in the country at any one time shall not exceed that which can be assimilated with reasonable rapidity, and to favor immigrants whose standards are similar to ours." No prophet who ever lived, and no student of immigration, no matter how weighty his brain, is capable of figuring out the number of foreigners who can be assimilated by the United States in a given period of time. If they are allowed to live in the slums and Ghettos and foreign settlements in which

they are now living, they can not be assimilated. There isn't a chance of it. There isn't even a shadow of a chance of it. Such chance as there is, would, in fact, have to stand twice on one spot in order to cast a shadow. The people from these foreign settlements work all day by the side of other aliens. When they leave their work, they go back to crowded homes in which the only atmosphere is one of dirt and Europe. They come in contact with practically nothing which can be regarded as an Americanizing influence. So long as foreigners are permitted to enter this country and segregate themselves, just so long will they resist the rudiments of assimilation. Numbers have nothing to do with it. In approaching the subject from that angle, therefore, the Republican platform was disseminating a large amount of hot air. The idea behind the hazy words, however, was good. The idea proclaimed that the United States, in the past, had bitten off more than it could chew as regards immigrants, and that in the future smaller bites must be taken.

This attitude on immigration came about as a result of the immense numbers of immigrants who were entering America each year during the decade before the war, and the difficulty which America was finding in digesting them. But the pre-war throngs which surged into America do not loom so large when compared with the serried ranks and the teeming multitudes which to-day are anxiously awaiting the opportunity to break all surging records between Europe and America. Given a free field and no restrictions, they will surge to such an extent that they will, as one might say, turn America into one vast surgery.

In this we are able to observe history in her favorite pastime of repeating herself with almost deafening loudness.

The Napoleonic wars left Europe wallowing weakly in an economic muddle of a most pernicious sort. The quarter-century following the battle of Waterloo saw nearly two million people immigrating to the United States from Great Britain and Ireland alone. In 1818—over one hundred years ago—an English writer named Robert Holditch gave the following picture of the economic wars which followed Waterloo:

"The cry of distress was soon heard from all quarters, and the bankruptcy of our merchants and tradesmen occurred to an extent hitherto unknown. These failures involved the fate of thousands connected with trade and commerce; the opulent became insolvent; many of the middle classes descended to poverty; the indigent filled the work-houses; the local taxes pressed with intolerable weight upon those who were able to pay; and the situation of many who contributed was scarcely superior to the wretched inmates of the workhouse. A frightful national debt still presses, and the united demands of local and national taxes have influenced, and still do influence, thousands of our countrymen to abandon their native shores, and to commence, as it were, a new existence on those of the Atlantic."

Mr. Holditch's words, except for being too mild, apply to-day to every country in Europe. They apply particularly to Russia, Poland, and the lands that used to be Austria-Hungary. Throughout those countries the city-dwellers who once were opulent are living for the most part in utter misery; an income which five years ago would support an entire family in luxury for a year is to-day insufficient to buy a single suit of clothes. Owing to the worthlessness of Central European currency, and to its violent fluctuation from week to week, merchants and farmers are loath to part with any-

thing except for its equivalent in other commodities. The erstwhile nobility has sold its furniture, its carpets, and even its beds, in order to obtain food; the poor are existing on less food and poorer food than is fed to an American dog which is being conditioned for a dog-show. There are millions of people in Central Europe who have been unable to buy clothes for years, and who will be unable to buy them for years to come. They are making clothes out of window curtains, carpets, meal-sacks. These people used to be affluent and comfortable. They used to travel, read new books, dine at good restaurants; to-day they have nothing, they see nothing, they do nothing except hope vainly for relief from their miserable existence. These are the city-dwellers. The farmers are infinitely more comfortable, being self-sustaining; and they will continue to be so until the city-dwellers in desperation roam the countryside in armed bands and take by force whatever the farmers have. The misery which followed the Napoleonic wars is a weak and puny misery compared to the malicious, ferocious, relentless old John D. Misery who has Central Europe by the throat to-day.

Careful investigation in various parts of Europe has shown conclusively that if the United States should remove the ban on immigrants, emigration from Ireland to the United States would be at least three times as large in the ensuing five years as it was in the five years before the war; that five million people would emigrate from Germany in the ten years following the lifting of the ban, and that the majority of them would steer straight for America; that emigration from Italy to America for many years would be limited only by the number of passenger steamers assigned to the task of carrying immigrants to America from

Italy. The same thing that is true of Italy is true of the new nations which used to be Austria-Hungary. Immigrants to America from these nations would fill every ship that is supplied for that purpose for years to come—unless America becomes permanently convinced that her chances of assimilating this mass of humanity is even less than a hummingbird's chances of assimilating a box of carpet-tacks.

Most of the top layer of the old Austro-Hungarian Empire has become Czecho-Slovakia. Czecho-Slovakia is located in the middle of Europe and has the outline of an old, broken-down tennis shoe or sneaker. On the front part of the Czecho-Slovak sneaker, extending from the top of the instep to the tip of the toe, there is a large growth or wen which was also a part of Austria-Hungary. This is the old Austrian crownland of Galicia, and it is now the southern end of Poland, just as it has been, off and on, ever since the eleventh century. One of the most annoying features about Central Europe is the way in which everything changed hands every little while in the old days, so that at the present time everybody claims everything in sight, whether it belongs to him or not. Galicia, however, is now a part of Poland; and a large percentage of the emigrants from Poland to America are Jews from Galicia.

In Poland alone there are as many people desirous of emigrating to the United States as emigrated to this country from all of Europe during any three of the big pre-war emigration years. A commissioner of the Hebrew Sheltering and Immigrant Aid Society of America, after making a trip of investigation through Poland, stated that, "If there were in existence a ship that could hold three million human beings, the three million Jews of Poland would board it and escape to America." This is, of course, an exaggeration,

but not so wild an exaggeration as one might think. And out of the more than twenty million Poles in Poland, there are great numbers who wish to fold their spare trousers and silently steal away, or noisily steal away, or steal away in any old way so long as they can get to that glad bourne whence no traveler returns without upward of five thousand dollars in undepreciated American currency reposing coyly against his manly chest.

The report of the United States Bureau of Immigration shows that the number of Jews entering the United States in the few years before the war was very large. In 1904, 106,236 entered the country. The high-water mark was reached in 1906, when 153,748 Jews disembarked on our shores. Nineteen hundred fourteen was another good year; 138,051 coming during the twelve months ending June 30, 1914. The tremendous influx of Jews into the United States is shown in the American Jewish Year Book, which estimates that in 1818 there were only 3,000 Jews in the whole country, whereas in 1918 there were 1,500,000 Jews in New York City alone.

A large part of this Jewish immigration came from Austrian Poland, Russian Poland and German Poland; for nearly one-third of all the Jews in the world are concentrated there. This is due to the fact that in the Middle Ages the different nations of Europe expelled the Jews, and Poland was designated as the place where they might settle. When Poland was partitioned, Russian Poland was made the Jewish Pale of Settlement for the Russian Empire—the place where the Jews could live without persecution. The Jews in these districts are anxious to come to America, not because they are oppressed to a greater extent than they used to be, nor because they are in greater economic distress, but because America has been very heavily advertised

during the last few years as the source of all good things in the world. The economic distress of these wretched people, for one reason or another, has always been so close to the extreme limit that they were dulled to distress's finer points. If they lived on beans and beats in 1912, their distress didn't increase if the beans were moldy and the beats decayed in 1920. Any lot was preferable to their own; and the most preferable lot, of course, was the one which carried with it the most money. The Jews of Poland have long believed that any energetic person could become wealthy in America by the delightfully simple method of running around the streets and prying the gold coins from between the paving-stones with a nut-pick. The big steamship lines had thousands of agents scattered over Galicia. Each emigrant which an agent handed over to a steamship line meant a commission for the agent. Consequently if they could persuade anybody to go to America by assuring him that American hens were in the habit of laying diamond-studded earrings on Mondays and platinum watches on Fridays, they would gladly do so. And in many cases they did. The steamship agents who stimulate emigration have vanished; but the fairy-tales which they told about America are still related to goggle-eyed infants by long-whiskered Galician grandfathers who still hope to choke a few diamond lavallieres out of American hens before they leave this vale of tears.

The old days of having to hunt for money in America have been superseded by an era during which Americans force money on foreigners. The American Relief Warehouse scheme, which is easily the most effective relief idea ever evolved, was originated by Herbert Hoover. Warehouses have been secured all over Europe and stocked with bundles of American food. Destitute persons in the countries of Central Europe send postals to relatives or friends

in America asking for help, whereat the relatives or friends buy Food Drafts at American banks in the names of their European friends. The names are sent to Europe, and packages of food are at once delivered to the persons named.

In order to facilitate the working of this American Relief Warehouse scheme, the American Relief Administrations in different European countries got out posters which at a distance, look like American flags. "Do you have relatives or friends in America?" ask these posters. If so, they continue, one only needs to send cards to them in order to get food.

In the old days, the steamship lines got out posters for European circulation depicting the glories of the life in America, including a solid gold Statue of Liberty and skyscrapers edged with two-karat diamonds. These posters were regarded in America as immigration-stimulators, and were frowned on with a large amount of thoroughness. But no steamship line ever got out a poster which was more of an immigration-stimulator than the American Relief Warehouse posters. They convey the distinct idea that every one in America has so much money that he is willing to give away a large part of it to almost any one—so much money that he hasn't the slightest idea what to do with it.

Even more potent than the posters, as an immigration stimulator, has been the activities of the Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society, which I will mention in more detail in a future chapter. Excellent advertisements, moreover, for the advantages which America has to offer are the great amount of charity dispensed throughout Europe and the large amount of money sent back to Europe by those who have already emigrated. In Poland, for example, there are a great many large Hebrew communities which have no

Copyright Underwood & Underwood

Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce, and originator of the American Relief Warehouse Scheme,—The most effective relief idea ever evolved.

Copyright Underwood & Underwood

A picturesque view of Prague, capital of the new Republic of Czecho-Slovakia.

visible means of subsistence except the money which is sent back by relatives who have gone to America.

The American Consulate in Warsaw is located above the Discount Bank of Warsaw. As I mounted the stairs on my first visit to the American Consulate, I heard the peculiar combination of wail and moan and shriek which is usually made by a frightened mob attempting to escape bodily harm. Investigation led me to a small balcony over the main banking-room of the Discount Bank. It was an ordinary bank, like the average American bank. The floor was about eighteen paces square, surrounded on three sides by the conventional tellers' and cashiers' cages: and every available inch of floor-space was occupied by a howling, shrieking, pushing, squirming mass of humanity attempting to collect money which had been sent from America. All of them were Jews. There wasn't, so far as I could judge, room for another person in the room. The component parts of this howling mob were fighting to get to one of the two windows where they exchanged slips of paper for money. Venerable old men with long beards and faces distorted by passion clawed remorselessly at women who were kicking and biting in their attempt to forge ahead. Old women, whose strength was insufficient to cope with that of the men around them, were forced to their knees and trampled until pain gave them enough strength to claw their way upright again. Men who reached the grilled windows were torn from their places, cursing and screaming at the top of their lungs, and replaced by disheveled maniacs who were in turn wrenched from their positions. A hand would shoot out from the crowd, clutch a woman by the hair and haul her backward until her eyes threatened to pop from her head. I saw one wild man, with little corkscrew curls hanging

down in front of his ears and a beard shot with gray, pull back a woman in front of him by clawing at her face and getting two fingers in the corner of her mouth. With mouth distended and face distorted her head came back and back. She stopped screaming and set her teeth on his fingers until he in turn screamed with anguish. The place was a den of wild beasts; and the stench which rose from the struggling, squirming bodies was sickening.

Between ninety and ninety-five per cent. of our immigrants from Poland at present are Jews; and the conditions under which the Jews of Poland live are, to put it conservatively, very bad indeed. They herd together in cities, and the overcrowding and the filth and the squalor of the Ghettos of Poland are terrible. This overcrowding, and the existence of Ghettos, are usually blamed on the oppressors of the Jews by sentimentalists who favor unrestricted immigration. The sentimentalists declare that the Ghetto is kept in existence by oppressors so that the Hebrews can be segregated and controlled. New York's Ghetto, however, is almost on a par with the Ghettos of Lodz or Warsaw as far as overcrowding goes. So is London's Ghetto and Vienna's Ghetto; but in none of these cities is any effort made to segregate and control the Jews. They segregate themselves.

The Jews of Poland never go in for agriculture. They stick to the cities and engage entirely in trade. In the Middle Ages the Jews of Europe were prohibited by law from engaging in agriculture, but they were allowed to be usurers —an occupation which was forbidden to Christians. This is probably the reason why the present-day Jew is always a trader in Poland and the near-by countries. If he is engaged in any sort of work at all, he is either a usurer, a pedler, a liquor-dealer, a Schieber or food-profiteer, or a small shop-

keeper. Even the most liberal-minded authorities on immigration state that the Jews of Poland are human parasites, living on one another and on their neighbors of other races by means which too often are underhanded, that they continue to exist in the same way after coming to America, and that they are therefore highly undesirable as immigrants. Even now, in Central Europe, when a thing is accomplished in a dishonest or illegal manner, it is spoken of as being done *Jüdischer Weise*, or in the Jewish manner. This is pointed out by Captain P. Wright in the report of the British Mission to Poland—a British government publication.

In the old clothes market of Warsaw the Hebrews from the Ghetto daily carry on their trading operations. Hundreds of booths are filled with tattered garments, scraps of cloth, bits of rag, old shoe laces, and innumerable useless and worthless objects such as broken bottles and bent tin-cans, pieces of old combs, parts of frying-pans and what-not. Similar piles of rubbish lie on the bare ground. Among the booths and piles wander the traders poking at various objects with their canes, dickering with one another as to prices, screaming wildly at each other in the heat of bargaining, and carrying off little armfuls of junk which can be of no possible use except as the basis of future trading operations.*

*Chelsea, Massachusetts, is a great center for Polish Jews. The following quotation from *The Boston Globe* shows the striking manner in which Warsaw conditions are reproduced in America:

"All down Twenty-eighth Street and extending over to Auburn, Elm and Fiske Streets (Chelsea) are the haunts of the junk men. Here are yards and yards and shed after shed piled high and bursting with junk.

"Great piles of it—rusty chains in huge mounds; mountains of scrap metal; litters of decrepit wagons and dismembered autos—a chaos of everything under the sun or above it—is here.

"In the shacks, too, it is as bad. Enormous bales of paper, bags and magazines fill the place till the walls seem bulging. If a match ever fell in here.....!

On one occasion I was questioning a crowd of Polish Jews as to their sentiments in regard to going to Palestine. They agreed that Palestine, of course, was the ideal place to go, but that the jobs were in America.

"Suppose," I said, "that there were an equal number of jobs in America and in Palestine. To which would you rather go then?"

The spokesman, after going into conference with several others, stated that they would still choose America because they had no relatives in Palestine.

I told them that more than two million were out of work in America. "Suppose that you can't get a job," I said, "—and you can't. What then?"

A voice from the crowd spoke up promptly.

"Luftgeschäft!" it said—and the crowd nodded and laughed.

Luftgeschäft means "air business." Among the German, Polish and Russian Jews there are literally thousands who have no business at all, and no regular income. They turn a penny honestly or dishonestly whenever or wherever they can; and even the Jews themselves will admit that they do it dishonestly far more often than they do it honestly. This is "air business." It is a calling which is peculiar to Jews in Central Europe; and the people who follow it are called

---

"All in all, it is a place that is of the Old World. The people are entirely Jews, or of that descent, and in the wild turmoil of loading and unloading, backing and filling of the jumble of teams and arrogant auto trucks, the strange speech and movements of the workers and spectators, with attendant dust and confusion, one is apt to think of the old Italian, Dante, who wrote famously about a dream that he had of descending into the lower regions.

"Twenty years ago one firm started in business and their success attracted the huge tide of Russian Hebrew immigration to Chelsea; they form one of the largest of the city's many industries to-day. Through every suburb and city of Greater Boston the collectors roam, and the chances are that when you sell your junk it goes to Chelsea."

Luftmenschen or "air men." They are the true human parasites; and great numbers of them are found among the emigrants from Poland to America. Landing in America when jobs are hard to get they will at once start their air business—just as so many thousands of them have done in the past.

The Ghettos themselves are depressing spectacles. The streets are lined with little shops whose sign-boards depict the articles on sale within. The artists are not worldbeaters, and some of the pictures are rather befuddling, for they make bologna sausages look like carving-knives and give a woman's shoe the severe outlines of a coal-hod. At intervals between the shops there are little archways leading into dirty courtyards; and around the courtyards rise the tenement houses in which the prospective emigrants live. There was one tenement house in Warsaw in which three thousand persons were living. It didn't look large, but every inch of space was utilized. There were families sleeping under staircases and living along the walls of hallways. Three families of eight, ten, and even fifteen people apiece were living together in one medium-sized room with no partitions of any sort to separate them. The cellar, as stuffy and dark as a mine-tunnel, was crowded with people. These people, and the people in scores of other buildings which I visited in the Jewish quarter, lived exclusively on black bread, beans, bad beets and semi-rotted potatoes. They lived on such fare as this long before the war. Under the Russians, the Jews of Russian Poland were oppressed in various ways; and on this oppression is blamed the poverty of the bulk of them. In Galicia, or Austrian Poland, the Jews had far more freedom of movement and far fewer restrictions. Yet Jew has always exploited Jew so remorse-

entirely different from the present American people as we know them to-day. Our climate may, as some claim, change the stature of immigrants, but nothing can alter the shape of their skulls or the distinct racial traits that have characterized them through the centuries.

Races can not be cross-bred without mongrelization, any more than breeds of dogs can be cross-bred without mongrelization. The American nation was founded and developed by the Nordic race, but if a few more million members of the Alpine, Mediterranean and Semitic races are poured among us, the result must inevitably be a hybrid race of people as worthless and futile as the good-for-nothing mongrels of Central America and Southeastern Europe.

At one end of the Czecho-Slovak state live approximately six million Czechs, otherwise known as Bohemians and Moravians, surrounded by a ring of about three million Germans—or, more properly, German-Austrians. The Czechs, like the bulk of the Russians, Poles, Slovaks and Serbs, are Slavs; but they are the most advanced of the Slavs because they have been exposed for so many years to the iron rule of Austria and to Austrian neatness and Austrian business methods. This statement will deeply offend the Czechs in America, and many Americans of Czech descent. They will bitterly resent the statement that they owe anything at all to Austria. America has several hundred thousand loyal citizens of Czech origin who would unquestionably stand by America in case of need, just as millions of loyal citizens of German origin stood by her during the war. None the less, there are thousands of Czech-Americans who fly into spasms of rage whenever they hear any statement about Czecho-Slovakia which is not

complimentary or which does not agree with their ideas of the fitness of things. They are not interested in seeing the people of this country get all the facts about their mother country. They only want them to have the *favorable* facts. This is a common failing of many immigrants who have become naturalized citizens of the United States. Their first love is their mother country. They forget that in becoming American citizens they "absolutely and forever renounce all allegiance and fidelity to any foreign country." Given a cause on which to unite, they have no hesitation in pursuing an emphatically un-American course. Many of them would be overjoyed to embroil America in a war with a foreign country if by so doing they could further the interests of the country of their origin. Let them get to thinking they are oppressed, and they at once get together and raise the roof. European oppression is usually either a matter of politics, of language or of dress. Consequently, when the Germans in Nebraska aren't allowed to study German in American schools, they revert to their European ideas and claim that they are being oppressed by the United States. The chances are excellent that if our immigration laws ever become lax again, and additional millions of Central and Southeastern Europeans pour in on us, as they inevitably will under lax laws, and find themselves required by law to study English, the old cry of "Oppression!" would be raised and common cause would be made against the oppressors. Such a state of affairs can become highly embarrassing if the United States should happen to be in close contact with European politics and squabbles. Already politicians hedge here and trim there in order to get the Italian vote or the Irish vote or the German vote or the Polish vote in certain sections. Already freedom of speech

around and rushing back to dear old America. Food is very scarce and very expensive; and the constantly rising prices and the constantly fluctuating rates of exchange play havoc with the American dollars on which they depend for so much luxury.

It is difficult, as I have said, to get the figures on the number of Poles who would go to America in the next few years if they could, but this much is certain: if America ever relaxes her immigration law for a moment, the number, as in Italy, will be limited only by the space which the steamship companies allot to emigrants.

Then there is Czecho-Slovakia to be considered. Czecho-Slovakia is only the top layer of the old Austro-Hungarian Empire. Its area is less than one-quarter of the territory which used to be Austria-Hungary; if the bars were to be let down on immigration Czecho-Slovakia alone would for some years send to America as many immigrants each year as all Austria-Hungary used to send—unless there were an insufficient number of steamships to carry the mob. In the eleven years before the war, Austria-Hungary sent us two and one-half million people—two and one-half million aliens who couldn't speak our language and who knew no more about our form of government than they did about the Coleoptera of the British Islands. Practically all of them, viewed individually, were hard-working, well-meaning, likable persons. Even the most backward, illiterate, dirty, thick-headed peasants of Southeastern Europe have their excellent points. One who lives among them sympathizes with them and longs to better their lot. Taken in the mass, however, and viewed from an American standpoint, it is no more possible to make Americans out of a great many of them than it is possible to make a race-horse

out of a pug dog. If two immigrants from backward districts of the old Austria-Hungary were to be brought to America and placed in an American home with two intelligent Americans who could devote their entire lifetime to Americanizing these backward aliens, they might succeed in making Americans out of them and getting a genuinely American point of view into their heads. They might, I say; but even devoting all their time to it they'd probably fail. These people are inconceivably backward. They wear clothing which seems to have ripened on them for years, and they sleep in wretched hovels with sheep and cows and pigs and poultry scattered among them. They have been so for a great many centuries. It is almost impossible for them to slough the results of heredity and environment. Placed in slums, the mental outlook of the immigrants would be just what it was in their old homes. Since most of the immigration from the old Austria-Hungary came from the most backward districts, and since it will continue to come from those same districts in the future unless it is rigorously restricted, that fact should be borne in mind by all who wish to see a united America.

Czecho-Slovakia is a good example of a European country in which various peoples lie around in undigested lumps. The assimilation has been bad, and is bad and always will be bad.

Assimilation hadn't been any too good in the United States for the twenty years prior to the war. If more and more immigrants continue to pour in, and assimilation continues bad, one of two things will inevitably happen: either the United States will develop large numbers of separate racial groups, as distinct as those which exist in Czecho-Slovakia, or America will be populated by a mongrel race

entirely different from the present American people as we know them to-day. Our climate may, as some claim, change the stature of immigrants, but nothing can alter the shape of their skulls or the distinct racial traits that have characterized them through the centuries.

Races can not be cross-bred without mongrelization, any more than breeds of dogs can be cross-bred without mongrelization. The American nation was founded and developed by the Nordic race, but if a few more million members of the Alpine, Mediterranean and Semitic races are poured among us, the result must inevitably be a hybrid race of people as worthless and futile as the good-for-nothing mongrels of Central America and Southeastern Europe.

At one end of the Czecho-Slovak state live approximately six million Czechs, otherwise known as Bohemians and Moravians, surrounded by a ring of about three million Germans—or, more properly, German-Austrians. The Czechs, like the bulk of the Russians, Poles, Slovaks and Serbs, are Slavs; but they are the most advanced of the Slavs because they have been exposed for so many years to the iron rule of Austria and to Austrian neatness and Austrian business methods. This statement will deeply offend the Czechs in America, and many Americans of Czech descent. They will bitterly resent the statement that they owe anything at all to Austria. America has several hundred thousand loyal citizens of Czech origin who would unquestionably stand by America in case of need, just as millions of loyal citizens of German origin stood by her during the war. None the less, there are thousands of Czech-Americans who fly into spasms of rage whenever they hear any statement about Czecho-Slovakia which is not

complimentary or which does not agree with their ideas of the fitness of things. They are not interested in seeing the people of this country get all the facts about their mother country. They only want them to have the *favorable* facts. This is a common failing of many immigrants who have become naturalized citizens of the United States. Their first love is their mother country. They forget that in becoming American citizens they "absolutely and forever renounce all allegiance and fidelity to any foreign country." Given a cause on which to unite, they have no hesitation in pursuing an emphatically un-American course. Many of them would be overjoyed to embroil America in a war with a foreign country if by so doing they could further the interests of the country of their origin. Let them get to thinking they are oppressed, and they at once get together and raise the roof. European oppression is usually either a matter of politics, of language or of dress. Consequently, when the Germans in Nebraska aren't allowed to study German in American schools, they revert to their European ideas and claim that they are being oppressed by the United States. The chances are excellent that if our immigration laws ever become lax again, and additional millions of Central and Southeastern Europeans pour in on us, as they inevitably will under lax laws, and find themselves required by law to study English, the old cry of "Oppression!" would be raised and common cause would be made against the oppressors. Such a state of affairs can become highly embarrassing if the United States should happen to be in close contact with European politics and squabbles. Already politicians hedge here and trim there in order to get the Italian vote or the Irish vote or the German vote or the Polish vote in certain sections. Already freedom of speech

is curtailed in America because newspapers, fearful of advertisers, hesitate to print facts that may irritate Irish-American readers or Jewish-American readers or other nationals whose sympathies are more with Europe than with America. Already the alien and alien-descendant groups in America have reached a point where they consider themselves entitled to put out anti-American propaganda, but question the right of native-stock Americans to put out protective information of their own.

The great human reservoirs of Central and Southeastern Europe have only begun to be tapped. Russia, with her millions of peasants, isn't even scratched. Slovakia, Rumania, Serbia, the Balkan Peninsula—all these places and many more are crammed with people who are anxious to come to America. No American can shrug his shoulders and remark carelessly that eventually immigration will work itself out. It will never work itself out until economic conditions in America have skidded down to a point where they offer no inducements to the poorest, the most ignorant inhabitant of the most backward country in Europe. When that time comes, the immigration impulse will die. Meanwhile it will continue to flourish; and the past records show that those who come will always be lower and lower in the economic as well as in the social scale.

The Czechs are surrounded by a ring of three million German-Austrians; and for centuries the German-Austrians have been struggling to assimilate the Czechs. They were nearly successful at one time; but the Czechs woke up at the last moment and kicked over the traces. Though the Czechs and the Germans detest each other with all the stops of their detesters pulled out to the extreme limit, their manner of living is very similar. The German villages and the

Czech villages look exactly alike. They are equally neat and orderly, and they all support the same brand of geese. In passing through many parts of Bohemia one must frequently question the inhabitants in order to find out whether he is in a Czech village or a German village. The questioning is usually done in German; and if it is a Czech village, the person whom one interrogates usually pretends not to understand German, though he almost invariably does. The Czechs are inclined to be impatient of religious and political restraint. They are strongly Social-Democratic; and social democracy gives off a distinctly sour, bolshevistic odor. It is notorious that many of the Czech immigrants are greatly addicted to joining Freethinkers' societies in America and to allying themselves openly with extreme Socialists and anarchists. None the less, the Czechs are among the best of the immigrants who come to America. For the most part they have been far in advance of the other Slavic immigrants, both industrially and intellectually. Of late years a great percentage of them have been skilled workmen; and over ninety-five per cent. of them are able to read and write.

Now all of the Slav races have certain peculiarities which are apt to make them dangerous members of large industrial communities. They are easily influenced; they will not acknowledge one another's equality; and they seize every opportunity to crush ruthlessly the people over whom they have a temporary advantage. The Russian, though he is a Slav, oppressed his brother Pole, who is a Slav too. The Poles turned around and did the same thing to the Ruthenians, who are also Slavs. The Poles and the Czechs, Slavs all, consider themselves infinitely superior to each other. The Czechs rate themselves far above the Slovaks, while the Slovaks scorn the Rusins with unbridled vigor,

though the Rusins are Slavs too. The Czechs and the Jugo-Slavs are doing to the Austrians and the Hungarians the same thing that caused them to protest so violently against Austrian and Hungarian rule. These traits make them easy plucking for the labor agitator. When somebody tells them that they have been frightfully oppressed by being forced to accept wages of forty-two dollars a week, that the owners of the steel mills are vile creatures, and that the mills really belong to the workmen instead of the owners, they believe it, emit a hoarse Slavic cheer of approval and hunt around for bricks to bounce against the heads of the oppressive mill owners. If they are assured in a loud voice that somebody is trying to rob them of their deserts, whether the deserts be a piece of land, a piece of pie or peace of mind, they believe it implicitly, and riot and shed blood over it. Life for the Slav races for centuries has been just one riot after another. They have been brought up to break the laws of the people who govern them, and to fight them in open and in underhanded ways.

The Russian has always been rioting against the autocracy of the Czar and the cruelty of the police. Just now the average Russian is looking for a good chance to riot against the stupid and insane autocracy of the Bolsheviki, while the Bolsheviki are rioting against the irksome tenets of civilization. The Poles have usually been in a state of revolt against Russian taskmasters; the Ruthenians have been wracking their brains for methods of circumventing their Polish oppressors; the Czechs used every underhanded means in their power to undermine the Austrian Empire; the Slovaks kicked at the shins of their Magyar rulers for centuries; the Serbs and the Bulgars and the other Balkan Slavs picked away at the governing Turk for hundreds of

years. It is the lot of ninety per cent. of the Slav races to be oppressed or to think they are oppressed; and their natural state is one of indifference or hostility to law.

This attitude is slightly exaggerated in the Slavic immigrants to America by the almost universal feeling among them that they are breaking our laws to get in. They know about the contract labor law; and since most of them have the promise of jobs from relatives or friends in America before they start, they have a vague feeling that they might class as contract labor, and that if America knew the full truth about them they wouldn't be allowed to land. The feeling is wide-spread among them that they can break laws in America and get away with it. Over against these defects—which are usually accentuated by the rough treatment, the contempt and the exploitation with which the Slavs are frequently received on their arrival in America—is the tirelessness of their labor, the readiness with which they respond to kindness and the stubbornness with which they support a cause that they believe to be just. America can develop the good points of the Slavs if she is willing to spend time and the money to do it. If she is not willing to do so, and does not rigidly restrict and select Slavic immigration to a far greater degree than it is now restricted, our great mines and industries will always be at the mercy of any energetic agitator who is getting paid to fill the ignorant laborers with such bunk as, "The workers shall rule. ..... Now is the time to throttle your masters..... Stick together and we shall tear down the system. ..... The courts can't touch you, for we will own the courts....."

Almost the entire eastern end of Czecho-Slovakia is inhabited by Slovaks; but in the extreme eastern tip of the

country dwell the very backward and ignorant Slav people known as the Rusins. Along the bottom edge of the Slovaks and Rusins live a thin fringe of Magyars or true Hungarians. Thus in Czecho-Slovakia there are five distinct nationalities. Three of them are Slav peoples who are kept apart by religious differences and the natural antagonism that seems to spring into being when one Slavic people attempts to rule another. Two of them are the former dominant races, German and Magyar, which made violent efforts to assimilate the other three races in years gone by and made a fizzle of it.

In 1907, forty-two thousand Slovaks entered the United States. In 1910, twenty-four thousand came in. Twenty-five thousand came in 1911, twenty thousand in 1912, twenty-one thousand in 1913 and nineteen thousand in 1914. An American in Czecho-Slovakia, who was keeping very careful watch on the drift of emigration from that country, declared early in 1920 that the demand among the inhabitants of Czecho-Slovakia to go to America was triple, quadruple and even quintuple what it was before the war. The demand was so great, he said, that if the United States were to allow the immigrants to come who wanted to come and who had enough money to come, two hundred and fifty thousand would go from Czecho-Slovakia alone.

Of the people who were coming to the American consulate in Prague from all parts of Czecho-Slovakia early in 1920 in order to get permission to go to America, seventy per cent. were Slovaks. Of the Czechs who were getting permission to go to America, nine out of every ten intended to remain in the United States and become citizens. Of

the Slovaks who were getting permission, four out of every five intended to return to their homes when they had saved up the amount of money which they considered necessary in order to enable them to live comfortably.

The villages in the hills of Northern, Central and Eastern Slovakia are very poor; and it is from these villages that the immigrants come. The villages are dirtier than those in the south, and far less orderly. In many of them every house built in the last twenty years was built with money which immigrants sent from America; and in the eastern districts there are whole Slovak villages which, before the war, were rebuilt by Slovaks who had gone to America. From many of the villages in Central and Eastern Slovakia, literally every able-bodied man is either in America or has been in America.

The following illustration shows why Slovaks leave home. The town of Velka Bytca is in Central Slovakia. Velka Bytca has a clock on the church tower, and therefore is a town. If it had no clock, it would be a village; for that is the understanding in Slovakia. It has a population of about five thousand. It is on the Waag River, and the mountains rise up abruptly from both sides. Like all of the towns and villages along the Waag, it is very poor. It has too many artisans—so many that they can not earn a living. Consequently, they fall in debt to the Jewish landlords and shopkeepers and usurers. Then they come to America. Men from Velka Bytca are scattered through New York and New Jersey. There are many in Natrona, near Pittsburg, in Chicago and in Pullman, Illinois. Those in Pullman and New York are skilled workers, for the most part, while those in Natrona are day laborers in steel

and glass works. When the men from Velka Bytca have saved up a sufficient amount of money, they go back to Slovakia and pay their debts, but they see no opportunity to earn more money, so back they come to America and get more money; and when they go home with it they buy some land and build a house. That exhausts their capital; and they return to America for the third time to earn enough money on which to live. This was the program followed by thousands of Slovaks before the war. Nowadays the Slovaks who return are complaining more bitterly than they ever complained before of the high prices and the dirt and the lack of amusements—and the lack of freedom.

Freedom is a matter which is not rightly understood by Central Europeans. They have confounded it with license, to a great extent; and those who immigrate to America are greatly in need of instruction as to the true meaning of freedom as understood by Americans. We misinterpret oppression in the same way. Never having known oppression, Americans think that to be oppressed a man must be bashed on the head and thrown in jail. We can not understand it when we discover that a European's idea of oppression is the inability to get a high-school and college education in some particular language, or to wear short white pants with fringes at the bottom. In the same way, many Europeans think that freedom means license to do anything at all—to shoot song-birds within city limits or take fruit from the nearest fruit tree or hit an enemy over the head with a stockingful of iron filings.

The people who went to America from Velka Bytca and other Slovak towns and villages had heard a great deal about the new and glorious freedom which the Czechs and the Slovaks were enjoying, now that Czecho-Slovakia is

no longer under Austrian control. They were eager to go back to sample this freedom and drink it down in great gulps and even pour it in their hair. They talked with other Slovaks about it, and got into a frenzy of excitement and threw up their jobs and stampeded to New York to get sailing accommodations. They came back to Slovakia with their eyes almost popping out of their heads in their eagerness to see the new freedom; but there wasn't a bit of it in sight. They saw the same old towns and the same old buildings and—worst jolt of all—the same old officials, in many cases, who ran things under Austro-Hungarian rule. There were the same Jewish landlords and merchants and usurers to take the money of the peasants; and prices, instead of staying where they should have stayed, were the only things in sight which had shown any freedom in their movements. They had ascended miles in the air.

Beyond the Slovaks, in the extreme eastern end of Czecho-Slovakia, live the Rusins; and the Rusins are farther below the Slovaks in intelligence and living standards than the Slovaks are below the Czechs. They are Slavs and a part of the Czecho-Slovak nation, however—though both the Czechs and the Slovaks hope to give the Rusins a brisk kick one of these days and propel them blithely on to somebody else's back. The Rusins are the same people as the Ruthenians or Russniaks who live in Southeastern Poland and Southwestern Russia; but the lofty slopes of the Carpathians separate the Rusins and the Ruthenes so that they can't get together. In our immigration statistics, nevertheless, they are lumped with each other as Russniaks, and in 1914 nearly thirty-seven thousand Russniaks immigrated to America.

Rusinia is a mountainous country, and the ignorance

and backwardness of most of its inhabitants is the ignorance and backwardness of the mountaineer plus most of the unpleasant features of the Slav. They live in huts made of plaster or of stone, and with thatched roofs. The people live in one-half of the hut; and in the other half live the cows and the live stock. As in many of the poorer Slav countries, the houses have no chimneys and no fireplaces. The heating and cooking are accomplished by means of a raised, home-made stove. Under and around the stove, on a dirt floor, sleep the inhabitants. The smoke pours out of the stove freely, but has no means of getting out of the house. Consequently the people live in a haze of smoke. After a Rusin has succeeded in living over forty years in this atmosphere, he is little else than an animated smoke-dried ham. Almost everybody has some sort of eye trouble on account of the smoke in which he lives. Three generations of people are frequently crammed into one room of the average peasant's hut. Put twelve, sixteen, or eighteen people of different ages and sexes into one small room and let them live their entire lives in it, and none of them is mentally, physically or spiritually elevated to any marked degree. Yet those are the conditions under which eighty per cent. of the Rusins have been living ever since they began rusing, as one might say. Their home life is complicated by the presence of the cow-stall under the same roof and by the fact that the pigs, goats and chickens wander into the living-room at nightfall and nestle down among the sleepers for their night's rest. The cow usually stands almost belly-deep in mire; and the odor which emerges from a Rusin peasant's home is so strong that a grown man can almost chin himself on it.

The state of Rusinia was formed and an alliance with

Czecho-Slovakia effected, not through the efforts and desires of the Rusins in Rusinia, but through the representations which Rusins in America made to the Peace Conference shortly after President Wilson's unfortunate and untimely utterance concerning the self-determination of small nations. Having made their homeland free, a large percentage of the Rusins in America are anxious to go back to Rusinia to live. Since they live in the meanest and most frugal way in America, it is not at all unusual for a Rusin to come back with five thousand American dollars in his pockets. When I was last in Czecho-Slovakia, five thousand dollars meant four hundred thousand Czecho-Slovak crowns; and in pre-war times that amount of money would have meant that its possessor could buy a couple of towns and be a land-baron. Most of the immigrants seem to figure in pre-war prices; and it always proves to be a crushing mistake. At the time of which I write, for example, four hundred thousand crowns wouldn't go very far in Rusinia. A horse which formerly cost two thousand crowns had mounted in price to twenty-five thousand crowns. A good two-story farm-house of the best class which once sold for around three thousand crowns had risen to two hundred thousand crowns. Shoes which used to cost five crowns had increased to two hundred fifty crowns. So the man who comes back with five thousand American dollars finds that they don't go nearly so far as they used to go in spite of the more advantageous exchange rates.

The officials in Rusinia, as in Slovakia, are the same old autocratic officials who were in power when the emigrants went away before the war. The officials can't be replaced because there aren't enough educated and trustworthy

Rusins with whom to replace them. This is a distinct bore to the emigrants who had expected to boss things on their return. They can't accustom themselves to the very bad food conditions which have resulted from the Russian invasion, the invasion by the Hungarian Bolsheviks and the Czech occupation, coupled with the inability of the Czech government to distribute food to the hungry sections. They can't adjust themselves to the dirt and the stench and the squalor. Business is rotten—everything is rotten—and they want to turn right around and go back to America again. Their anxiety to go makes converts of others, and the others influence still others, and so on and so on and so on.

Rusin officials have told me that it is their belief that every Rusin, whether or not he has ever been to America, wishes to go there.

And that, sketchily, is why Europe leaves home.

Ports of Embarkation

THERE were three young men from the American Consulate sitting behind a long counter in a big room at a Northern European port of embarkation for America. Before them passed a constant stream of emigrants from Poland, from Czecho-Slovakia, from Lithuania, from Rumania and from various other countries of Central Europe. The stream oozed in at a double door at the end of the room, wound slowly past the three young men, and slowly trickled out of another double door far behind them. It had flowed steadily through the room from nine o'clock in the morning until noon, when it had been temporarily dammed to allow the three young men to get something to eat, and from early afternoon until two hours after nightfall. That, incidentally, is the picture that any one must always carry away with him from European ports of embarkation when immigration to America is not rigorously restricted:—streams of humanity oozing slowly but ceaselessly out of Central Europe to America; streams of undersized, peculiar, alien people moving perpetually through consulates and steamship offices and delousing plants on their way from the slums of Europe to the slums of America; streams trickling through Havre and Boulogne and Cherbourg, streams flowing through Antwerp and Rotterdam and Danzig, streams gnawing at the temporary barriers

which keep them from Bremen and Hamburg and Stettin; streams which swell to torrents just before the ocean liners sail and dwindle again to orderly and steady currents when the liners have departed, but which flow without cessation under all conditions. As long as ordinary American immigration laws are in force, and as long as they are interpreted in the futile and impotent manner in which they were interpreted up to the middle of 1921, these streams will continue to flow from all the ports of Europe. Unless America has immigration laws which rigidly restrict immigration, they will flow to-night and to-morrow; next week and next month; on Sundays and holidays. They will flow into every ship that leaves Europe until every ship is filled; and if the number of ships is doubled or trebled, the streams will flow with just enough added velocity to fill them all.

These three young men from the American Consulate, then, were "sitting on the line" in one of Europe's ports of embarkation. They were watching for fake passports or false American visés or counterfeit American ten-dollar consular fee stamps. That was their sole duty. All of the emigrants passing before them had come from other countries, and had no occasion to present themselves before American consular officers at the ports of embarkation. But the traffic in forged passports had become so great early in 1921 that our consulates were forced to take men from their already over-heavy duties and set them to watching at the very gangplanks of the ships. It was not until early in 1921 that passports began to be examined at the ships for frauds, but fraudulent passports had been in use for months. There is no way of knowing how many thousands of persons entered the United States during 1920 with forged papers.

In front of the three young men there was a little pile

of Polish passports bearing forged American visés, forged signatures of J. K. Huddle, American Vice-Consul in Warsaw in charge of American visés, and counterfeit American ten-dollar consular fee stamps. Some of the counterfeits were crude; some were practically perfect. The hands of the clock on the wall pointed to twenty minutes before six. The young man beside whom I was sitting had been scrutinizing visés for nearly eight hours. For nearly eight hours the stream of emigrants had crept past him slowly, steadily, endlessly. He was plainly very tired and very nervous and very much on edge from the stench of the emigrants, and from their ceaseless efforts to better their positions in the line by little tricks and meannesses, and from their eternal and obvious falsehoods when questioned. In the space of ten minutes, as I sat there, he took three passports from three mean-faced, shifty-eyed Jews who were traveling on Polish papers. He threw them with the other fraudulent passports, motioned their bearers to come behind the counter for examination, and then swung around on his stool and faced me.

There were tears in his eyes—a fact which was no doubt due to the eight hours of exacting and unpleasant and wearying labor in which he had been engaged; and in repeating his words I would like to say again that the work had made him very nervous and very much on edge.

"I want to tell you something," he said. "My father wanted me to get my education out of a college. A college is a good thing, of course; but it never appealed to me very much. I had an idea that if I took a pack-horse and a few books and got out into the country, I could soak up as much education as I could get out of a college. It seemed to be all the same to my father; so when I had finished prep

school he gave me my college money and I went out to Colorado and got a saddle horse and a pack-horse. I wandered all through that country, mountains and deserts and cañons. It's a wonderful country, like all the rest of our country. I loved it then and I love it now....."

He hesitated and looked around at the human stream which moved steadily on its serpentine course before us.

"When I think," he went on, "that these people, who don't know the meaning of the word 'patriotism' and who have been brought up to hate every form of government, are going to America to have a voice in the future of that country, it makes me see red!"

One of the other young men pushed back his stool and looked around at me.

"That goes for me, too," he said. "After you've seen these mobs pouring over to America for a few weeks, you get so fighting mad that you can't talk about it."

The third young man looked up from a scrutiny of a doubtful consular fee stamp. "What do they say about it at home?" he asked. "What are they letting this go on for? They can't know what's going on, or they'd stop it in a second. What's the matter with them, anyway? Are they crazy?"

"Yes, what do they say about it at home?" asked the first young man.

"A lot of people at home," I told him, "say that the reports from Europe concerning the undesirability of emigrants to America and the large number that wish to go to America are greatly exaggerated."

Now I very much wish that those people in America who prattle so cheerfully about the desirability of European emigrants and about the exaggeration which characterizes

the reports of the large numbers that wish to emigrate could have seen the looks of disgust and contempt that marred the features of the three young men at these glad tidings. Two of them could only express themselves by swearing violently. The third—the young man who had picked up his education among the mountains and deserts and cañons of Colorado—glared intently at a Polish passport on the counter in front of him and growled hoarsely, "The people who say such things either don't know anything about the conditions that exist in every port of Europe, or they're rotten Americans."

That statement may seem a trifle harsh; but it is the condensed opinion of every American consular official, every American diplomatic representative and every American official and relief worker and business man who had an opportunity of observing conditions in Europe during 1920, and whose racial and business affiliations do not make it necessary for him to hold contrary opinions.

The American president of a large steamship line is reported to have said that the agitation against immigration in America was due to greatly exaggerated stories from Europe. If he was correctly quoted, his statement could only have been inspired by the fear that if America restricts immigration with a permanent and rigid law, as it must unless its stock of wisdom and common sense is completely exhausted, the steerages of his ships will not be filled and the earnings of his steamship company will consequently be decreased. His statement was not founded on fact, nor was it based on the reports of any competent American consular representative in Europe. If it was not inspired by the fear of losing money, it could only be the result of inside information furnished by a ouija board or by a Kickapoo

Indian herbologist and soothsayer. In return for a certain amount of deft manipulation, these same authorities would unquestionably assure him that the reported distance from the earth to the sun is also greatly exaggerated, that the porcupine can throw his quills a distance of thirty paces without loss of accuracy, and that a boxing bout is being arranged between Georges Carpentier and the King of Greece. Whenever any person minimizes the evil results which unrestricted or semi-restricted emigration from Europe will have on America, a scrutiny of that person's position or antecedents will invariably reveal a very conspicuous Ethiopian, so to speak, imperfectly concealed in a very diaphanous wood-pile.

The discrepancy between the opinions held by the officials of large steamship lines and those held by competent employees of the same lines is usually very great—as great, in fact, as the discrepancy between the opinions of prohibitionists and of brewers. In Rotterdam for example, I interviewed a director of one of the largest steamship lines engaged in carrying emigrants to America. The steamship line has an excellent organization through Europe, and its agents feed emigrants down to the steamships with military precision. This director was a large complacent man with three chins, and the mere thought that America contemplated any stopping of the immigrants who proved so remunerative to his company was highly repugnant to him. Indeed, the very thought was what our leading literary journals like to refer to as unthinkable—until it was forced on him.

"You people in America mustn't worry about immigration," he said, smiling fatly. "The present abnormal movement is a purely temporary movement. In five or six or

seven years it will probably sink again to the pre-war figures, so why should you disturb yourselves?"

The emigrants who pass through Rotterdam are eighty per cent. Hebrew. The figures of the United States Bureau of Immigration show that over one hundred fifty-three thousand Jews entered the United States in 1906, over one hundred one thousand in 1913, and over one hundred thirty-eight thousand in 1914. State department reports show that the bulk of these people have been unassimilatable, non-productive, and economically and socially undesirable. Like many other steamship officials, this official was assuming that because America, with a pitiful lack of wisdom and foresight, was permitting more than a million immigrants a year to litter her shores before the war, she should continue to do so indefinitely, even though the entire million proved economically and socially undesirable.

"With the numbers that are going now," continued the director, softly stroking his gleaming triple chin, "our steamship line will be kept busy for years to come, so that any new legislation wouldn't affect us. Most of them, you see, have relatives in America, and you can't keep out relatives."

"Why not," I asked him, "when a large percentage of the relatives are cousins and uncles and aunts and brothers-in-law? Why should America be obliged to take them, if they are undesirables?"

"Oh," he replied, "you've got to take them if they are relatives."

"How do you feel," I asked him, "about the emigrants who are stuck in Holland without any funds and are obliged to stay here?"

"That is very bad," he replied. "We can not afford to

have them in Holland, for there is no work for them. There is not a sufficient amount of work for our own people. Besides, they are all middle-men—all parasites on the community. They are very bad for us, and we can not have them. We shall have to find some method of getting rid of them."

"If you feel that way about it," I said, "how can you think it so strange that America doesn't want them? We're in the same position that you are."

"That's different," he said. "America is a big country. You've got Texas and Oklahoma and all those places where there aren't many people. Let them go there."

"They don't want to go there," I told him. "They want to go to New York and Brooklyn and Chicago and other large cities."

He shrugged his shoulders. "Well," said he, "you've got to take them because no other country will take them." And that, so far as he was concerned, closed the argument.

On the following day I went down to the dock from which a big liner was sailing from Rotterdam for New York with eighteen hundred emigrants aboard. About fifteen hundred out of the eighteen hundred were Jews. I selected a spot from which I could watch the stream of emigrants moving slowly past the final examiners, and found myself beside a husky six-footer in the uniform of a ship's surgeon. His features were of the type which are generally known as Celtic; but whether he was an Englishman or an American there was no way of telling until I had spoken to him. All that I knew about him was the fact that he was employed by the same steamship line that employed the director whom I had interviewed on the preceding day.

Copyright Cincinnati Enquirer

A Jew of Warsaw bartering for some plums and watching the scales.

The best type of Jewish emigrants from Poland. They are holding their United States visés

Peasant houses in Poland.

A street scene in old Warsaw.

"What do you think about this crowd that's going over to America?" I asked him.

"What do I think about them?" he repeated. "I'll tell you what I think. I think it's criminal for any country to allow such a mass of people to be poured into it. You can call it what you like, but I call it a crime! Nothing but a crime!

"Over in America we're getting so that the country is packed with Italian-Americans and Jewish-Americans and Czech-Americans and Irish-Americans; and still we let this mob go rushing in to add to the crowd that is six of one thing and half-a-dozen of another thing. You might call me Irish because my people came from there long ago; but I don't call myself anything but American, and I have no sympathy for any people that go maudlin over the countries that they deserted years ago. I say it's a crime not to stop these people from coming to America; and that's what every other decent American says after he has seen what they are and how they act and what they believe in. I was reading in a Paris paper the other day that a United States Senator said that emigration conditions over here had been exaggerated. All I wish is that I could bring that bird over here and give him a good look at conditions. If he didn't change his mind, there'd be something wrong with it—ossification or something."

This expression of opinion, which might reasonably be termed a mouth-full, is highly interesting when contrasted with the opinion of the higher and more sheltered officials of the same steamship line.

Witnesses have recently stated before the Senate Immigration Committee that "reports of a million Jews seeking to come to America were a wild flight of fancy," and that

they did not believe there were more than half a million Jews who wished to emigrate.

I wish to take issue loudly and firmly with these witnesses. I have talked with emigration officials of various countries, interviewed the heads of the Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society in different localities, talked to steamship officials and employees, sat on the lines at passport and visé offices at every emigration center, gone through delousing plants and vaccination stations—incidentally picking up a choice assortment of lice myself,—visited a number of emigrant hotels and barracks and concentration camps, interviewed large numbers of American public health officials, consular officers and diplomats, talked with hundreds of emigrants at the ports of embarkation, and finally worked back into the towns and villages which form the source of all our immigration. It is only in these small towns—towns whose populations are frequently from eighty to ninety-five per cent. Hebrew—that one gets the proper idea of the overwhelming masses whose sole desire seems to be to locate near or distant relatives in America and borrow from them enough money to get there themselves. An American visitor to these towns is literally mobbed by the Jews who wish assistance in getting in touch with their relatives in America.

The head of the Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society in Paris, Mr. Chapira, stated to me that he expected "not more than two hundred thousand Hebrews" to pass through the Paris office of the Society on their way to America during 1921. The bulk of those who pass through Paris are from Bessarabia and Rumania. Doctor Schluger, head of the Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society in Warsaw, informed me that a thousand Jews passed through his office every day, one-third being in search of information about getting to

America, one-third waiting for replies to cables which the society had sent to their relatives in America, and one-third getting their tickets to America. The Jews that pass through the Warsaw office are mostly from Poland. In addition to the Jews from Poland, Bessarabia and Rumania, there are the throngs that are pouring into Poland daily from Soviet Russia, and the masses who are anxious to escape from the army-ridden Ukraine and who have already escaped and are working their way overland up toward Warsaw. Of these people, practically every one wishes to go to America.

The report to the effect that a million Jews are seeking to come to the United States, instead of being a wild flight of fancy, as witnesses have stated to the Senate Immigration Committee, is extremely conservative.* There is a great difference between the numbers of immigrants that will be able to reach America each year and the numbers that wish to go. All of the Jews that are going are paupers and can not go unless they are helped from America. Then, too, there aren't nearly enough ships to provide accommodations for those who wish to go. Yet in spite of these handicaps, more than fifty thousand Hebrew immigrants arrived at Ellis Island during the month of October, 1920—or at the rate of six hundred thousand a year.

It is unfortunate that all nationalities and races can not be lumped together in any discussion of immigration. This can not be done, however; for some immigrants have qual-

*Information received from Danzig dated November 10, 1921, five months after the Three Per Cent. Restrictive Immigration Law took effect, stated: "Every Jew in Eastern Europe seems to want to go to America, and it seems to be only a question of time before they will be successful. Many go to Canada, but all of them have relatives in the States and eventually reach the States." It is practically impossible to stop this pauper, parasitic Jewish immigration by means of a percentage law.

ities which others lack; and there are certain racial traits which make desirable or undesirable immigrants of the races which possess them. It is unfortunate that all people who emigrate from Poland can not be spoken of as Poles. It is impossible, though; for the bulk of the emigrants from Poland not only refuse to classify themselves as Poles, but even deny indignantly that they are Poles. They state, on being questioned, that they are Jews, and this reply appears on passports in the space provided for the nationality of the bearers of the passports. The same is true of Jewish emigrants from Russia and Bessarabia and the Ukraine and Rumania and Hungary.

Every Jew who is emigrating to America from any country in Europe has no love for any nation or for any government—and this statement will be willingly and comprehensively confirmed by every American government official in Europe.

Of all the emigrants who pass through Paris, Havre, Cherbourg, Boulogne, Antwerp, Rotterdam, Danzig, Warsaw and other large emigration centers in the north of Europe, between sixty and ninety per cent. are Jews and so classify themselves when asked their nationality. Yet there are many advocates of unrestricted immigration who protest bitterly against any mention of this fact. For example, Congressmen Siegel and Sabath submitted a minority report on a House Bill providing for a temporary suspension of immigration; and in this report they said: "The majority report is especially unfortunate in its references to the number of Jewish immigrants arriving in this country. Classification according to the religion or race of immigrants is without justification. It is opposed to that Americanism that prevailed in the past....." Congressmen Siegel and

Sabath need only to turn to the records of the United States Bureau of Immigration to learn that Hebrews entering the United States have always been classified as Hebrews, because the Hebrews themselves have never permitted the United States immigration authorities to classify them in any other way.

There are many facts connected with the matter of immigration that are difficult to face. One of the most difficult is the matter of race. It is the constant cry of sentimentalists and individuals whose interest in immigration arises from non-patriotic reasons that America consists of layer upon layer of immigrants, and that to stop immigration is to stop the growth and impair the greatness of America. Such people refuse to realize or to recognize that practically all immigration to America prior to 1880 was composed of people of the Nordic race—the tall, blond, adventurous people from the northern countries of Europe: from Sweden and Norway and Denmark and England and Scotland; from certain sections of Germany and Belgium and Ireland and France and Holland. The Nordic people possess certain characteristics: they have long skulls and blond hair—hair, that is, which is lighter than black; they possess to a marked degree the ability to govern themselves and to govern others; and from their ranks have been recruited the world's voluntary explorers, pioneers, soldiers, sailors and adventurers. The early colonists of every undeveloped country in modern times have invariably been Nordics. America, then, was a nation of Nordics.

Since 1880 the bulk of immigration to the United States has been composed of people from the other two main races of Europe, known to biologists and ethnologists as the Alpine race and the Mediterranean race. The

Alpines are the stocky, slow, dark, round-skulled folk who inhabit most of Central Europe and whose chief representatives are the large part—not all, but the large part—of the different Slav countries, the Czechs, the Poles, the Slovaks, the Russians, the Ruthenians and so on. The Mediterraneans are the small, swarthy, black-haired, long-skulled people which form the bulk of the population in Southern Italy, Greece, Spain and the north coast of Africa. These two races, plus the Hebrew, which is an Oriental instead of a European race, were pouring into America at the rate of a million a year during the ten years before the war; and given sufficient ships and an absence of immigration restrictions, they will pour into America at the rate of two million a year and more for years to come. These people who have been pouring in since 1880—and only since 1880—have displayed one marked characteristic throughout the centuries. Never have they been successful at governing themselves or at governing any one else. They have rushed to the spot where a stronger and hardier people have established successful enterprises; and by their low standards of living and their willingness to subordinate everything to immediate gain, they have forced out the people who preceded them. One of the oldest stories in history is the repeated influx of Alpine and Mediterranean peoples into Nordic people, and the resultant and almost invariable breeding out of the Nordics by the Alpines and Mediterraneans.* To these people, who for centuries have demonstrated their incapacity to govern themselves, America is

*Every American who has at heart the future of America and of the race that made it a great nation owes it to himself and to his children to get and read carefully *The Passing of the Great Race*, by Madison Grant; *The Rising Tide of Color*, by Lothrop Stoddard; and *Race or Mongrel*, by Alfred P. Schultz.

blindly and fatuously offering the keys of her cities and her reins of government, and that is why Americans all over Europe, after watching and studying the type of immigrant that is rushing to America, are writing and cabling to their people in America and to the Department of State that immigration is a matter of life and death to the American people; death if it continues unrestricted, and life if it is stopped. There will be many to smile at this statement as being an exaggeration. It is no exaggeration, but a matter of cold fact; and it will be upheld by every American who has seen European emigration at its sources—with the exception of those whose racial or business affiliations have impaired their eyesight.

It should be distinctly understood, however, that the attitude of the Americans in Europe who protest so vigorously against the continuation of the present immigration is not inspired by antagonism to any particular race, but by the desire to keep out of America *all* people who are economically and politically unfit. There is no fear or thought in their minds, for example, of a Zionist movement to control and subjugate the world—a matter which I have investigated in almost every country in Europe, only to be convinced that it is the rankest poppycock* There is, however, the knowledge that the people who are coming to America are, from the nature of their training and their environment, unassimilatable, undesirable, and incapable of grasping American ideals. This is particularly true of the present-day Jewish immigrant, and it is even admitted to

*This chapter was written six months before the Constantinople correspondent of *The London Times* exposed the fact that "The Protocols of the Elders of Zion" was plagiarized from Maurice Joly's *Dialogue Aux Enfers*, which was originally written to show that Napoleon planned to dominate the world.

be true by many prominent Jewish-Americans engaged in relief work in Europe; but it is seldom that they will admit it publicly.*

The emigrants who are passing through the ports of Northern Europe to-day on their way to America have certain things in common. Practically all of them are paupers. This is universally true of the Jewish emigrants, none of whom has a cent to his name that hasn't been loaned or given to him by some person or organization in America. Every one of them is going for economic reasons or to escape military service. I have questioned these people by the hundreds; and while practically every one claims to be going to join a near or a distant relative, and while all of them speak glibly of the oppression which people of their race have suffered, I have never found one who had himself

*"There exists to-day a wide-spread and fatuous belief in the power of environment, as well as of education and opportunity, to alter heredity, which arises from the dogma of the brotherhood of man, derived in its turn from the loose thinkers of the French Revolution and their American mimics. Such beliefs have done much damage in the past and if allowed to go uncontradicted may do even more serious damage in the future. Thus the view that the Negro slave was an unfortunate cousin of the white man, deeply tanned by the tropic sun and denied the blessings of Christianity and civilization, played no small part with the sentimentalists of the Civil War period; and it has taken us fifty years to learn that speaking English, wearing good clothes and going to school and to church do not transform a Negro into a white man. Nor was a Syrian or Egyptian freedman transformed into a Roman by wearing a toga and applauding his favorite gladiator in the amphitheatre. Americans will have a similar experience with the Polish Jew, whose dwarf stature, peculiar mentality and ruthless concentration on self-interest are being engrafted upon the stock of the nation.....The man of the old stock is being crowded out of many country districts by these foreigners, just as he is to-day being literally driven off the streets of New York City by the swarms of Polish Jews. These immigrants adopt the language of the native American, they wear his clothes, they steal his name and they are beginning to take his women, but they seldom adopt his religion or understand his ideals; and while he is being elbowed out of his own home, the American looks calmly abroad and urges on others the suicidal ethics which are exterminating his own race."

—*The Passing of the Great Race*, by Madison Grant.

suffered the indignities which he described so freely, or whose journey to America was a purely sentimental one for the purpose of joining relatives. It is understood among the emigrants that if they can not produce letters and even affidavits establishing the fact that they have relatives in America, the United States will refuse to allow them to go. Consequently they harp constantly on their relatives. But the real reason which drives them to America is, as they themselves phrase it, "rotten business" in the countries from which they come. Business is rotten all over Europe, and millions are out of work—just as they are in the United States. It is rotten in Poland because the country is overloaded with Jews who were driven into Poland by the Czar's government many years ago, and because the sole occupation of the mass of Jews is that of middleman—a maker of small business—or unskilled artisans, such as cheap tailors or carpenters.

The report of Captain P. Wright, of the British Mission to Poland, as published in an official document of the British government, states that "poor Jews are all dealers, as their ancestors have been for centuries; and for their particular kind of dealing, capitalists as they are with a capital of a few shillings, there is every year less and less room. The Jew in the country who lives by lending a few roubles to a peasant and taking a chicken as interest, or who buys a load of vegetables and resells them, or is a pedler; the Jew in the town who is a hawker, a tout, or in some small middleman's business—these have greater and greater difficulty in making a living. There must be millions of such in Poland. The cooperative society and store and the bank drive them more and more out of business in the country, and more modern methods of distribution in the town; and

this is likely, now the economic development of Poland is no longer to be artificially restricted, to go on faster and faster. ..... they are sweated in semi-unskilled trades when they emigrate. They are hardly ever producers; on this point every one is agreed. Poor Jews can not go into factories, partly because of their Sabbatarian principles, partly because Polish workmen will not work with people whose personal habits are so unclean..... They are driven into all sorts of illicit or fraudulent practises, and I think the Poles are right when they complain that too large a proportion of convictions for such offenses are Jewish. They are unfit for the modern economic world, not in consequence of any fault of their own, but in consequence of a long historical past....."

Mr. Paul Warburg, former Vice-Governor of the Federal Reserve Board, was recently quoted in a New York paper as declaring in respect of immigration that "the strongest and best man material of Europe comes here, for it takes a strong heart and an ambitious character to tear itself up by the roots, leave home, family and friends, and travel, usually 'mid all the unpleasantness of third class, to the uncertainty of a new life in a new land."

This is one of the old sentimental views of immigration, and it is emphatically not true to-day. The emigrants who are passing through the Northern European ports of embarkation are, as far as the great majority of them are concerned, the weakest and poorest man material of Europe. They are the defeated, incompetent and unsuccessful—the very lowest layer of European society. They are paupers by circumstance, and parasites by training and inclination. They are expedited out of their countries by governments who do not want them, they are assisted to America by the

largest and best-organized society that ever assisted and unconsciously stimulated immigration to America or to any other country, and they invariably travel on money they have begged or demanded from America. Nor do these people consider that they are going to the "uncertainty of a new life in a new land." They are going from countries where business is rotten, taxes are high, food is scarce, money is hard to get, military service is apt to seize the men-folk, and armies are likely at any time to start marching and simultaneously begin seizing all the cattle and poultry and other edibles in sight. They are going to America, the world's greatest sure thing: America, where all the money in the world comes from; America, who has so much money that she sends her sons all over the world to give it away to people who often don't need it; America, where conditions at their worst are better than conditions in other countries at their best. These are the universal opinions of the emigrants. Suggest to them that they are going to the "uncertainty of a new life in a new land," and they will wonder privately whether you are weak-minded. The land to which they are going is no uncertainty; it's a leadpipe cinch. The only Europeans who are taking a long chance to-day are the ones that stay at home.

It is probable that the menace which unrestricted immigration presents to the American people, American customs and American ideals can never be comprehended by persons who have not seen the masses of peculiar and alien peoples pouring out of Europe to America in unending streams. Many influences and many traditions—traditions, for example, like those that all men are born free and equal, and that America is obliged to shelter all persons who consider themselves persecuted or oppressed regardless of her own

well-being—make it impossible to present the facts about immigration without causing sentimentalists, near-Americans and other sincere but misinformed persons to emit deafening roars about exaggeration, race-hatred, inhumanity, brutality, un-Christianity and retardation of the national growth. The great cry of American consuls and observers in Europe is: "The people at home can never understand what immigration means unless they can see it as we see it. They won't believe us when we send word home about it." The ancient Romans couldn't understand it either; and they imported nondescript slaves of various races from the southern and eastern coasts of the Mediterranean to work their huge estates. From these slaves are descended the south Italians of to-day—people almost as different from the north Italians of Nordic descent as an alligator pear is different from an alligator—people incapable of self-government and totally devoid of initiative or creative ability. Unrestricted immigration made a mongrel race out of the south Italians. Unrestricted immigration made a mongrel race out of the Greeks. Unrestricted immigration will inevitably and absolutely do the same thing to Americans.

An American consul in one of the most important emigration centers in the north of Europe made the following statement to me in January, 1921:

"Nine-tenths of all the emigrants which pass through here on their way to America are from Poland; and nine-tenths of those from Poland are Hebrews. They have no political principles or convictions, are entirely without patriotism, and usually are evasive, dishonest and incapable of appreciating any responsibility toward any government. Of the young men who are going, a large proportion are running away from military service. The emigration is

almost entirely assisted emigration, due to the ability of the Hebrews to invoke and use the assistance of relatives or of the Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society to enable them to obtain passage on steamers. The voluntary or unassisted emigrant is unable to compete with them for accommodations. The United States, at the present time and under the present regulations, is getting only people fit for the sweat shop or for the lowest types of labor. Thousands of them only escape becoming public charges because they graft on their relatives, and not because they have any ability whatever."

This statement is not only true of one particular port of embarkation, but of every port of embarkation in the north of Europe—of Cherbourg, Havre and Boulogne, of Antwerp, Rotterdam and Danzig; and when the German ports are thrown open to emigrants, it will be true of them as well.

Paris is not strictly a port of embarkation; but through Paris flow the emigrant streams which spread out to the French ports of Havre, Boulogne and Cherbourg. There are little clusters of emigrants from every part of Eastern Europe scattered through cheap lodging-houses in various sections of Paris; but the largest numbers may always be found concentrated at the headquarters of the Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society on Rue Lamarck. From its initials this society is known to all the emigrants, as well as to every one else who comes in touch with it, as "Hias"; and it is to Hias that they rush with all their troubles. Hias feeds them; Hias lodges them; Hias cables to America for them, locates relatives whose addresses have been lost or changed or never known, and gets money for them to make the trip to America. Hias intercedes with the American consulate for emigrants to whom the consulate has been obliged to

refuse visés; Hias provides doctors to attend to the sick; Hias in general acts as a parent for the otherwise helpless emigrants.

Any information concerning any agency which assists emigrants to go to America is flashed broadcast through the countries from which the emigrants come by their seemingly strange methods of underground communication. Consequently Hebrew emigration is being stimulated by this organization to an extent never before known. Letters come back from America to Polish and Rumanian and Hungarian towns, telling of the miracles which Hias has accomplished in locating relatives. This news spreads through the towns, and to adjoining towns, whereupon hundreds of Jews sell all that they have for hardly enough money to get them to the nearest Hias offices; and when they have arrived there, they proceed to locate their relatives in America and call for money. In a later chapter I will give a more detailed account of the working of a Hias office. The Hias organization is a remarkable and an excellent one; and the good which it does is enormous. None the less, it is the greatest organized stimulator of undesirable immigration to America that has ever existed. The fact that this stimulation is unconscious does not make it any less dangerous.

Fifteen hundred Jews came daily to Hias headquarters in Paris during the winter of 1920-1921 to get assistance of some sort in connection with their journey to America. Most of them were from the extreme east of Europe—from Rumania and Bessarabia. From fifteen to twenty per cent. of them came from Poland, Czecho-Slovakia and the Ukraine.

There are two fairly large courtyards around which the Hias buildings are grouped; and at all hours of the day these

courtyards were filled to overflowing with the wretchedly clothed, undernourished men, women and children who were waiting for money from America or boats to America or information as to how to get to America. Wherever a board was loose in the underpinning of a house fronting on these courtyards, or wherever there was any sort of aperture, the emigrants had crammed the opening with the filthy, vermin-filled clothes which they wore when they arrived in Paris and which they discarded as soon as they could buy, beg or borrow other garments. The emigrants led me to these rag deposits in order to impress upon me the condition that most of them are in when they reach Paris. I asked them whether the vermin didn't crawl out of the old clothes and settle in the new. They scratched themselves pensively and admitted that they did; but apparently it never occurred to them to burn their old clothes.

One needs only to set foot in any place where there is a concentration of emigrants in order to be almost overwhelmed by a rush of men, women and children eager to give information or seek information. This is particularly true of Jewish concentration centers, where one is so crowded and jostled by the mob that the manipulation of a camera or even of a note-book is literally impossible if the people are not forcibly and repeatedly repulsed. The consuls, the medical examiners and the steamship people all over Europe complain that the Jews are most difficult to handle because of their ruthless concentration on self-interest, and their determination to better themselves at some one's or every one's expense in even the most trivial matters. Doctor Schluger, head of the Hias organization at Warsaw, commented to me on the "I-want-to-get-in-first" spirit displayed by the thousands of Jews who were storming the Hias office

in Warsaw each week. All sorts of officials have repeatedly called my attention to the manner in which Poles and Rumanians and Slovaks and Hungarians stolidly take their places in line for examination, while in the same lines the Jews, men and women both, fight and kick and scream and riot for the privilege of precedence. Every Jew seems to want to get there first, even though he may not have the slightest idea where he's going. Consequently it was very easy to locate emigrants to interview at a Hias office.

From another standpoint, however, these people are very difficult to interview. This is because they are confirmed and incurable exaggerators. Doctor Boris Bogen, head of the Joint Distribution Committee in Paris,—which, like the Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society, is a most efficient and praiseworthy Jewish-American relief organization—assured me that he found it almost impossible to believe any Jewish emigrant because of his apparent determination to exaggerate. "When he speaks of one thousand machine guns," said Doctor Bogen, "he usually means one machine gun."

The penchant for exaggeration works in two ways. The truth is greatly embellished or greatly diminished, as the occasion demands. When Hias officials wish to calm the rising antagonism in America against undesirable immigration, they blandly underestimate the numbers that wish to emigrate. When a Jewish emigrant wishes to curry sympathy, he exaggerates a hundredfold his virtues or his sufferings or the number of his relatives or whatever he may consider this strongest selling point.

For example, when I was going through the delousing plant in Danzig with Captain J. H. Linson, of the United States Public Health Service, we ran across a girl whose

hair, though particularly beautiful, was full of nits. "Ask her," I told the interpreter, "how often she washed her hair when she was at home." Without the slightest hesitation the young woman replied that she washed it six times a week. Thinking that she hadn't understood the question, I told the interpreter to repeat it. She nodded her head and said that she had understood the first time, and that she always washed her hair six times a week. The other women who crowded around us obviously realized that the young woman had made her story a little too strong. The next woman I asked—a venerable lady who was also carrying a large assortment of nits—replied that her hair had always been washed three times a week. Eight other women, all with nits, owned up to washing their hair only twice a week. All of them came from small Polish towns where washing facilities are in about the same condition that they were in when Adam, as the cruder army persons used to say, was a lance-jack. If they washed their hair once every ten years they were unusually cleanly.

During one of my visits to Hias headquarters in Paris, a man whom I was questioning asked my interpreter why I was questioning him. The interpreter, who was a French Jew, replied that I wished to help him get to America. Since I was able to understand him, and since I had no desire to arouse false hopes in any one's breast, I told the interpreter to tell him the truth, and asked him why he had lied. He spread out his hands in hurt amazement. "What difference does it make what you tell them?" he asked. "Tell them anything if it will help you get what you want. If I told them that you wanted to write about them, they wouldn't tell you nothing but pretty sentiments."

There are several ways of getting at the truth when

questioning these emigrants; and an absolutely sure way of *not* getting it is to question them individually in such a way that they can not be overheard by any of their own people. If they are led to argue among themselves over points at issue, and if no official of any organization or government is present, the truth usually slips out in the heat of argument.

In the many talks which I had with emigrants at Hias headquarters in Paris, I was particularly struck by the keen interest which the men of military age exhibited in the question of whether or not they would be taken for soldiers when they reached America. Several sought private interviews with me in order to settle their doubts on this matter. It was obvious that they were about as anxious to serve in an army as they were to lose a couple of legs. Some of them claimed to have escaped military service in their respective countries by bribery, while others had simply run away from it.

Abram Barbald, of Doraban in Rumania, explained to me that the Rumanian government was wholly bad. His sole reason for pronouncing it so evil was its custom of taking everybody for military service,—unless he guaranteed that he was going to America. All the Rumanian Jews at this Hias office assured me that this was true; they could only escape the army by going to America. Barbald had cousins in New York,—pronounced Neffyork, by the way, by almost everybody whom one encounters at the Hias offices. They had written him that one makes money in America, no matter at what he works. That was why he was going.

One young man followed me from place to place with such diligence that whenever I wanted to make a note in my note-book, I first had to push him forcibly from my

elbow. He seemed always on the verge of speaking, but he never spoke. I finally told the interpreter either to find out what he wanted or to keep him away from me. He then announced that some of his friends had told him that he would be taken in the army when he reached America, and demanded piteously to be told whether it was so. I assured him that it was not. His face brightened tremendously, and he shook his fist at two other young men. "The robbers!" he cried. "They try always to frighten me." Later this same young man came back to me and assured me that he was very unhappy that America wouldn't make him fight. He wanted to fight, he declared. I asked him why he wanted to fight, and why he would be willing to fight for America when he wouldn't fight for Poland. He replied that he would be glad to fight any one that America wanted him to fight, and that his reason for being anxious to fight was to show his relatives in America that he wasn't afraid of anything. "Well," I said, "would that be the only thing that you were fighting for?" "No," said the young man, "for money also." The crowd which surrounded us failed to see the humor in the young man's remarks.

Among the thousands of emigrants who were pouring over early in 1921, it was common knowledge that great numbers of people were out of work in America. They didn't care, however. They all said that they could find something to do—buy something and sell it again at a profit.

Mendel Sticklario, from Bucharest, was going to Philadelphia, where his cousin worked in a factory. What did he care that many in America had no work? His cousin had promised to fire somebody from the factory and give the job to him. He should worry, as the saying went.

Abram Berkovitch, from Rahan in Bessarabia, was

going to Neffyork. At home he was a butcher, but what he could do in Neffyork he didn't know. One could always push a cart around and sell things from it. Yes, he had heard that there were two million out of work in America, and he was willing to be the two-million-and-first. The interpreter explained to me privately that the butcher was a good feller. Anything went with him, and he didn't care what he did. He had some cousins in America. Let the cousins do the fretting, not?

Miron Raynish from Transylvania, Yanko Schwartz from Jassy, Yakob Korsoi from Odessa, Rubin Klug from Budapest, and Mottel Polyak from Bessarabia, all knew that many were out of work in America; but they expected their relatives to get work for them—or loan them enough money to start in business for themselves. This was the universal thought of hundreds that I talked to. There were many who talked a great deal about the terrible treatment which they had received at the hands of the Poles and the Rumanians and the Bolsheviks. Beards had been cut off, they declared; throats had been cut; they had been thrown from moving trains; they had been robbed and beaten. I questioned these people carefully. The things of which they spoke had not happened to them, but to people of whom they had heard. I spent three days at the Hias headquarters, and never a man came forward who had had these things happen to him.

The nearest thing to it was a small elderly Jew with an enormous hooked nose, little curls that hung down in front of his ears and merged with his beard, and a greasy gabardine. Shaking and white-faced with excitement, he told me a harrowing tale. He had been riding in a compartment, he said, with six Polish soldiers returning from the war. They

were terrible creatures, he said. They told of Jews they had killed and of Jews they were going to kill—of beards they were going to cut off. They were bloodthirsty? Oi yoi! Horrible! "But," I asked him, "did they do anything to you?" The little man shook his head. "Why not?" I asked. The little man threw back his head and squinted at me knowingly along his hooked nose. "Because," he said simply, "they didn't know I was a Jew!" Nobody could possibly have mistaken him for anything else. The soldiers had been frightening him.

All of those who passed through Hias headquarters were going to America because business was rotten—not because they were oppressed.

I am reluctant to say it, but these people have the obsession of oppression, just as several of the Balkan and Slav nations suffer from an obsession of former grandeur. I do not mean to say that they have never been oppressed, because they have been; but I do mean to say that their motive in going to America is not to escape oppression: it is to get a better job. The Jews in Poland and Hungary and Rumania who have fairly descent jobs—and there are many who have—have little intention of going to America.

Europe has its slang, as well as America; and for the three years after the war there was one slang phrase that had great vogue in all Hebrew centers. When young Jews meet on the street in Warsaw, in Bialistock, in Vilna, in Budapest, in Vienna, in Bucharest, they clasp hands and say to each other: *"Wir fahren nach America!"*—We're going to America! They may have no money, no prospects, no immediate intention of going to America; but the suggestion of going is ever-present; and any emigration authority knows that suggestion plays a very large part in the

tremendous mass-movements to America from Europe. *"Wir fahren nach America!"* is more popular in Europe than the phrases, "Believe me, kid!" or "I gotcha, Steve!" ever were in America.

In Paris I had an interesting conversation with Mr. Jacques Chapira, head of the Paris office of the Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society. Mr. Chapira declared that America could take in fifty million more immigrants and never notice them. Such states as Nebraska, Texas, Utah and other southern, middle and western states, he declared, were practically unpopulated and could easily absorb all the Jews in the world. "America," he declared, "must keep her doors open for the sake of humanity. The Statue of Liberty signifies that America offers protection to those who suffer in other lands, and where is there any people that have suffered as much as the Jews? Some people talk about the sufferings of the Armenians; but compared with our sufferings, the Armenians haven't suffered at all. And I'd like to see any body of Armenians that could be Americanized as well or as quickly as an equal body of Jews. The great trouble in America is that our people live in the slums; and that is a very easy thing to change. All that America needs to do is to spend a little money to get the Hebrews out on to the farms. It doesn't do a bit of good to spend a lot of money trying to Americanize them. That money is thrown away. If the country would spend a quarter of the money to get them to farms, the results would be much better."

At this point I interrupted Mr. Chapira. "I'm going to ask you to forget for a moment that you are an official of a Hebrew Aid Society," I told him, "and to remember only that we are two American citizens talking together. Our

country, as you must know, has become the home of a larger number of unassimilated racial groups than ever existed even in old Austria-Hungary. The recent Hebrew immigrants, being entirely non-producers, present one of our most indigestible problems. If you know anything about our immigration troubles, you know that repeated efforts have been made to establish Hebrew farming communities, and you know that in almost every instance these communities have been complete and absolute failures. The United States Immigration Commission found long ago that there seemed to be something about the Jewish temperament that made it impossible for him to be a successful farmer. They want to live in cities, and they insist on living in cities. You've seen the types that are rushing to our cities by the thousands and the hundreds of thousands. America can neither take care of them nor assimilate them. As one American citizen to another, now, haven't we the right to protect ourselves against this influx? Isn't it criminal *not* to protect ourselves against it?"

Mr. Chapira hesitated for a moment, and then he answered my question in an indirect but none the less satisfactory manner. People have an unpleasant habit of denying interviews; and it is barely possible that some friend of Mr. Chapira might take it into his head to deny that I had quoted Mr. Chapira correctly. I wish to forestall any such denial by stating that I am transcribing Mr. Chapira's answer direct from my note-book, without embellishment and without recourse to memory.

"If America would look to her own interests," said he, "why doesn't she make it possible for the Jews to transfer their emigration to Palestine? This should be done by diplomatic procedure. The Jews are a miserable nation,

and we should do something to change the situation. France doesn't want them; England doesn't want them; no country wants them. If they started going to Palestine they wouldn't go anywhere else. In six months or a year you will see a great change, for they will start going to Palestine in greater numbers. Palestine is capable of supplying places for all the Jews if the economic situation there is improved."*

The significant feature of Mr. Chapira's statement is the admission that if America wishes to consider what is best for America's interests, she must see that the Jews go elsewhere. This is, of course, not only true of Jews but also of all immigrants who come to America to sink down in the slums and the foreign quarters.

*The gates of Palestine are barred to the type of Jew that has been allowed to pour into America by the hundreds of thousands. Palestine admits only the following classes of Jews: (1) Persons of independent means who intend to take up permanent residence in Palestine; (2) members of professions who intend to follow their calling; (3) wives and children and other persons wholly dependent on residents in Palestine; (4) persons who have a definite prospect of employment with specified employer or enterprise; (5) persons of religious occupation, including the class of Jews who have come to Palestine in recent years from religious motives, and who can show that they have means of maintenance there; (6) travelers who do not propose to remain in Palestine longer than three months; (7) returned residents.

The Existence of an Emergency

Testimony taken by the Senate Immigration Committee in hearings on the Johnson bill prohibiting immigration for one year has failed to prove the existence of an emergency, according to Senators who analyzed evidence submitted by more than thirty witnesses. One member said that the bill would be side-tracked until the emergency could be proved.

—*Cable despatch to The Paris Herald, January* 14, 1921.

EMERGENCIES are frequently determined by the point of view. A small American city which wakes up one morning to find itself with two hundred cases of scarlet fever and fifty cases of diphtheria on its hands is very apt—in view of the emergency—to throw a series of epileptic fits, froth largely at the mouth with fright, and disinfect everything from the ornamental weather-vane on the Methodist church to the pyramidal pile of iron cannon-balls on the front lawn of the G. A. R. hall. By these and other protective measures the epidemic is arrested and the emergency dies a sudden and enthusiastic death.

Around the middle of January, 1921, I had occasion to investigate the state of affairs in a Polish town* which had a population of eight thousand. There were a number of cases of typhus in the town. The residents themselves didn't know how many, but they thought the number would be about three hundred. That number, according to them,

*Kaluszyn, on the trunk road between Warsaw and Brest-Litovsk.

wasn't worth considering. Typhus, like the poor, they had always with them in the winter. There was a great deal of diphtheria and scarlet fever in the town. The residents couldn't tell me exactly how much; but there were several hundred cases. Nothing serious, they insisted; only a few hundred. Less than three miles away there was another town, they explained, where things were worse. Practically every family in that town had at least one case of typhus in it. Up to the north and northeast there was cholera; but it hadn't reached town—yet. No emergency existed for the people of that town, in their judgment. For them, typhus and scarlet fever and diphtheria were old stories. Each year a certain number of people had to have them and a certain number had to die of them, just as part of the potato crop had to freeze in the ground. Sickness was a part of the scheme of things. The person who suggested to them that they were confronted by an emergency would have been responsible for a number of cracked lips. As a matter of fact, a perpetual emergency existed for them.

In the same way, the United States has been confronted by an immigration emergency for years. Starting around 1880, the immigrants who swarmed into the United States were of an entirely different breed from the people who discovered the country, colonized it, made its laws and developed it. These new and different people came in waves, like the waves of an endlessly rising tide. Occasional waves fell short of preceding waves; but in general they surged to higher and higher levels. In the year 1905 more than a million of them came—more than forty army divisions. It was the same in 1906. In 1907 the wave surged over the million-and-a-quarter mark. In the ten years which ended June 30, 1914, more than ten millions of these people had

entered the United States. They sank naturally into the slums and the foreign settlements; for the great percentage of them had always lived in either city or agricultural slums, and practically all of them had come to America to make as much money as they could in as short a time as possible, so that they were willing to sacrifice comfort and cleanliness and everything else to the making of money. American laborers could not compete with them. America was protected from the dumping of cheap foreign goods on her markets, but not from the dumping of cheap foreign labor. America was protected theoretically from the physical diseases so prevalent in Europe, but not from the far more prevalent European unrest and class hatred and political ignorance and mental incapacity for national spirit. Instead of being a great melting-pot—which it was prior to 1880 because of the similarity of the early Nordic immigrants—America had become the dumping-ground for the world's human riffraff, who couldn't make a living in their own countries. These statements have been frequently repeated; but the repetition is necessary because of the peculiar success of unrestricted-immigrationists in making America believe that all pre-war immigration was the same and that because it was permitted before the war it should be permitted to the same extent forever. There was not, even during the ten years before the war, a single argument favoring the continuation of immigration which was based on the needs or the best interests of America. Every argument in behalf of unrestricted immigration favored special alien interests and special industrial interests; and in the minds of the persons who presented those arguments there was no thought of the United States.

Emigration since the war from the great European

emigration centers presented all of the evils of the pre-war immigration plus several brand-new evils which exuded viciousness from every cavity and pore. It was a poisoned emigration. Practically every reliable American who has seen European emigration as it was flowing at its principal sources before our Emergency Immigration Law dammed it temporarily will vouch for the truth of this assertion. It will be vouched for by newspaper men, by consuls, by military attachés, by representatives of the United States government sent to Europe for purposes of observation, by the employees of steamship lines, by United States public health officials, by the representatives of purely American relief organizations, by American business men who are not racially affiliated with the undesirable emigrants, and by legations and embassies of the United States. Certain persons who have seen European emigration at its sources will deny my statements. These persons will be the officials of steamship lines, a few large employers of labor, and the representatives of certain relief organizations which have special racial connections in Europe. All these persons will deny them for the same reasons that a whisky manufacturer fights any legislation which tends to cut down the consumption of whisky. The whisky manufacturer doesn't care how many persons get drunk on his product, waste the money which should be spent on food and clothes, and lower their reliability, decency and efficiency, so long as his distillery continues to pay dividends. The whisky manufacturer may be sincere in his attitude on the drink question: he may actually believe that whisky is a food—an elevator of ideals —a benefit to the human race. The advocates of unrestricted immigration may also be sincere; but the fact remains that they get the money while America suffers.

Copyright Underwood & Underwood

A street in crowded Warsaw which gives an idea of the present living conditions.

Copyright Cincinnati Enquirer

Place Saski, Warsaw. The Russian cathedral bell tower, the base of which is shown on the right, has been demolished.

Their sincerity is impregnated, so to speak, with a distinct odor of fish.

The largest emigration center in Northern Europe since the war has been Warsaw, the capital of Poland. Fifty thousand visés were granted by the American consulate in Warsaw to bearers of Polish passports during the year 1920. Later in 1920 the consulate improved its facilities for handling emigrants, and during 1921 it was in a position to grant at least one hundred thousand American visés to the holders of Polish passports. These numbers, of course, do not include the large number of people who traveled from Poland to America on false passports, forged American visés, and counterfeit American ten-dollar consular fee stamps.

The majority of the people who travel on Polish passports are Jews. For some weeks the percentage of Jews runs as high as eighty-five per cent., and for other weeks it drops as low as, but never lower than, seventy-five per cent. The number of visés granted by the American consulate is only a very small percentage of the number it would have to grant if all those who wanted to go to America were given visés. But the Polish emigration officials and officials of the Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society have made efforts to have the staff of the American consulate enlarged, so that more emigrants can be expedited to America.

The Warsaw consulate, early in 1921, was working on visés from nine o'clock in the morning until three o'clock in the afternoon. The Polish emigration authorities would have liked to have it work twenty-four hours a day instead of six hours, so that Poland could get rid of her surplus population, which is in the neighborhood of one million. This is not my estimate, not the estimate of the Polish

government; but the estimate of Doctor Dana Durand, a distinguished economist, director of the last United States census, and technical food adviser to the Polish government for the Hoover Mission to Poland. Doctor Durand stated to me that the economic condition of the Jews in Poland was very bad; that there was not nearly enough work for all of them, and that one million of them, in order to live, must go elsewhere. "They would be very bad people for America," said Doctor Durand, "and there isn't room for them in Palestine. Where they are to go I don't know; but they've got to go somewhere."

This argument is a trifle difficult for a layman to follow. He can't understand why the Jews of Poland when out of work must rush elsewhere; for when 4,000,000 people in America are jobless, nobody suggests that they ought to migrate in a body.

Nevertheless, the million surplus population of Poland—Jews all—are the people that the Polish emigration authorities are anxious to unload; and since America is the favorite dumping-ground, they were making every effort to unload them in America in 1920 and early 1921. An official of the Polish Department of Emigration stated to an American government official in Warsaw that Poland had more than its proportion of Jews; and that America, having less than its proportion, is in duty bound to take them off Poland's hands. The Polish official was no more interested in the effect on America of such a transfer than he would have been in the action of slaked lime on the growth of New Zealand spinach. America may rest assured that if she doesn't look out for her own interests in the matter of immigration, nobody else will.

I had a long talk in January, 1921, with the Polish commissioner of emigration and his assistant. They declared

firmly and uncompromisingly that America, for humanitarian reasons, was morally obligated to admit every person who has a relative in America. This is pure flapdoodle. From 1905 to 1914, inclusive, over ten million aliens, mostly from Central and Southeastern Europe, emigrated to America. They came from the lowest layers of society; and in these lowest layers one invariably finds the largest families. Each one of those ten million aliens who emigrated to America had, at an absurdly low estimate, ten relatives left in Europe. If, for humanitarian reasons, we must take in a million or two million Polish Jews, we must also take in a large slice of the population of Serbia, three-quarters of a million Greeks, a million and a half Italians, a couple of million Jews from Rumania, Hungary and the Ukraine, and enormous numbers of other physically, morally and financially wrecked people of Central Europe. We are not obligated to take in these people any more than we are obligated to dig half of the unexploded shells out of the battle-fields of Europe and bury them in our own farmlands for our own plowshares and harrows to explode. It would, of course, be a nice thing to do; but only a madman would seriously insist that we ought to do it. Yet the continuance of immigration is a far more evil thing for America than the planting of a few million unexploded shells would ever be.

Advocates of unrestricted immigration frequently state flatly, and always imply, that present-day emigration from Europe is entirely wives to husbands or vice versa, and children to parents or vice versa. This is erroneous and misleading. Our immigration for the last thirty years has always been an immigration of relatives because of the inexhaustible European relative crop. The beet crop may fall down with a thud; the potato crop may freeze; the whisker

crop may be weak and backward; but the relative crop has always flourished and will always continue to flourish in Europe with a luxuriance that will make the green bay-tree, long noted for its flourishing powers, look like a wilted lettuce-leaf. This fact was determined years ago by the United States Immigration Commission. The relatives in America advertised in their letters the soft jobs that were to be had; and the relatives promptly came across, as one might say. There is nothing about immigration, as the present-day generation knows it, which demands any excess of sympathy, or any rush of sentimentality to the head. The figures of the Warsaw consulate for late 1920 and early 1921 show that of all the visés granted, twelve and seven-tenths per cent. were granted to persons going to husbands or wives; sixteen and two-tenths were going to parents—and of these, very few were minors; nine and three-tenths were parents going to children; forty-three and three-tenths were going to brothers and sisters; sixteen and seven-tenths were going to cousins, uncles, aunts; and one and eight-tenths were going to such distant relatives that one needed a telescope to discover the relationship.

In most cases the relatives to whom they claim to be going are not citizens of the United States. A small percentage have their "first papers"—a step toward citizenship which can be taken on the day that the immigrants land in America, which means next to nothing and which is only too often not completed. There is no adequate humanitarian, economic or moral reason why the United States should continue to admit the cousins, brothers, sisters, nieces and nephews of non-citizens—or of citizens either—if, in the opinion of competent authorities, they are undesirable. This is exactly the opinion of competent authorities—except that none of them would phrase it so conservatively.

The type of passport in use in Poland early in 1921 was especially adapted for the unloading of a surplus or undesirable population. It was not a passport at all, as we understand it, but merely an identity card. It asked no courtesies for the bearer; and in a majority of cases it even failed to state his nationality or citizenship. In the case of Jews the blank on the passport which was supposed to be filled in with the nationality of the bearer was almost invariably either left blank or filled in with the word "Jewish" or "Israelite." In repeated instances persons came to the American consulate with Polish passports which gave the nationality of the bearers as Ruthenian or Ukrainian or Lithuanian or Russian-Polish. In other words, the Polish passport authorities were issuing passports to people from other countries. Such a passport is worth about thirty kopecks in Soviet currency to the immigration authorities of a country which is attempting—as is the United States—to bar undesirables.

A little later in 1921 the Polish authorities went a little further and issued a new type of passport. It was exactly like their other passport, except that there was no place at all on it where the nationality of the bearer could be inserted. The attitude of the Polish authorities, in the face of the howl of protest which went up from the American consulate over these burlesque passports, was that the mere possession of a Polish passport should be sufficient to establish a bearer's citizenship and nationality. Experience, however, has repeatedly proved that it does neither. Yet if America insists that nobody but Polish citizens travel on Polish passports, the only result will be a tremendous traffic in forged birth certificates and other documents capable of proving conclusively that a Bolshevik from the Siberian

tundras has really lived all his life in the shadow of Warsaw University.

Now the boundaries between Poland and Soviet Russia are badly warped from the manner in which they have been pushed in and out. To know where the boundary is at any given moment, one should devote a matter of twenty-two hours a day to a careful study of the boundary problem, and flip a coin at the end of the day in order to decide whether to make a five- or a ten-mile alteration in one's figures. Americans in Poland declare that the train-cards which tell the destination of trains leaving the Vienna station in Warsaw have to have new names painted on them every day, depending on whether the Polish state happens to be expanding or contracting at the moment.

In the vicinity of the boundary, none of the residents is quite sure whether he is living in Poland or Soviet Russia or Lithuania or the Ukraine. But when the Bolshevik armies occupied this region in the summer of 1920, young Jews by the hundreds from every town and city soaked up the Bolshevik doctrines like sponges. The Bolsheviks have been very successful in getting their ideas before the people; because instead of depending entirely on pamphlets and books and newspapers, they have distributed great numbers of phonographs and phonograph records to pour the doctrines of Father Lenine and Uncle Trotsky into the flapping ears of the proletariat. The young Jews ate this stuff alive, as the saying goes. When the Bolshevik armies evacuated the district before the Polish army, thousands of young Jews went with them into Soviet Russia—partly to escape the vengeance which they feared the Poles might visit on them, partly to escape being drawn into the Polish army, and partly because they hoped to carry on small trading operations with the Bolshevik soldiers and with the people in the

Russian towns. These young men drifted back to their homes during the winter of 1920-21, and great numbers of them went straight to America.

A steady stream of Hebrew refugees also poured into Poland from Soviet Russia, driven on by hunger and by panics to which the Jews so frequently fall victims. Our consulate in Warsaw is thoroughly familiar with these panics, which are of periodic occurrence. When they are in progress, the people are unmanageable. They scream and fight and trample one another under foot at the consulate doorway, and nothing but brute force has any effect upon them.

These people have provided a fertile field for Bolshevik propaganda; for they have been against the ruling class since time immemorial, and they have welcomed the Bolshevik doctrines as glad tidings of great cheer.* They are going to America by every boat; and it is a poisoned emigration. Emigration from these districts has always been a very bad thing for America because of its non-productive and parasitic nature. To-day it is rank poison.

A special investigation was made of the emigrant movement by a man who started at Pinsk and worked his way out. Pinsk is two hundred miles from Warsaw; and a good part of that distance lies in Soviet Russia. The person who made it was especially qualified to obtain information from the people with whom he traveled. He found that large numbers of the emigrants were young men of military age,

*Sir Basil Thompson, in charge of the Special Branch at Scotland Yard, 1913-1921—the Special Branch being England's greatest protection against spies and other enemies within—had this to say when his war activities were over: "With the second Russian Revolution under Lenine, which broke out in November, 1917, the real troubles of the civilized world began. The reverberations were felt in every country where discontent was seething; and since discontent is generally to be found among emigrant Jews, it was among the Jews in every land that the Bolshevists found their first adherents."

and that they came from districts which were directly under the Bolshevik government. In the districts from which they came were agents who provided them with false passports and escorted them to ports of embarkation. At the ports, if they were lucky, they got money from America. The agent furnished them with all affidavits and papers necessary for their travels, and usually shipped them to the United States by way of Antwerp and Canada. Some were going by way of Cuba and Mexico.

Almost every American government official in the north of Europe received repeated proofs that at the time when America was deporting Bolsheviks by tens, she was letting them in by thousands.

The false passport, phony visé, fake affidavit and counterfeit stamp business reached a high stage of development in Poland. Large numbers of immigrants entered America from Poland late in 1920 and early in 1921 on forged documents; and there won't be any perceptible diminution in the graft and crookedness and chicanery until our immigration laws are so altered as to stop the indiscriminate influx of Europe's human derelicts and to permit our immigrants to be selected for certain purposes at the source.

The dealing in fraudulent passports and fraudulent passport-accessories in Poland appeared to be limited entirely to Jews. This was also true in Rumania and Hungary. Many men were caught making and selling these false documents, and they were always Jews. The hundreds who were caught traveling on them were always Jews as well. This is not anti-Jewish propaganda, but straight information obtained from American consular officials.

Bolshevik organization existed in 1920 and 1921 for the sole purpose of railroading Bolshevik propagandists to America by means of false passports and visés. One nest of

seven dealers in false American visés was rounded up in Warsaw, and six of the seven had recently come to Warsaw from Soviet Russia. Most of the cases of false-passport-dealing, however, are those of individuals or groups who see an excellent chance to make money quickly and easily.

Early in January, 1921, an investigator started out alone from the Warsaw consulate to locate dealers in fraudulent passports. The only method which he used was that of letting it be known that he was willing to pay for enough false papers to get him to America. He was obliged to dicker and haggle with each false passport merchant with whom he came in contact; and such dickering and haggling take up a lot of time. Nevertheless, between two o'clock on a Saturday afternoon and two o'clock on the afternoon of the following day he secured enough evidence to arrest and convict twenty-five dealers in fraudulent passports.

All of the twenty-five had been engaged in supplying false passports, false American visés and false American affidavits to emigrants for such a length of time that their existence and their addresses were common knowledge in Warsaw. There were hundreds of others in Warsaw alone; and in every other city and town in Poland there were other shoals of them.

There was no examination of passports at ports of embarkation until January, 1921. After building a very cumbersome passport-control machine, in other words, we voluntarily removed a few nuts, bolts, cog-wheels and cam-shafts, and then wondered why it squeaked and rattled so horribly whenever it moved. Early in January, 1921, the Rotterdam consulate began to scrutinize the passports of all emigrants boarding ships in Rotterdam. There was, at that time, no such scrutiny at the other ports of embarkation—though the omission was ultimately rectified. As a result,

there were five ports in Northern Europe from which bearers of false passports could embark with scarcely any danger of detection. When they were stopped at one port, they sent the information back to the place from which they came; and those who followed them went to other ports. A woman came down to Rotterdam from Poland with a false American visé on her passport. After being questioned, she was released and watched. Her first move was to go straight to a telegraph office and telegraph to the man in Warsaw who had provided her with the false visé that the Americans had detected her. If they are stopped at all ports, they will originate new schemes of getting to America—if our legislators are foolish enough to refuse to make immigration a rigidly selective matter designed purely to meet the needs of America. So long as immigration is a matter of somebody in Europe getting a visé from an American consulate, there will be bribery, corruption and the admission of undesirables. Wherever there is a weak spot, it will be found. A weak spot was found in one of our Northern European consulates during 1920 by emigrants and strong emigration interests, and the consulate almost had to be torn up by the roots.

In the opinion of Americans who are competent to judge, the emigration of Jews from Poland to America would be reduced by more than one-half if the activities of the Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society—known throughout Europe as "Hias"—were to cease in Europe. Hias is not exactly what its name implies. When an alien leaves Europe for America, he is an emigrant. When he arrives in America, he is an immigrant. If Hias stopped with being an *Immigrant* aid society, and confined its work to America alone, nobody could have the slightest objection. When, however, it becomes an *Emigrant* aid society and moves its activities to Europe, it

automatically becomes an artificial stimulator of emigration; and stimulated emigration has always been recognized by every immigration authority in America as a very offensive and undesirable thing. It was offensive and undesirable in the past because those who left their homes to go to America did not do so in answer to an economic demand in this country, and because America was in no way benefited by them. The Jews who are coming to America to-day are —through no fault of their own—undesirable for these reasons and for several others as well. In the old days there were two great stimulators of emigration in Central and Southeastern Europe: the transportation agents and the labor agents. The work of these agents in stimulating emigration was characterized by the United States Commissioner General of Immigration in 1909 as a "crying shame." Hias is as much of an emigration stimulator in the sections where it operates as transportation agents and labor agents were before their activities became illegal and were forbidden. Hias does a great amount of good for the helpless, pauperized and resourceless Jewish emigrants who are rushing out of Europe; but it does a terrible wrong to America by assisting them to come in such great numbers.

Information concerning the activities of Hias is spread through Poland by word of mouth, by letters from friends and relatives who have been helped by it, and by a newspaper published in Warsaw called *Die Emigrant.* This paper is said to be published by private enterprise; but it is mostly devoted to the activities of the Hias organization. Its chief purpose is to provide prospective emigrants with information as to how to get to America. It was first published in December, 1920; and the first edition of eleven thousand copies was sold in about three hours.

The American flag floats from a flagstaff above the door

of the Hias office in Warsaw, and—when conditions are normal, as they were in early 1921—under this flag pass one thousand prospective Hebrew emigrants every day. Every one of the thousand is ruthlessly selfish, and is determined—as the Warsaw head of the Hias organization stated—to get there first. Nevertheless, the struggling, excited, irritating crowd is handled quietly, expeditiously and patiently by Hias. It is a remarkably efficient and excellent organization; and the work for which it exists could not be done in a more capable and praiseworthy manner.

When the doors of the Hias office are thrown open every morning and the struggling crowd claws and fights its way up the twisted stairway that leads from the courtyard to the offices, each applicant is given a green card, a red card, or a blue card, depending on whether he has come to cable to his relatives in America, to get money which has been sent from America, or to get his passport. At the top of the stairway the applicants are separated into green, blue or red lines, given numbers and passed through in order.

In the cable-room they pass before a long desk behind which Hias employees take the names of the emigrants' relatives in America and write cables asking for money. At the same time the cables are registered; and a glance at the Hias card-index system shows the number of a given case, the date on which the cable was sent, the name of the emigrant who sent the cable, the name of the person in America to whom it was sent, the name of the employee who wrote the cable for the emigrant and the amount of money asked for. Later the emigrant returns for the answer. He presents his numbered card at the cashier's window, and if the Hias checking system shows that he is the right person, he gets his money in American dollars. Seventy per cent. of

those who cable receive favorable replies in from eight days to three weeks.

If no answer is received to the cable in three weeks' time, the Hias organization takes the matter up once more. Another cable is sent. If that goes unanswered the Warsaw Hias sends an executive cable to the New York Hias. This cable goes every day, and contains the names of all those who should have answered by that time, but haven't done so. Thus, the Warsaw cable will contain the phrase "Jacob Goldberg sent cable Samuel Goldberg for $300. Locate." Samuel Goldberg may be a resident of New York or of Chicago or of Detroit. Wherever he may be, an American Hias office gets in touch with him and asks bruskly why he hasn't answered the request of Jacob Goldberg for three hundred dollars. Samuel Goldberg's address may have changed. If that has happened, the Hias organization in America sends out special messengers, locates his new address and tells him to hurry up and answer Jacob Goldberg's cable. If he is still reluctant, Hias works on his sympathies by telling him of the sufferings which Jacob Goldberg is undergoing. Almost invariably the money is sent; of course, through Hias. Doctor Schluger, head of the Warsaw Hias, told me that during December, 1920, Hias paid out half a million American dollars to emigrants.

It has been quite a task, occasionally, for Hias to locate enough American dollars to pay out the large amounts cabled to its clients. Accordingly it has entered into an arrangement with the steamship companies whereby, instead of paying the whole sum in cash, it pays part cash and the remainder in an order on a steamship company for a ticket. If the emigrant is robbed, then, he only loses a

part of his money, since the steamship order can be stopped.

Great numbers of affidavits are constantly received at the Hias office for Polish Jews whose relatives wish them to come to America. In many cases the persons for whom they are intended are not registered with Hias. In these cases, through its correspondence department, Hias locates them. It maintains standing advertisements in all the Jewish newspapers in Warsaw setting forth, in three columns, the names of the persons for whom affidavits, money and steamship tickets are waiting.

All the detail work in connection with securing passports from the Polish government for Jews is done by Hias. It takes the applications and the necessary documents from its clients, bunches them, presents them to the proper Polish authorities; and all that the clients need to do is to come around on the proper day and collect them.

According to the Polish law, an emigrant must have his steamship ticket before he can get his visé to leave Poland. When Hias has secured the steamship tickets for its clients, the clients go to the Hias office and make a formal application for a visé. At the end of each day all of the visé applications are tied up and carried to the Polish emigration office; and there, without further inquiry or formality, visés are issued to every one whose application has been presented by Hias. To all extents and purposes, the Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society might as well be issuing Polish visés; and the Polish government could easily cut down overhead expenses without relinquishing much of its present passport control by moving its emigration offices down to a corner of one of the Hias offices and allowing Hias officials to undertake the onerous work of shoving out both passports and visés. An attempt was actually made by the Hebrew

Immigration Aid Society to persuade the Department of State of the United States to allow American visés to be issued by Hias officials in Europe without interference by American consuls, so that Jews would not be put to the annoyance of going all the way to an American consulate and of standing in line in order to get an American visé.

The Hias organization is one of the smoothest and most capable travel agencies that ever operated. If its operations should continue to develop in the future with the same overwhelming success that characterized them during the year 1920, and if the United States doesn't produce less talk and more action as regards immigration, a majority of the Jewish population of Europe will be transferred to America in one of the most stupendous Cook's tours ever known. The organization is so strong, so efficient and so energetic that no other people can compete with the Jews in the matter of emigration to America.

Any ordinary quarters in Warsaw are quite incapable of accommodating the howling, fighting, frantic crowds that have been known to besiege the American consulate. During the Bolshevik advance in the summer of 1920, crowds of five thousand Jews, mad with fear of what the Bolsheviks and the Poles together might do to them, and made doubly unmanageable by their incredible and ruthless selfishness, almost wrecked the consulate repeatedly. In order to get this crowd under cover, the consulate secured an enormous cement-floored, glass-roofed market known as St. George's Bazaar. This is Warsaw's kosher meat market. From half past three in the afternoon till night it is filled with yelling, shrieking butchers and meat-sellers and meat-buyers. Beeves hang from the hooks of movable racks, and the floor is slippery with blood. From nine in

the morning until three in the afternoon it is the visé office of the American consulate. A triple line of people starts in the middle of the cement floor, twists around in a long queue to a staircase leading to the gallery which surrounds the market, extends up the staircase, along sixty yards of the gallery, and into the offices themselves.*

There is almost as much bribery and corruption connected with the emigrant lines at the Warsaw consulate as there is everywhere else in Poland. The moral breakdown in Europe, coupled with the extreme need for money which exists on every hand, has made bribery an accepted part of the daily existence for people who want to get results in any part of Central Europe. The price of a hotel room in Warsaw may be only two or three hundred Polish marks a day; but in order to get it one must distribute bribes ranging from ten thousand to fifty thousand marks. This isn't quite as imposing as it sounds; for in January of 1921 there were times when one American dollar would purchase one thousand marks, and a dinner for four people at a good restaurant frequently cost six or seven thousand marks.† Consequently, every one needs all the money he can get in order to live. Hallway porters accept bribes for a train-seat, and then sell the same seat to persons who offer higher bribes. The conductor will then accept a fat bribe from Briber No. 1 and eject Briber No. 2 from his seat. When one goes to his hotel at night, he bribes the hall porter to let him in;

*Late in 1921, the sanitation authorities of the City of Warsaw refused to allow this market to be used by emigrants to America because of the fact that they contaminated the meat. The visé office therefore had to be moved back to the consulate, where there is nothing to contaminate but American consular officers.

†It is impossible to keep up with the rapid descent of the Polish mark. In September, 1921, one American dollar would buy 5,000 Polish marks.

and when he gets to his room he must slip the floor porter a few hundred marks to turn on the electricity long enough to let him see where the chambermaid has concealed his pajamas—and if he doesn't slip him enough he'll have to park his trousers on the floor and feel his way to bed through the murk of a Polish hotel-room, thick with a cabbage-soupy and a Noah's-arkish odor. Even carriage drivers must be bribed to make a trip.

It is no wonder, with the existence of such an atmosphere, that there is crookedness in the consulate lines. There are persons connected with the buildings in which the lines assemble who sell advantageous places; even the police, put there by the government to protect the emigrants and keep order among them, have been as guilty as the most grasping janitor. The subordinate personnel of the consulate has succumbed at times; for many of the consular employees must from necessity be local talent, and are therefore sometimes susceptible to bribery. The consulate has done its best to stop the graft and the fighting in the lines. It issues numbered cards to a certain number of applicants a day—from three to five hundred of them. These cards entitle the bearers to return a few days later to file their applications for visés. They are issued in series, so that any tampering with the number of the card is instantly obvious. One day after their second visit the applicants return and receive their passports duly stamped with American visés. Thus the consulate is no longer besieged by crowds too large to handle. The Polish Emigration Bureau and Hias, however, protest bitterly because the consulate will not employ a larger staff and consequently handle larger numbers of emigrants. If the Warsaw consulate employed a thousand persons on visé work, Poland would still grumble because America

wasn't taking undesirables off her hands with sufficient rapidity.

About twelve hours due north of Warsaw, on the Baltic, lies the ancient city of Danzig, which, six or seven hundred years ago, was one of the chief strongholds of the original League of Nations, known as the Hanseatic League, and a popular hang-out for the romantic but hard-boiled Robber Knights. Danzig is in East Prussia, and East Prussia fits down into the top of goblet-shaped Poland as an egg fits into an egg-cup. It used to be the ancient seaport of Poland; but now it is entirely Germanized. Consequently it has been made a free city, and belongs neither to Germany nor to Poland. For the tourist it is a fascinating city on account of its seven-hundred-year-old brick cathedral and brick grain-elevator, its amber shops with amber newly fished out of the Baltic, its jazzy cabarets and restaurants. Most of the Northern European cities seem cold and gray and depressing to a traveler; but Danzig seems warmer and more colorful—possibly because of its ancient bricks and the soft golds of its amber. For emigrants, however, Danzig is a complete frost. If you tried to tell them anything about its warm reds and its soft golds, they would stare at you wildly and wonder whether or not you were on the verge of becoming violent.

Among the emigrants—especially among the emigrants who have never been there—Danzig has a horrible reputation. They speak of it with the same loathing with which the members of a Maine Dorcas Society might speak of a pool-room where there were Unspeakable Goings On. Emigrants in Paris and Antwerp, who had sedulously avoided Danzig in their travels from Poland, fairly shook in their shoes with reflected terror as they told me wild tales of the

atrocities and indignities inflicted on Polish Jews by Poles on the journey between Warsaw and Danzig, and in Danzig itself. Mr. Chapira, head of the Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society in Paris, told me that the "situation in Danzig is miserable, and Jewish emigrants would rather see themselves dead than pass through Polish jurisdiction."

In 1921, nevertheless, about three thousand emigrants were concentrated in Danzig every week, and between eighty and ninety per cent. of them were Jews.

They travel up from Warsaw in special emigrant trains, which pass straight through and are not subject to examination or interference. There is no mistreatment of any emigrants on these trains. The emigrants themselves state that this is so, as well as all officials, American, Jewish and Polish. The emigration camp at Danzig is not under Polish supervision, but under the supervision of the City of Danzig. The officials and the employees are German, and the camp is run to conform as nearly as possible to the suggestions of the United States Public Health Service, which is represented at the camp every day and all day by a watchful and efficient American medical officer. This young man is extremely unpopular, professionally, with the steamship agents in Danzig. They are anxious, of course, to ship as many passengers as possible to America, and they find it very irritating when an American public health official says coldly and inflexibly that unless emigrants are properly deloused, he won't put his O. K. on the ships' papers. Steamship agents in Europe wouldn't have the slightest objection to shipping all the typhus lice in Europe to America if they could ship them on steerage passengers.

When the emigrants arrive in Danzig, they are met by employees of the Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society and con-

ducted to the Troyl Emigrant Camp. As they arrive in the camp, they are sent at once to the delousing stations. Their baggage and heavy outer wraps are put in small rooms and heavily gassed in order to destroy the lice and the germs that are usually present. The gassing is accomplished by tightly sealing up the rooms, attaching tubes to small holes in the doors and forcing hydrocyanic acid and chlorene gas through the tubes. Heartrending—to quote the leading sob-artists—scenes are witnessed when the emigrants gather around the doors and almost go mad in their fear that something may have happened to their favorite shawls and overcoats. When the doors are thrown open, they fight frantically with the guards to get in at once and claim their belongings. When prevented, for fear they may be gassed, their moans and tears would convince almost any passer-by that they were being hideously maltreated.

No matter how late at night the emigrants may arrive at the camp, the fires are kindled in the delousers and the crowd is put through its first delousing. Later the emigrants are deloused a second time to make sure of the nits which hatched out after the first session. I first visited the Troyl Camp in the early afternoon, and there was no activity in the first delousing hut at which I stopped. I asked the ponderous German in charge of the boilers why business was so slack. He replied that five hundred and fifty emigrants had arrived at the camps on the preceding day, that they started through the delousing hut at four o'clock in the afternoon, and that the whole plant had been running at top speed until six o'clock that morning. During the Bolshevik drive in the summer of 1920 the emigrants poured into Danzig in panic-stricken streams. The capacity of the Troyl Camp is three thousand; but at one time during that period

Polish women preparing to go through the delousers.

The courtyard of the Hebrew Immigration Aid Society shelter in Paris, filled with Jews bound for America.

there were seven thousand of them crammed into every nook and corner. The delousers cracked under the strain and the camp got lousy. Since then they have taken as few chances as possible.

The delousing to which all emigrants passing through Danzig are obliged to submit appears to be one of the chief reasons for the bad reputation which Danzig has among Hebrew emigrants. The Jews object strenuously to being deloused, and the Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society constantly brings pressure to bear on the emigrant camp officials and on the United States public health officer to modify the quarantine regulations or to exempt individual emigrants from delousing for various reasons. The claim is always made that the persons for whom the favors are asked are free from lice. The claim is erroneous ninety-nine times out of a hundred.

There are many ports in Europe where the precautionary measures and the medical examinations are far less efficient than at Danzig. Cholera had broken out in the northeastern part of Poland; and during the week of January 9, 1921, alone, there were thirty-two emigrants destined for America from the cholera-infected districts of Grodno, Vilna and Buszasz. Yet in January, 1921, there were only two European ports where the question of isolating and watching the emigrants from cholera districts had even been considered. The United States is a great and progressive nation, but it has been even more flabby in protecting its citizens against the filth-peril of Eastern Europe than it was in preparing itself against the military peril of the Central Powers when war was inevitable. And that, for flabbiness, would make a dead eel look to its laurels.

There are some other jolly little diseases rolling around

Eastern Europe which—unless the immigrant streams are permanently dammed—will be brought to America in due season and presented to our citizens with the best wishes of the World's Greatest Mess. Encephalitis is one of them. It is becoming quite a popular disease in the sections from which most of our immigrants come. It starts with hiccups and ends with paralysis. The Plague is another that ought to be due to arrive in our midst fairly soon—unless our legislators cease to exude hot air on the subject of immigration and take a few of the steps which should have been taken a score of years ago.

When the men's hair has been clipped, they are made to go under hot showers and soap themselves thoroughly. Apparently it is the first bath that some of them ever had in their lives. Many of the men are suffering from what the doctors call Vagabond Disease. This is the result of years of dirt and the bites of an unknown amount of vermin; and the person who has it might with reason be dubbed "hard-bitten." The skin of those who have it is covered with grayish-brown patches and is tough and leathery. Many of the older women have bathed so seldom that their skins are almost battle-ship gray in color.

One of the features of the delousing plant which a layman can not understand—no matter how often he is told—is the reason why men's heads are clipped to remove lice and nits, but why women's heads are not also clipped and why old men with luxuriant beards are not obliged to shave. In the latter cases, the old men insist that they are entitled to retain their beards for religious reasons. If, in the opinion of delousing experts, this argument is all right, there seems to be no reason why middle-aged and young men should not be allowed to retain their hair—and incidentally their nits—for sentimental reasons.

The Danzig Emigrant Camp is run by the city of Danzig primarily as a money-making venture. Each emigrant pays sixty German marks for his first delousing and another sixty for his second treatment. For food each adult pays thirty German marks a day, while the children are fed for eighteen marks a day. There are a great many emigrants who haven't enough money to meet these charges. The Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society has an agreement with the directors of the emigration camp whereby the loss resulting from inability on the part of emigrants to pay for delousing, lodging and subsistence shall be met by the two organizations on a fifty-fifty basis. The secretary for Europe of the Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society informed an American official late in 1920 that they had paid two such bills of over half a million marks apiece, to say nothing of smaller ones.

A striking example of the infectious nature of emigration may be seen in Danzig. As things go in Europe, Danzig is a pretty good city in which to live. Prices aren't out of reach, and work is fairly plentiful. Yet the desire on the part of the German residents to emigrate to America is practically universal. It is said that of the hundreds of employees in the Emigration Camp, there isn't one, from the surgeons and nurses down to the cooks, who isn't obsessed with the idea of getting to America. They talk about it all the time, and they attempt to enlist the assistance of every American with whom they come in contact.

I talked with a great many of the American-bound emigrants at the Troyl Camp, confining myself mostly to the men between eighteen and forty years of age. Men of this age seemed to comprise about two-fifths of the entire number. The women and old men were usually going to join close relatives, and agreed that Poland was a good place to

get away from because of the difficulty of getting food and clothes.

The young men were universal in declaring that business was terrible, and that they were going to America for more business. The fact that a few million men are out of work in America means nothing whatever to them. Every one to whom I talked was confident that he could find something to do. Every one was going to a large city, where he had a relative. One morning, at the Troyl Camp, I had a semi-circle of nineteen young men in front of me answering questions. I asked them the question "Where are you going?" and told them to answer in turn. The answers were as follows: "New York, New York, Brooklyn, New York. Wheeling, New York, Chicago, Brooklyn, Detroit, New York, Philadelphia, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, New York, New York, Chicago, Brooklyn, Boston, New York." If their answers had ended with Philadelphia instead of New York, I might have thought I was listening to a report on the standing of the clubs in some sort of Big League free-for-all. In the same way they told me the relatives to whom they were going, and my note-book showed the following answers: "Sister-in-law, sister-in-law, brother, brother-in-law, cousin, sister, cousin, cousin, uncle, brother, aunt, aunt, sister-in-law, uncle, sister, cousin, cousin, cousin, uncle." I questioned several other clusters of young men on that day and on other days, and the results were practically identical with the ones I have quoted.

We spoke about schools in America. It was the general understanding of the men with families that the Jewish language is taught in Jewish schools in America at the public expense. I told them that this was not so. They said that they were very sorry that it wasn't so, and that they would

overcome the difficulty by teaching their children Hebrew in their homes when the American schools were closed for the day. One of the clusters with which I talked touched on the subject of fighting; and its members were unanimous in declaring that nothing on earth would make them fight for Poland. Poland, they said, did not give them equal rights with the Poles. I went into the matter with two of the men who lived in the town of Myszyniecz—which may not be the way to spell it, but which was as much of it as I could disentangle from the cloud of "y's" and "z's" which they hurled at me. They said that there were many more Jews in the town than Poles—almost fifty Jews for every Pole, but that they never tried to vote at elections for fear the Poles might hurt them or something. I asked if anybody had been killed in the town within their memory, and they said that nobody had been. They simply didn't wish to take a chance on voting. Needless to point out, we have had the same situation in the South for a long time. One of the pair, after a moment's meditation, remarked that he had never wanted to vote, anyway. The rest of the assemblage then gave him the loud and raucous laugh.

I asked them the usual question about fighting for America. They agreed that they probably would, but that a great deal depended on the way they were treated. If they liked the way they were treated, they would; but if they didn't like it, America would have to win her battles without their help. When I asked them what constituted good treatment, according to their ideas, they refused to commit themselves. It was agreed among them that if they were absolutely forced to decide between fighting for the Russians, the Germans, the Bolsheviks and the Poles, they'd pick the Germans.

The conversation gave one of the circle an acute pain. "Why all this talk?" he inquired pettishly. "I don't go to America to fight, but to earn money." Under the circumstances, his observation seemed to be fair enough.

I wish to repeat with all possible emphasis a statement which I have made many times before, and which a prolonged investigation of post-war emigration from the Baltic to the Balkans has continued to confirm: The tremendous movement of people from Europe to America which has been in progress for the last twenty years, and the even more tremendous one which is in prospect unless immigration is restricted with an iron hand, is purely, simply and solely an economic movement. It is a movement which must not be misrepresented by sentimentalists and near-Americans as being a movement of oppressed people in search of religious or any other freedom. It must not be misrepresented as a sentimental journey to long-lost and passionately-missed relatives. It is a movement to a better job: a movement from the worst of economic conditions to the best of economic conditions: a movement of people from the lowest social and economic layer of Europe to a country where European standards of living are a menace to workmen, health and institutions. Since this emigration is what it is, our lawmakers not only have every right in the world to control it in every respect and to cut it down to the irreducible minimum, but they also owe it to their country and to their people to see that it is so controlled and cut down. And it might also be mentioned that they owe it to their children to see that the America in which they will have to live shall not be misruled and ruined by the mongrelization which must inevitably result from the promiscuous cross-breeding in America of every race in existence.

America is confronted by a perpetual emergency as long as her laws permit millions of non-Nordic aliens to pour through her sea-gates. When this inpouring ceases to be an emergency, America will have become thoroughly mongrelized, and will no longer be the America of Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Franklin, Lincoln, Emerson, Lowell, Holmes.....The climate and scenery of America have no more power to counteract the inevitable ruin, corruption and stagnation which follow cross-breeding than the climate and scenery of Central Italy had to perpetuate the genius of the ancient Romans or than the climate and scenery of the Attic plain had to perpetuate the glories of the ancient Athenians.*

---

*In the light of the above chapter, the two following newspaper extracts are of marked interest:

"Washington, Oct. 12, 1921—There were 425,022 persons ten years of age and over in the State of New York in 1920 unable to write in any language, according to figures made public to-day by the Census Bureau. The percentage of illiteracy for ten years or over was 5.1 compared with 5.5 in 1910. The native whites of native parentage listed as illiterates numbered 16,150, those of foreign or mixed parentage 12,256 and the foreign born 389,603. Less illiteracy in the rural districts than in the cities was shown. In New York City there were 281,121 illiterates of whom 270,788 were foreign-born whites. The percentage was 6.2.

"The population of the State in 1920 was 71.1 per cent. native white, and 26.8 foreign-born white. Hardly more than one-third (36.1 per cent.) of the white people in the state were native Americans born of native parents, the total native whites of native parents being 3,668,266, while the foreign element was represented by 2,786,112 foreign-born whites, 2,844,083 native whites who had foreign-born parents, and 873,566 who had one parent foreign-born, the other being native. The population included 198,483 negroes and 8,000 Orientals." —*The Boston Transcript.*

"New York, Feb. 13, 1921—Additional restrictions on immigration from Europe such as Congress has been requested to impose were denounced in vigorous terms by speakers at a mass meeting of 5,000 persons in the New York Hippodrome this afternoon. The audience applauded the speakers frantically. The meeting was held under the auspices of the Hebrew Sheltering and Immigrant Aid Society."—*The Paris Herald.*

The future of America depends on the men she breeds. God has not given to America a special brand of ozone that enables her to ride triumphant over the laws of nature; and the hazy dreams of sentimentalists and the partisan desires of alien societies are poor substitutes for straight thinking and the inflexible rules of biology.

The Remedy

An immigration law, to be of any value to the American people, must do certain things and do them in such a way that Polish-American Societies and Italian-American Societies and Hebrew Sheltering and Immigrant Aid Societies can not, by exerting an un-American but strongly efficacious influence on senators, representatives, and other government officials, make jokes out of them as they made jokes out of the provisions our immigration laws all through 1919 and 1920.

An efficacious immigration law, in order to be worth more than the conventional sour grapes, must (1) allow only a fixed number of immigrants to enter America each year, (2) accept as immigrants only those persons who are essential to the well-being of the country, (3) keep them away from the slums, and (4) get them to that section of the country where they are needed. There is a simple solution to this problem, evolved by a few practical American immigration experts who have been given a more comprehensive view of immigration since the war than any other American immigration investigators or observers have ever had.

The first step of the solution calls for a radical change in the agencies which control immigration.

Hitherto the regulation of immigration has been in the hands of the Department of State and the Department of

Labor. The Department of State, through its consuls in Europe, attends to investigating prospective immigrants and to placing on their passports the visés which permit them to proceed to a United States port. The Department of Labor rejects or accepts the immigrants at the port of entry and turns them loose on the country.

The Department of State has only been in genuine contact with immigration since passport control of immigrants came into effect with the war. The size and character of the immigration didn't burst dazzlingly on it until 1920, when ships formerly used for transports and hospital ships were put back into passenger service and so caused immigrants to flock to consular offices for permission to go to America. The flood was so sudden and so overwhelming that it completely numbed the department. All through 1920, when liners filled with immigrants were lying in mid-stream off Ellis Island because Ellis Island was so crammed with immigrants that it couldn't handle the rush, the Department of State was pressing its cold hand to its hot brow and wondering what was hitting it. In the summer of 1920 it had recovered sufficiently to realize that immigration was the biggest thing it had ever tackled. In the autumn it was able to sit up groggily and send one man to Europe on a hurried trip to look over the immigrant situation.

The Consular Service of the United States in Europe is an important adjunct of the Department of State. It was brought to a high state of efficiency during the war, and was in a position to be of inestimable value to American business men and to the country at large after the war. In 1920, because of the enormous amount of visé work which had to be done in practically every consulate, the United

States Consular Service in Europe had degenerated into an organization which was merely doing the dirty work for the Department of Labor. Consular offices in Europe had become places to be shunned by American business men in search of information or assistance. Consular desks were piled high with letters from American business men which the consuls could find no time to answer. Just before the emergency immigration law went into effect in the summer of 1921, the American consulate in Prague, Czecho-Slovakia, was so loaded with visé work that practically all other work had been suspended; in the Bucharest consulate the office files and accounts were months out of date and no commercial work whatever was being done; in the Athens consulate the visé work had almost completely wrecked the getting out of commercial and crop reports; in Danzig the consulate had been so busy with visés that the gathering of commercial reports had been impossible; in Zagreb, Jugo-Slavia, the immigrants haunted the consulate in such numbers that only the absolutely necessary notarial work could be done in addition to the visé work; in Warsaw at a time when Poland was making important contracts with foreign countries, so that all the consulates should have been devoting themselves to gathering business information, the American consulate had a staff of fifty-three persons, and forty-nine of the fifty-three were working exclusively on visés; in Vienna no work other than visé work could be done unless the entire consulate staff worked at night and on Sundays. The staffs couldn't be increased because the Congressional appropriation for the Consular Service had been entirely used up.

The Department of Labor ostensibly is in charge of immigration. The fact of the matter is that the Department

of Labor, after years of association with the subject, knows no more about immigration—except after the arrival of immigrants in American ports—than it knows about the habits of the Viviparous Blenny or the gambling systems in vogue at Monte Carlo. The Department of Labor has to do with labor; and immigration, as constituted in the present age, has about as much in common with labor as could be placed on the point of a No. 10 needle. Though the Department of Labor was ostensibly in charge of immigration for many years, it made no effort to acquaint itself with the changes in immigration movements until it sent the Commissioner General of Immigration aboard on a flying trip as late as December, 1920. It has never made any effective effort to remedy the glaring and obvious evils which resulted from immigration. Labor, as a whole, is seldom right in its positions. Labor has been strongly anti-immigrant for purely selfish reasons—not from any idea of bettering the nation, but because it wanted less cheap competition—and has happened to take the right position. The Department of Labor, under the Wilson administration, consistently refused to place a broad construction on the immigration laws, and so bungled matters that great numbers of people who should have been kept out by our immigration laws were allowed to pass freely into America. This is liable to happen under any administration. There is no more reason for the Department of Labor to have jurisdiction over immigration than there is for a Bureau of Fisheries to have control of the Prohibition Enforcement laws.

It is generally conceded by immigration authorities that Italy, of all the nations, has the best emigration laws, and has devoted more time and thought to the subject of emigration than all the other nations put together. Italy has placed

her Bureau of Emigration under the Foreign Office (which corresponds to our State Department); for it is a matter which has to do with international relations. The idea of placing her emigration bureau under the Department of Labor would strike Italy as an absurdity, because she has studied the subject and knows that it is more than an internal matter.

Italy, however, is in a different position from the United States as regards immigration. The movement of the Italian people is, to all extents, entirely outward; whereas with the United States it is almost entirely the incoming masses of foreigners that are causing all the trouble. The United States has nearly reached the end of her immigration rope, and has got to stop immigration, even though our more recent citizens of alien descent protest bitterly against the stopping. If the Bureau of Immigration were under the Department of State—which corresponds to the Italian Foreign Office—and the machinery for stopping immigration were regulated by consuls or other State Department employees, there would be constant friction between foreign governments and our State Department representatives in Europe. Since our State Department representatives are in Europe to get various forms of information for the United States, their sources of information would be gradually closed to them, and their ultimate fate would be to sit stupidly around their embassies and consulates and wait for the natives of the country in which they were sitting to vent their displeasure at America by heaving a few bombs through their windows or taking a few pot shots at them—as the Italians did to our consul in Trieste during the latter part of 1920, or as the Socialists of various countries did to various diplomatic and consular officials late in 1921 over the Sacco-Vanzetti case.

European governments can not understand that America has the right to safeguard herself against undesirable immigration by any means she chooses to employ. America raises the price of a visé in order to keep out a few immigrants: European countries—especially the new and fat-headed ones—promptly raise the price of their visés to Americans alone as a retaliatory measure. America wants no more shoals of foreigners cramming her slums, lowering her standards of living, mongrelizing her population and sowing the seeds of European instability, unrest and national hatred among her population. Yet the Europeans insist on coming; fight to come; lie and steal and forge in order to come. Their idea in coming is always to take something from America: never to do anything for America. At the same time the governments of European countries are urging and praying that Americans will come to their countries, because a traveling American makes many purchases and is a commercial asset to the country he is in. America makes a flat rate for all foreigners and wishes that most of them would stay at home: Europe discriminates against Americans, yet wants them to come there and spend their money. That shows their lack of understanding of the American position concerning immigration, and why the Department of State shouldn't be handicapped by being put in charge of it.

Immigration is too big and important a matter to the people of America to be controlled completely either by the Department of Labor or the Department of State. As long as these two Departments have control of immigration, it will continue to be messed up by politics and by the hopeless incompetency of political appointees whose chief knowledge of the immigration problem consists of the belief that all

male immigrants wear brown corduroy trousers and gold earrings and rub garlic in their hair.

Immigration is a matter which, to be properly handled, should be supervised and controlled by a federal commission of five or seven men who have either made a careful study of immigration or who possess unusual qualifications for membership in such a commission. It should be the same sort of organization as the Federal Reserve Board and the Interstate Commerce Commission, and it should be entirely removed from politics. If politics were allowed to enter into it, it would be subjected to the same apparently irresistible pressure to which our senators and congressmen were being subjected in 1920 and 1921 by so many near-Americans, particularly by Jews. The commission might, for example, be appointed by the president with the advice and consent of the Senate; but, however it were selected, it should be non-political.

The proper immigration law, then, would create a federal commission to have entire and unhampered control of the administration of the law; and the law would clearly define the commission's duties.

Now some of the persons who have approved this scheme for restricting and regulating immigration believe that all immigration to the United States should be stopped for a term of years. They believe in absolutely stopping: not in the imitation and futile "stopping" which results from saying that an immigrant must be able to read his own name and the inscription on a can of baked beans when printed in one of the fifty-seven hundred existing languages, dialects and lingoes, including the Choctaw and the Tierra del Fuegan. None the less, these persons also recognize that absolute stoppage of immigration would be next to

impossible because of the tremendous pressure which would at once be brought to bear on our legislators by Americans of alien descent. They also realize that whatever so-called "absolute stoppage" might be secured would be only for a short term of years—one or two or five years, and that at the end of that time America would again be confronted by the same old immigration problem, and by the same old European influences against any restriction of immigration.

Even the extreme anti-immigrationist Americans in Europe, therefore, have come to realize that the only effective anti-immigration laws are those which let in certain people who can be of help to America. They know that a law which says loudly "Nobody shall come in," and then adds in a whisper "except relatives and those who signify their intentions of becoming citizens," is almost no law at all. That is why even the extremists favor a law which shall define the duties of the proposed Federal Immigrant Commission in the following manner:

A certain number of laborers, skilled and unskilled, shall be permitted to immigrate to America from foreign countries during each year. This number shall be restricted to (say) one hundred thousand per year, shall be selected at the source by consular officers of the United States, and distributed in America by employees of the United States Bureau of Immigration.

During the first year when this law is operative, fifty thousand near relatives of naturalized Americans shall be allowed to enter; and during succeeding years not more than twenty thousand near relatives each year shall be permitted to enter the country.

The Federal Immigration Commission, sitting continually, shall supervise the selection at the source of the one

hundred thousand laborers, and shall make sure that they are chiefly required to fill certain national necessities.

They will make sure after this fashion:

Every portion of the United States, from time to time, suffers from the lack of certain workers. There are various sorts of intensive farming which are best performed by farm laborers from sections of Italy. There are other sorts which are best performed by laborers from a specific section of Hungary. Labor shortage is constantly occurring, let us say, in the diamond-cutting industry, or among the wooden nutmeg carvers or the macaroni-raisers, or in the kitchens of large numbers of housewives.

The Federal Immigration Commission will employ a force of statisticians. When a shortage occurs in any trade, profession or calling, the persons qualified to take action in the matter will notify the Federal Immigration Commission of the shortage and request that a certain number of workers of the type required be admitted to the country.

For example, a call might come to the Federal Immigration Commission from the Michigan copper mining district stating that five thousand skilled miners were required in order that the output of the mines might be brought to a specified point, that these miners could not at the present time be obtained in the United States, and that the best type of labor suited to their needs had hitherto come from a small province in Hungary.

Having received this call, the commission would call in its statisticians, find out whether the statements of the Michigan copper mines are true, and whether the immigration quota for the year will permit of five thousand workers being allowed to come to America for this purpose.

If so, the commission would issue a departmental order

stating that five thousand miners were needed from a certain district in Hungary to work in the Michigan copper mines. A copy of this order would go to the Department of Labor for the Bureau of Immigration so that immigration inspectors at the port of entry may be informed. Another copy would go to the Department of State for distribution to the American consulate in or nearest to the district from which laborers are wanted. The consul would publish his requirements in the local newspapers. On the following day the consulate would be swamped with applicants.

The applicants would be required, outside of satisfying the health and literacy tests, to show proof that they were laborers of the sort required and to agree to go to a specified section of the United States to do the sort of work to which they are accustomed. If a man were married and wished to take his wife, he could do it, but each wife would count as a unit in the required five thousand. Thus, if each accepted laborer took his wife, the Michigan mines would get twenty-five hundred men instead of five thousand.

Within six or eight weeks after the Federal Immigration Commission sends out its departmental order, the workmen would be delivered to the United States. The machinery exists, perfected in all details by the Bureau of Immigration, for shipping immigrants to different points throughout the country; so that they will be delivered at the Michigan mines as rapidly as trains can make the trip.

Having arrived there, they should be obliged to report each week at the county court-house, which is usually the place where immigrants are naturalized. Thus the authorities would keep track of them and they would become familiar with our naturalization machinery at the same time.

All hungry, all ragged, all paupers, and all with relatives in America.

A Polish cradle. It is generally one piece of wood hewn from a log, and is used to rock the baby, feed the horses, wash clothes and make bread.

Courtesy of American Red Cross

A Polish Jew

This man has an uncle in America and would head for America himself if he knew how to locate his uncle.

Since these laborers had agreed to work at a certain task, and since they had been delivered to the spot where the work exists, it is highly probable that they would do the work required of them.

If farm-workers were wanted in Massachusetts and Indiana and Georgia and California and North Dakota, the same system would be used. Consuls would select farm-workers from Italy and Poland and Slovakia and farming districts in other countries, selecting only experienced farmers who agree to go to the section of the country where they are needed, and to work as farm-laborers. The same thing holds true of diamond-cutters or nutmeg-carvers or cooks or servant girls or macaroni-raisers.

Nobody, under this scheme of immigration, would be permitted to emigrate to America except those who were particularly qualified to fill particular positions; and if there were a surplus of labor, as there was in 1921, when five million persons were out of work in America, then no immigration at all would be permitted.

Hitherto there has been a glut of immigrants capable of filling all sorts of positions, and a tremendous glut of immigrants who were utterly incapable of filling any positions at all; but under our existing immigration laws and under all other immigration laws under consideration it is impossible to get the immigrant to go where he is needed. Thousands of skilled Italian and Polish and Slovak farmers have been pouring into America each year; but they have never gone to the farms that need them. They have slipped into the slums and foreign settlements where they have stubbornly retained the languages, the customs and the ideas of Europe, and formed a perpetual breeding-place for discontent, sedition and even anarchy. The tremendous numbers

which have poured in—well over one million a year during the ten years before the war—as well as the slums which they formed, constituted the worst menace which America has ever faced.

To make sure, however, that newcomers shall not work into the slums, the first departmental order of the Federal Immigration Commission might reasonably be that no unskilled labor would be permitted to come to America to settle in New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Detroit, Cleveland, or any other large city with an overabundance of foreign slums. Such an order can easily be enforced by the close supervision of the immigrants for which the above plans call. Immigrants who do not live up to pre-immigration agreements would be deported.

By adopting such a plan, America would automatically eliminate immigrants who would be parasites on the community. There are sections of Europe to-day which are sending to America thousands upon thousands of unskilled workmen whose only means of livelihood for centuries has been to engage in some infinitesimal or underhanded business and to subsist in the barest manner by the exploitation of their neighbors and of one another. In America they exist in the same way, producing nothing new, aiding not at all to make America better or richer, but always struggling to improve their own lot at the expense of others. It is usually the cry of these people that they are being persecuted and they are seeking political and religious freedom. It is their cry in whatever country they live in; and it has been their cry always. The cry is not true. Never in the course of their existence have these people known any persecution to compare in the faintest degree with that which was endured, for example, by the French Protestants and the

Irish Catholics; and they seek, not religious and political freedom, but more money.

By adopting such a plan, America could, if she wished, tear up and throw away all the laws which have had to be enacted against Japanese and Chinese immigration. Under this plan, such laws would be unnecessary; and by doing away with them, America could remove a source of friction which some day will unquestionably prove dangerous.

There will be, as I have said before, tremendous opposition to any such law on the part of many foreign-American societies, and especially from the Hebrew Sheltering and Immigrant Aid Society and other Hebrew organizations. Over against their opinions stands the opinion of every American student of immigration in Europe, and of thousands of competent men in America who have had the opportunity to see the incoming flood of immigration, to the effect that the question of immigration is a matter of life and death for the American people.

As an emergency measure to remedy the evils of immigration, the so-called three per cent. law was put into effect on June 3, 1921.

Generally speaking, this temporary percentage law was a pretty good law. It was pretty good because it cut down the number of immigrants. It was an unscientific law and an unfair law and a lazy man's law; but it cut down the numbers and therefore it was good. It was no more adjusted to the needs of America than a pint of peanuts is adjusted to assuaging the hunger of a blood-sweating behemoth of Holy Writ: it was no more fitted to deal with the immigration problem than a pair of sugar-tongs is fitted to handle a barge-load of cannel-coal. But it gave America somewhat less of a bad thing than she was getting

before it went into effect; and since a little poison is preferable to a lot of poison, the Three Per Cent. Law was infinitely preferable to any other immigration law that America had ever put in force.

The Three Per Cent. Law, when stripped to the bone, provided that the number of aliens of any nationality that could be admitted to the United States in any fiscal year should be limited to three per cent. of the number of foreign-born persons of such nationality resident in the United States as determined by the 1910 census. Certain people didn't count, however—such people as foreign government officials and their families and employees, aliens in transit through the United States, tourists, aliens from countries which have special immigration treaties with the United States, aliens who have lived for one year prior to their admission in Canada, Newfoundland, Mexico, Central America or South America, and aliens under the age of eighteen who are children of American citizens. In no month could more than twenty per cent. of a country's admissible quota of immigrants be admitted to the United States, except in the cases of actors, artists, lecturers, singers, nurses, clergymen of any denomination, professors, members of the learned professions or domestic servants. These could always come in, even though the month's or the year's quota might have been exhausted.

The Three Per Cent. Law, in the first four months of operation resulted in the following beneficial change:

During the months of July, August, September and October, 1921, thirty-four per cent. or one-third, of all European immigration came from the Nordic peoples of the north and west of Europe. Prior to 1880, practically all the immigration in the United States was Nordic in char-

acter. After 1880 the Nordic immigration was overwhelmed by the backward, unassimilatable, undesirable immigration from Eastern and Southern Europe; and during the months of July, August, September and October, 1913, which was the last normal year of unrestricted immigration, only fifteen per cent. of our immigrants came from the Nordic peoples of the north and west of Europe. Consequently the Three Per Cent. Law, in the first four months of operation, swung the tide of immigration back toward the Nordic stock which founded, developed and wrote the laws of this country.

It is not particularly pleasant to continue to harp on the necessity of keeping the United States a nation of Nordics; for there are always a large number of sentimentally inclined readers, whose belief in the whimsical fairy-tale of the melting pot is stronger than their common sense, who write hectic and vitriolic replies to any remarks on the respective merits of a continued Nordic strain of people and a mixed strain. So far as I have been able to gather from the letters that frequently reach me on this subject, no mention should be made of racial differences because all people are equal in the eyes of St. Peter. This is probably true; and everybody will unquestionably be delighted if it is. Here on earth, however, there are certain biological laws which govern the crossing of different breeds, whether the breeds be dogs or horses or men. If an otter hound is crossed with a Welsh terrier, the result is a mongrel. But if other otter hounds are crossed with other Welsh terriers, and the results of these crossings are mated in turn, the result is an Airedale, which is a very excellent dog. Excellent results can usually be obtained from cross-breeding followed by inbreeding. But the only results that can

ever be obtained from promiscuous and continued cross-breeding is mongrelization; and a mongrel—in spite of the excellence of the stock from which he may have sprung—is a total loss. The same thing is true of humans. A mongrelized race of people is incapable of producing great artists or authors or statesmen or poets or architects or sculptors, or explorers or warriors. A mongrelized race sinks to the dead level of mediocrity. Its government becomes corrupt, its art and its literature become degenerate and silly, its judiciary becomes venal, its public and its private morals become depraved. Nothing is left to it but the sharpness, the trickiness and the cunning of its unscrupulous traders and an exalted opinion of its own importance, based on the records of the pure but vanished race which it supplanted. These facts should be of considerable interest to a great many citizens of the United States; for so many millions of non-Nordic aliens have poured into this country since 1880 that in several of America's largest cities the foreign-born and the children of foreign-born far out-number the native Americans. The inevitable result of such a state of affairs, unless it is checked at once and forever, is mongrelization; and many of America's large cities are already displaying all the ear-marks of mongrelization. There are still many millions of good Americans who hold, in the innocence of their mistaken belief in the equality of mankind, that the person who believes in race purity is a snob; but before many years have gone by, he will be a benighted American who doesn't know that race purity is the prime essential for the well-being of his children and the continued existence of the things that made his country great.

There are two bad features of the Three Per Cent. Law. One is the way in which it still permits thousands upon thou-

sands of pauper and parasitic aliens to be dumped on our shores for no reason except their desire to earn more money and their country's desire to be rid of them. The other is the extreme unfairness of the law in failing to provide separate quotas for countries whose population is divided into distinct racial groups.

Let us look, for example, at the situation that exists in such countries as Turkey and Rumania and Poland and Czecho-Slovakia and—when it shall be opened up—Russia. Under the Three Per Cent. Law, quotas are assigned to the "Country or Place of Birth" of the immigrants. The word "country" means next to nothing in Eastern Europe; for a very large percentage of Eastern Europeans are subjected to the government of races that they hate and despise. The Jews and the Hungarians who are included in Rumania's borders invariably scream with indignation if they are classed as Rumanians. Similarly, the Jews of Poland absolutely refuse to allow themselves to be classed as Poles. Yet the quota allotted to Rumania and Poland is computed on the number of Rumanians and Poles in America, but used almost entirely by Jews.

July and August, 1921, saw the following people admitted to America, according to the records of the Bureau of Immigration, as coming from Turkey: 668 Armenians, 314 Syrians, 210 Hebrews, 175 Greeks and 77 other races —and a few Turks among them, no doubt. The Turks also find little nourishment in such a situation. The only fair way to apportion Turkey's quota is on a percentage basis: if the population of Turkey is twenty per cent. Armenian and ten per cent. Greek, and so on, then let twenty per cent. of Turkey's quota be Armenian and ten per cent. Greek, and no more.

Rumania's admissible quota for 1921 was 7,414. During July and August, 1921, there were 2,104 persons admitted for Rumania. Of this number, 137 were Magyars, 226 were Germans, 271 were Rumanians, 1,411 were Jews and 59 were scattered nationalities. Although the Jews in Rumania are greatly in the minority as compared with the Rumanians, they are given more opportunities to leave the country by the Rumanian government and so leave in greater numbers than the other races which inhabit Rumania. The Rumanians, by comparison, don't have a look-in and never will until the quota is divided among the races on a percentage basis.

The quota for Poland for 1921-22 was 25,800. Yet during July and August, 2,088 Poles came to America and 8,471 Jews, or four Jews for every Pole. The quota for Poland was exhausted in December, 1921, and the Poles were moaning bitterly because they hadn't been given a square deal. Nor had they; for the population of Poland is something like 17,000,000 Poles and 3,000,000 Jews. If a percentage law is to apply to every one alike, then the quota for Poland should be adjusted so that seventeen-twentieths of it is made up of Poles and three-twentieths of Hebrews.

The Czecho-Slovak quota should be divided fairly among the Slovaks, the Czechs, the Jews, the Magyars, the Germans and the Croats who spend so much time bickering with each other in that uneasy country; while the Russian quota of 34,247, unless it is properly apportioned between the Russians, the Lithuanians and the Jews, will be almost entirely filled by Jews in spite of the fact that the Russians outnumber them by more than fifty to one. The Jews, because of the remarkably excellent organization of the

Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society, can secure the money, the passports, the visés and the steamship tickets to get to America before the Russians have found out where to go to get their passports. So in this case a Three Per Cent. Law operates as a Twenty Per Cent. Law for the Jews and a Tenth of One Per Cent. Law for the Russians. And a person must have badly warped eyesight to detect any signs of fairness in such arrangements.

Probably the worst feature of any percentage law, unless its percentage quotas are figured on races instead of on nationalities, is the large number of Russian Jews, Polish Jews and Rumanian Jews which it permits to enter the country. The undesirability of these peculiar people has been emphasized in preceding chapters. Their ruthlessness and underhandedness in the pursuit of money is brought with them to America; and constant thorns in the flesh of American representatives in European countries are the sharp practises and the unreliability of many Jewish-American business firms. Twenty years ago the American business man in Europe would often drive a hard bargain; but he had the universal reputation of being honest, square and absolutely reliable. To-day, in many parts of Europe, the unreliability of American business firms is notorious—and almost without exception the firms responsible for this reputation are composed of Jewish immigrants from Russia and Poland. An examination of the correspondence of some American legations in Europe would reveal the fact that a good sixty per cent. of the correspondence has to be written for the purpose of straightening out the tangles caused by the shady dealings of Jews who are traveling on American passports.

It must not be forgotten, moreover, that the Jews from

Russia, Poland and nearly all of Southeastern Europe are not Europeans: they are Asiatics and in part, at least, Mongoloids. California long ago realized the importance of barring Mongoloids from white territory; but while they are barred in the West, they pour in by millions in the East. There will be, of course, many well-intentioned persons to deny that the Russian and Polish Jews have Mongoloid blood in them. This fact, however, may readily be confirmed in that section of the Jewish Encyclopedia dealing with the Chazars. The Jewish Encyclopedia states that the Chazars were "people of Turkish origin whose life and history are interwoven with the very beginnings of the history of the Jews of Russia."

The Chazars, briefly, occupied nearly all of South Russia long before the foundation of the Russian monarchy by the Varangians in the year 855. The Byzantine Empire and the Calif of the Ishmaelites sent envoys and sages to King Bulan of the Chazars either in the year 620 or 740 in order to convert him to their religions. Bulan, on his own account, also invited the wise men of Israel to put in a bid. This they did. King Bulan then examined the envoys separately, and asked each one which religion he considered to be the next best to his own. The Mohammedans said that the Jewish religion was the next best. The Christians said the same thing. Bulan therefore adopted the Jewish religion for the kingdom of the Chazars, and the people eventually adopted it as well. The kingdom of the Chazars was finally disrupted by the Russians and the Byzantines; but the great mass of the people remained in the regions around Kiev and throughout Southeastern Europe, where they merged with their co-religionists, the Jews.

The immigration that came to America in the quarter-century before the war is now generally admitted to have been a very bad thing for the nation. Yet immigration under the Three Per Cent. Law is practically the same. Before the war we got a million immigrants a year: under the Three Per Cent. Law we get a third of a million a year. The difference is almost entirely numerical. The situation is somewhat similar to one that might arise if an army which was being supplied with enormous quantities of spoiled food for its soldiers should protest violently to the contractors, and the contractors should reply "Very well: instead of shipping you one million tins of spoiled beef in a given time, we will ship you only one-third of a million tins of spoiled beef."

Congress has a bad habit of getting cold feet whenever there is a howl from alien interests over the hardships of any law that restricts immigration. When it gets cold feet, it at once decides to throw away the offending measure and frame up another temporary law that will bring fewer complaints. This can't be done. If Congress wishes—as the country wishes—a law which shall restrict immigration properly, it must steel itself to complaints; for the alien interests in America will always emit agonized shrieks at any restrictions, no matter how mild they may be. And if Congress continues, through timidity or laziness or any other cause, to enact temporary immigration legislation and fails to put through a scientific and permanent law that shall satisfactorily settle the immigration question for all time, the time may come when the people of America will forget the rottenness of the pre-war immigration, and when, profiting by their forgetfulness, the alien interests and the steamship interests and the big manufacturing interests may

suddenly slip over some legislation of their own that will once more open America's sea-gates to the same sort of immigrant inundations that submerged, mongrelized and wrecked the great nations and civilizations of the past.

There is only one way in which the immigration problem can be properly handled, and that is by providing that all immigration to the United States shall be immigration that is needed by the United States for definite purposes. Of all the nations in the world which have first-hand knowledge of large emigrant or immigrant movements, the United States is the one nation which has not regulated this movement of people to its own needs. Italy's admirable emigration laws are carefully framed to suit her own needs. Hungary's emigration system was planned to build up the port of Fiume, bring wealth back to Hungary and keep Hungarians in America from being naturalized. Bulgaria, on the other hand, wishing to keep her citizens at home, forbade steamship agents in the country. Rumania puts a secret mark on the passports of Jews which prevents them, once they have left Rumania, from getting visés which will permit them to return to Rumania again. Poland facilitates the emigration of Jews, and hinders the emigration of the infinitely more desirable Polish peasant. All foreign countries develop laws which accrue to their own benefit and meet the peculiar needs of the different countries. For the United States to delay doing so is suicidal.

Waifs of An Empire

Russia, during the four years subsequent to October, 1917, presented few, if any, attractions for Russians of birth, breeding, education, wealth or unusual talent—unless the constant danger of robbery, torture and sudden death can be classed as attractions.

It has been more or less fashionable in certain circles to declare that many of the Russians who fled from the gentle attentions of the Bolsheviks between 1917 and 1921 would have done much better to have stayed at home. This may be true. Over three million of them came tearing out after the Bolsheviks broke loose; and it is more than likely that several of them would be more conveniently situated if, after the Bolsheviks had appropriated their houses and their lands and their jewels, and stood a few of their relatives in front of open graves and turned machine guns on them, they had continued to linger around the old homestead and trust to luck. It is not natural, however, so to linger; and after one had observed the working of the Bolshevik mind during the early years of Bolshevik rule, one was inclined to trust less in luck than in a set of false whiskers and the rapid motion of his own legs. One became thoroughly convinced that the only place to be was some place where the Bolsheviks weren't, and that any risk was worth taking in order to get there.

Several superior persons have spoken to me about Russian refugees in a disparaging manner. "The great trouble with most of them," say the disparagers patronizingly, "is their tendency to become panic-stricken and run away before they need to." I can only say that I have talked with great numbers of Russian refugees in every part of Europe; and it is my sincere belief that if those who disparage them had been subjected to the same threats and the same indignities and the same horrors and the same shadow of death lurking in the background, they too would have gone into the profession of refugeeing with such unparalleled enthusiasm that in their progress from one country to another they would have touched only the high spots. That, I am sure, would have been my simple but comprehensive program if I had been in their position; and I am also reasonably sure that it would have been the program of any one who possessed his health and who was not a hopeless idiot.

Those who disparage the refugees have an odd habit of forgetting the enormous numbers of Russians who have been killed by Extraordinary Commissions and other Bolshevik agencies. These Extraordinary Commissions are known to the Russians as—I spell the words phonetically—Chesvi Chaika. Every city and town under Bolshevik control had its Chesvi Chaika. Any person suspected of working against the Soviets was haled summarily before the Chesvi Chaika and given a drumhead trial. If he was found guilty, he was led from the judges' chamber to a closed door; the door was opened; he walked across the threshold—and was shot or clubbed to death. The Chesvi Chaika wasted no time on empty formalities or useless delays. This, by the way, is not anti-Bolshevik propaganda, but plain fact. No approximately reliable estimate has ever been made of

the total number of bourgeoisie whom the Bolsheviks murdered in Russia and Siberia; but to the best of my knowledge and belief, from information which I collected in Siberia, the Balkans and the western fringe of Soviet Russia, and from reliable observers in Bolshevik territory, the number could not have been less than four hundred thousand. It was probably very much larger; but it was certainly not less. At any rate, a great number of people of the same type as the refugees have been killed by the Bolsheviks, and the person who would find fault with a refugee for being a refugee might also be expected to look askance at a pedestrian for getting out of the path of a rapidly-moving automobile.

Since the Bolsheviks took charge of Russian affairs back in the autumn of 1917, over three million Russians have poured out of the country. A large part of them consisted of the so-called intelligentsia of the nation—people of noble birth, people of wealth, people of education, people who held high positions under the old Imperial government. They poured out on foot, in carriages, in rowboats, in trainloads, in shiploads, on camel-back even. They poured out of the north into Finland. They poured east through Siberia and into Japan and Manchuria. They poured west into Poland and Germany and the other countries of Western Europe; and they poured south across the Black and Caspian Seas into the Balkans and the Mediterranean countries. Sometimes they were able to carry jewels with them: sometimes they were able to take a few extra clothes; but usually they emerged from Russia with the garments in which they stood and nothing else. And there they are, three million of them and more, penniless and friendless and helpless in communities which—as a result of after-war disorganization and

depression—are unable to provide work for even their own people. There they are; admirals working as janitors; colonels chopping wood; princesses waiting on table; generals presiding over restaurant coat-rooms or selling paper flowers on street corners; countesses sewing on piece-work in attic bedrooms. Those are the fortunate ones; for they have work. Then there are the other thousands—the other millions—who have no work and who can get no work: the erstwhile generals and admirals and barons and princes and counts, the one-time governors of provinces and mayors of great cities and university professors and merchant princes who sit all day and twiddle their thumbs and subsist on the bounty of others. Hundreds of thousands of the refugees have suffered such a moral breakdown that they refuse work when work is offered to them: they ask nothing but a little food and a little tobacco and a warm place where they can doze and talk and argue. But most of them want work—something to do—anything to do that will give them a few pennies and freedom from the horrible and unbearable monotony of doing nothing.

The streams of refugees which poured out of Russia's human reservoirs never entirely dried up at any time, because of the perpetual activities of the so-called Extraordinary Commissions for combating counter-revolutions. These commissions might more appropriately be called "Extraordinary Commissions for the Extermination of Decent Russians." Soviet representatives in various European countries smile deprecatingly and pityingly at the mere suggestion that members of the old nobility or the old Imperial army who have fled from Russia would be treated cruelly if they came within the jurisdiction of the Soviets. Yet the heads of the Extraordinary Commissions have an

unquenchable hatred for the Russians who formerly held positions of power and authority in the old empire. If persons who formerly held such positions were called before some of these Extraordinary Commissions, they were practically certain to be sentenced to death after trials which were the merest travesties on justice. The Extraordinary Commissions are absolute in their judgments and in their powers. A Soviet representative in Constantinople might sweetly declare that Prince Galitzin was at perfect liberty to return from Constantinople to Moscow without danger of interference. Yet the first Extraordinary Commission that discovered Prince Galitzin's whereabouts, in case he did return, would be quite free to run him into a dark room and drop a crowbar on his head—and the chances are excellent that it would do so. Many members of the so-called bourgeoisie remained hidden or living quietly in Russia until the Extraordinary Commissions discovered their whereabouts and summoned them to appear. When this happened, they fled as rapidly as they could to the outside world, just as you or I would flee. This accounts for the perpetual flowing of the refugee streams. During a counter-revolution or after a counter-revolution, or after any unusual anti-Bolshevik demonstrations, the refugee streams increased to roaring torrents, and adjacent countries were flooded with princesses and former governors of provinces and ex-army officers and erstwhile owners of large estates.

If one's imagination is insured against strain, one can get a faint idea of the present Russian refugee situation by imagining the government of the United States taken over by a class of people who loathed with a deadly loathing the persons who formerly occupied all positions of trust and authority and power. Imagine all of our army and navy

officers fleeing to Canada or Mexico or to Europe to escape death at the hands of these people: imagine our ex-presidents and our legislators and our supreme court justices, our governors of states and mayors of cities and present and past cabinet ministers, our college professors and railroad presidents and big manufacturers, our bankers and merchants and hotel proprietors and newspaper owners and gentlemen farmers—imagine all these people and everybody tainted by association with them or relationship to them, with their wives and their children, pouring out of New York and Chicago and Cleveland and St. Louis and every other American city in panic-stricken streams, traveling in freight cars, traveling on foot and hiding in ditches at night, traveling on horseback and in motor-boats and in rowboats, traveling for weeks and months and even for years through sections of the country where all transportation had broken down, and finally escaping to another country with nothing of their own except the clothes on their backs. Imagine all this successfully, and you will have a hazy notion of what happened when the Bolsheviks got after the bourgeoisie. Name any man of wealth or distinction or power in America, or as many such persons as you may care to name, within reason—editors, politicians, authors, millionaires, clergymen, surgeons or whatever you wish—and I will name for you an equal number of Russians of corresponding positions who have either been killed by the Bolsheviks or have fled from Russia with their families and are living penniless, jobless and half-starved in huts or tents or dug-outs or freight cars or the corners of single rooms which they share with other families. There are only some twenty-three thousand names in the last *Who's Who in America* out of a total population of one hundred and five million. Take a look at

the size of that book, and then consider that the Bolsheviks have run out of Russia practically every person whose past performances entitled him to a place in a Russian *Who's Who,* and a couple of million or so in addition. It's enough to give any one a severe case of inflammation of the considerer.

The first big Russian refugee movement started in the autumn of 1917, when the Kerensky government was overthrown by the Bolsheviks. The bloody reign of terror which was immediately instituted drove masses of high-class Russians north into Finland, west into Germany and Poland, and east along the line of the trans-Siberian railway to Vladivostok. It also drove great numbers of wealthy and highly educated persons from the cities of Northern and Western Russia down into Southern and Eastern Russia, where they lingered and wandered for one, two and even three years before they were finally reduced to such extremes of poverty and fright that any place looked better than Russia to them.

Then there was the first Odessa evacuation in the spring of 1919. The city was held by French troops under General d'Esperey. The Bolsheviks, working in the neighborhood of Odessa, had succeeded in impregnating some of the French troops with Bolshevik doctrines. The French evacuated their troops, and many Russians left at the same time. This evacuation was soon followed by the second Odessa evacuation. Schilling, a Russian general who was working in conjunction with the anti-Bolshevik leader, General Denikine, had occupied Odessa; but when the Bolsheviks attacked, his clutch slipped. He evacuated his army and a large number of refugees, but landed his army in the Crimea to join Denikine, who was backed by the British. Some of the refugees also landed in the Crimea, while some continued on down the Black Sea to Constantinople.

Early in 1920 the Denikine army cracked wide open before the Bolsheviks and retreated to Novorossisk on the northern shore of the Black Sea. From Novorossisk the entire Denikine army and many civilian refugees were evacuated by the British to Constantinople. A great number of the civilian refugees evacuated at that time had started from Petrograd and Moscow late in 1917, or early in 1918; and the wanderings of many of them were of a nature to make the celebrated wanderings of the late Mr. Ulysses seem by comparison like a honeymoon trip to Niagara Falls.

At about the same time the attempt of General Yudenitch to capture Petrograd from the Bolsheviks broke down with a crash, and another torrent of refugees poured north into Finland. The Yudenitch disaster was closely followed by the collapse of the government and the army headed by Admiral Kolchak, which resulted in the flight of thousands of Russians to the east across Siberia and to the south toward the Caspian Sea and the Black Sea.

A little later the expedition of General Miller, which was attempting to work down to Petrograd from Archangel with British, French and American assistance, blew up with a dull thud and released another stream of refugees, part of whom made their way into Finland on foot and part of whom got to Norway by boat.

At the time of the evacuation of the Denikine troops from Novorossisk, the most able of Denikine's officers was General Wrangel. Wrangel came down to Constantinople with the Denikine army, and then turned around and went back to the Crimea, which was held by General Slaschoff with two thousand cavalry and three thousand infantry. Wrangel took command of this small army, reorganized it, added to it, and started a promising campaign against the

Bolsheviks. He was backed by the French; and because of his military ability and patriotism, the anti-Bolsheviks all over Europe were convinced that he was going to succeed where all the others had failed. He never had a chance to show what he could do, however; for an unprecedentedly cold snap froze the marshes of the Crimea early in November, 1920, and made it possible for the Bolsheviks to bring their guns across them and attack him on his flank. To save his army, Wrangel was forced to retreat at top speed. The Crimea was full of refugees; and they, hearing that the Bolshevik troops were coming down on the heels of Wrangel's army, were unable to work up any enthusiasm over remaining to act as a reception committee for them. So when Wrangel moved his troops aboard the ships which lay in the harbors of the Crimea, most of the population of the Crimea moved aboard also. There were one hundred and eleven ships; and more than one hundred and forty thousand soldiers and refugees crowded aboard them. A few days later all of the ships lay at anchor under the walls of Constantinople; and the French, British and Americans in that city were wracking their brains over the problem of where to put the hundred and forty thousand, and how to feed them and clothe them. The adventures of these one hundred and forty thousand Crimean refugees are of such a remarkable nature that they will be described more fully in the next chapter.

Early in 1921 the Kronstadt garrison went anti-Bolshevik and started an attack on Petrograd. The movement was squelched almost immediately; but as a result of it, the refugee stream again rose to a high level, and the ice of the Finnish Gulf was thickly spotted with those who were fleeing to Finland from Petrograd and the neighboring

territory because they preferred a penniless and friendless existence in a strange land to the ruthless vengeance of the Extraordinary Commissions of Soviet Russia.

Late in 1920, according to reliable information received by the intelligence department of two European countries, Lenine attempted to stop the vicious activities of the Chesvi Chaikas by putting them out of business and transferring their legitimate work to the Department of Justice and to the revolutionary tribunals, which are controllable organizations. The Chesvi Chaikas promptly raised a fierce and penetrating outcry against such interference; for the members of these Extraordinary Commissions not only had tremendous power because of their absolute control over life and death, but they had also amassed great wealth by seizing the property of their victims and their near-victims. Consequently they hadn't the slightest desire to be abolished. They defeated Lenine's attempt to abolish them by inventing a plot against his life and by arresting hundreds of alleged counter-revolutionaries who, according to them, were parties to the plot. Lenine was so impressed with the efficiency and importance of the Chesvi Chaikas, after this striking demonstration or movie-scenario, that he ceased his attempt on their existence.

As a result of all these outbreaks, and of the violent activities of the Extraordinary Commissions for combating counter-revolution, Europe is swamped with Russians. In every city in Europe, in 1921, the traveler saw Russian uniforms and the old army caps with the oval placques at their peaks. I have met Russian refugees in London, Paris, Berlin, Warsaw, Marseilles, Monte Carlo, Rome, Athens, Salonika, Nagasaki, Kobe, Adrianople, Belgrade, Vienna, Budapest, and every other European and Asiatic city in

which I have been in the last three years; and if by any chance my travels had taken me to the North or South Pole, I would have expected to find that a few Russian refugees had preceded me. Constantinople, because of the influx of Russian refugees, seems more of a Russian city than a Turkish city. An American gazed contemplatively at the scattering of fezzes and the large numbers of Russian uniforms which passed his hotel in an hour's time, and then announced that the foreign quarter of Constantinople looked like a Siberian city which was entertaining a Shriner's convention. Figures gathered by the American Red Cross and allied organizations which are doing relief work among the Russian refugees show that in Europe alone there are two million, one hundred thousand of them. These figures covered the period to November, 1920. There are no figures available on the numbers of refugees that have come out of Russia through Siberia and are living in Japan, China, Manchuria and in box-cars along the lines of the Trans-Siberian and the Chinese Eastern Railway; but scattered reports indicate that they are in excess of one million. The Red Cross figures for Europe, compiled early in 1921, showed that there were 1,000,000 in Poland, 560,000 in Germany, 175,000 in France, 50,000 in Austria, 50,000 in Constantinople, 30,000 in Siberia, 25,000 in Finland, 20,000 in Italy, 17,500 in Esthonia, 15,000 in England, 12,000 in Latvia; while the remaining 140,000 were divided among Switzerland, Bulgaria, Hungary, Egypt, Tunis, Greece, Sweden, Norway, Czecho-Slovakia and the various refugee camps which were established in the vicinity of Constantinople after the Wrangel disaster.

In many ways these Russian refugees are the most unfortunate people that it has ever been my lot to see. The

Russia which they knew has vanished from the face of the earth, so that they have no government to which they can turn for assistance. A large part of them are people who have had no training whatever in any form of useful endeavor, so that the only positions that can be offered to most of them are those of porters or watchmen or janitors or dishwashers or waiters or similar unskilled pursuits—and such positions are few and far between. For the most part, too, they are people who had lived their lives in comfort, if not in luxury, until the Russian Empire went on the rocks with a terrifying crash; and to-day there are few of them who have anything which they can call their own. Their clothes, in hundreds of thousands of cases, have been given to them by charitable organizations: their food comes to them in the same way, and in such a way that they never know whether or not there will be food for them on the morrow. For months, and in many cases for years, they have been buffeted from pillar to post, and have undergone such bodily and mental anguish that their morale can only be discovered with a divining-rod.

Here, for example, is the not unusual case of the Countess Olga Kapnist, whose husband was chief of the Imperial General Naval Staff during the war. Before and during the war she and her family had everything that wealth and social position could bring. I met her in Rome through the Princess Yousoupoff, who is at the head of the Russian Red Cross there. It was the Princess Yousoupoff's son who assisted the notorious Rasputine to shuffle off this mortal coil, and who cleaned up a good job by dropping him through a hole in the ice. Princess Yousoupoff was living with friends and was not entirely wrecked. Countess Kapnist, however, was embroidering linen and making under-

wear so that she might support herself and her five children. I took her off in a corner and she told me her story in a flat monotonous voice which would have been more appropriate to a discussion of the proper method of cooking beans than to the story which she told me.

When the Bolsheviks seized the reins of government in Petrograd, the Kapnists decided that it would be well for them to hunt a more retired spot. So they went all the way down across Russia, past the Sea of Azov and the country of the Kuban Cossacks to the foot-hills of the Caucasus Mountains, where they had a summer home in the watering-place of Essentouky. Essentouky and two near-by watering-places, Piatigorsk and Kislovodsk, occur repeatedly in the conversation of a large percentage of the wealthy Russian refugees who fled from the north to the south of Russia and were evacuated from the south; for the three towns were to Russian society what Newport and Bar Harbor are to American society. People who fled from the north of Russia turned instinctively toward Essentouky, Kislovodsk and Piatigorsk as being so far removed from the center of Russia that nothing could ever happen there.

Early in 1918, however, Bolshevik governments were set up, even in these remote towns. At the beginning the new authorities were quite amiable, so that the people who had come down from the north for safety decided to stay where they were. In the summer, the Russian cavalry commander Schkouro, working as a part of Denikine's army, began a series of cavalry raids for the purpose of freeing the Caucasus from Bolshevik rule. As a result of these raids, the Bolsheviks began to take hostages, to requisition personal belongings, and to kill the hated bourgeoisie. All of the men in Essentouky who had been at all prominent in

the old Imperial government were seized and thrown into jail, among them being Countess Kapnist's husband. After that, she explained, she couldn't leave.

In October the Chesvi Chaika had a grand clean-up of hostages, as the Bolsheviks found them too hard to guard and feed. In one night, fifty-nine of them were slaughtered. The husband of the Countess Kapnist was decapitated with an ax. Among the others who were murdered at the same time were the ex-minister of justice of the Russian Empire; the ex-minister of communications of the Russian Empire; General Radkoumitzeff and Prince Ourousoff and his brother.

This killing was followed by a series of requisitions on the part of the Bolsheviks which relieved the countess of all her jewels, money, silverware and other valuables, so that she and her five children were entirely without means. With some other equally unfortunate women she started a cooperative store where provisions could be purchased a little more cheaply than in the ordinary provision shops; but the Bolsheviks, finding that the venture was profitable, closed it up. Two months and a half after her husband had been killed, the Bolsheviks arrested her on the ground that her husband had been anti-Bolshevik. Her five children were left to shift for themselves. At this time a part of Denikine's Volunteer Army under Wrangel was marching on the Caucasus, so she and many other women of good families were kept as hostages. When Wrangel's men got too close to Essentouky for comfort, the Bolsheviks fled, taking their hostages with them. They took them all the way to Caspian Sea, where they released them.

Determined to get back to her children, the Countess Kapnist rode in freight cars, on the roofs and running-

Courtesy of American Red Cross

Daughters of the old Russian aristocracy who were evacuated from the Crimea. All of these girls are wearing cast-off American clothing.

Courtesy of American Red Cross

Russian refugees, during the Odessa evacuation, struggling to pass the British guards and rush aboard the *Navajo,* American Red Cross Relief ship. The Bolshevik troops had reached the outskirts of the city.

boards of coaches, and even on the fronts of engines. On the way she met Wrangel, who told her that he believed her children had been sent on to Odessa. She kept on, however. When she reached Essentouky she found that her children had disappeared. The next day she came down with typhus and was on the verge of death for seven weeks. Her friends located her children in Novorossisk and had them sent back to her. She stayed in Essentouky, living on the bounty of her almost equally unfortunate friends, until early in 1920. Then the Bolsheviks came again, so she and her children fled to Novorossisk—a trip which ordinarily takes twelve hours, but which took her eleven days and nights. In Novorossisk she lived in a freight car for a time; and finally, when the British evacuated Denikine's army from Novorossisk to Constantinople, she secured a place in the hold of a British ship. The weather was very cold, and she and her children had to stand in water for three days; but they were leaving the Bolsheviks behind them, so nothing mattered. In Constantinople her son caught scarlet fever. The British sent her and her children to the concentration camp on Prinkipo Island, near Constantinople, where they lived for four months. Then her friends in Italy sent her enough money to get to Rome. When I talked to her she was supporting herself by needlework, but she hoped to be able to open a pension for tourists if she could ever find a suitable house—and somebody to back her.

The case of the Countess Kapnist is by no means an unusual one. I have talked with scores of women who worked down to Essentouky, Piatigorsk and Kislovodsk and, after months of fearful hardships and suffering, were evacuated from Odessa, Novorossisk or the Crimea. Thousands of them escaped by the same route, and endured expe-

riences which might be expected to kill any human being who didn't have the constitution of a truck-horse. It speaks well for the powers of resistance of the human race that so few of the refugees died of exposure or privation. A great many of them have gone mad because of their experiences. At the Y. M. C. A. shelter in Constantinople, when I was there, for example, a young mother went mad and nearly succeeded in choking her baby to death before the attendants could overpower her.

The Princess Sherbatoff, who is a daughter of Stolypin, the former Russian prime minister, lived on very large estates in Podolia. The Bolsheviks slaughtered her husband, her sister, her sister-in-law and her mother-in-law in cold blood. She herself was tremendously popular with the people on her estates. They hid her from the Bolsheviks and passed her from hand to hand across the border. She is in a Berlin sanatorium to-day, partly paralyzed and mentally affected by her experiences. Lots of them go mad, but few of them die.

General Rennenkampf was one of the most distinguished Russian generals during the war. His widow arrived in Rome while I was there early in 1921. She had been brought to Constantinople when the Wrangel army was taken out of the Crimea, and she had succeeded in getting the captain of a small steamer to take her to Italy by giving him her last piece of jewelry. She had tried to find work in Naples, but had found the city crowded; so she literally bummed, as the saying goes, her way from Naples up to Rome. When she reached Rome she collapsed on the sidewalk in front of the railway station. A heavy rain was falling, and a kindly carriage-driver picked her up and bundled her into his carriage. She had no money left, and

she knew nobody in Rome. The carriage-driver finally took her to his own small lodgings and let her sleep there. On the following day he took her to the Princess Yousoupoff. They had known each other in Petrograd, but the hardships which Madame Rennenkampf had undergone had so changed her that the Princess Yousoupoff could scarcely recognize her. Her clothes were ragged and soiled. She had no stockings at all; and on her feet she wore dancing slippers which had been given to her. Madame Rennenkampf is an old woman. She wants to work, but it is doubtful whether she could do any effective work if work could be found for her.

There are two Princess Galitzins in Rome. One is an old lady whose husband was the head of the czar's estates at Gatchina, and very wealthy. She was brought out of Russia by her son and daughter after the Denikine smash. They were both penniless, but the son rushed back to the Crimea to fight with Wrangel. The daughter supports her mother and herself by teaching, for she speaks several languages, as do most of the wealthy Russians. The mother, weakened by exposure and the horrors through which she had passed, had only a few weeks to live when I reached Rome. The other Princess Galitzin was also very wealthy. She plays the piano at dancing classes, and is glad to earn six lire an hour, or about twenty-five cents. Her husband is very anxious to get a position as chauffeur.....

There are hundreds of thousands of Russians whose sitution to-day is exactly like that of Madame Rennenkampf and the Galitzins. Princess Yousoupoff, head of the Russian Red Cross in Rome, applied in person to the Pope and begged him to allow Russian refugees to occupy empty monasteries. The city was so crowded that even tourists were

unable to get quarters, and on almost any night during the month preceding Easter one could see a dozen women tourists sleeping in armchairs in the lounge of the best hotel. The Pope refused her request because the fear of Bolshevism was very great in Italy, and even those Russians who had risked their lives in fleeing from it were suspected of it. They are the paupers of the world, and the world seems incapable of providing poor-houses for them.

The Russian embassy in Paris is the headquarters of the Russian refugees in France who have no money, no jewelry to sell, no clothes, no jobs and no hope. The Russian embassies in Europe are sad reminders of Russia's departed grandeur. The grounds are seedy and unkempt. Dust has settled heavily on the portraits and the mirrors and the gilded chairs. The buildings are dingy and fusty and down at heel. In place of the scores of liveried servants who, in the old days, sprang from behind every portière and from the shadow of every piece of furniture to take the visitor's wraps and to escort him from room to room there are now only occasional hungry-looking attendants, in threadbare civilian dress. Sometimes one even finds an ex-admiral or a former general acting as door-attendant or embassy messenger, but more often the work is done by soldier-refugees in their ancient uniform-blouses.

Persons of a humorous turn of mind are able to get many a merry laugh nowadays over the Russian embassies, speculating as to what country or government they represent, and as to where they get the money on which they continue to do business. I have seen so many Imperial Guard officers working in kitchens, however, and so many princesses and generals' daughters waiting on table, and so many former millionaires hiding indoors until nightfall so that

they could venture out on the street without exposing their ragged clothes to public view, that humorous remarks on Russian embassies have lost their savor and piquancy for me. The embassies represent—and I think that most decent people are content that it should be so—the three million Russians who have been driven from their country by the scurviest set of knaves that ever wrecked a nation; and the meager amount of money on which they exist is the income on the Russian government money which was on deposit in the banks of different nations when the revolution took place. Permission for this money to be used by most of the embassies has hitherto been given by the anti-Bolshevik governments of Kolchak, Denikine, Yudenitch and Wrangel as they stood weakly and temporarily on their feet—or so, at any rate, I have been assured. There is one, at least, of these Russian embassies which is its own authority for the use of the Russian money in the country where the embassy is located; and the money is evidently being used for the benefit of certain favored political parties and to the exclusion of other parties less favored. Such tactics smell too strongly of the old rotten Russian régime to be received with any favor by disinterested American and British and French organizations which are trying to help Russian refugees without thought of difference in politics, race or creed. There are even some branches of the Russian Red Cross which need to be forcibly reminded that the question of politics and favoritism shouldn't be permitted to creep into relief work.

The sister of the Russian ambassador in Paris, Mademoiselle Maklakoff, devotes her entire time to assisting refugees. The first time that I walked into the embassy, a long line of them was waiting to see her. A young woman

had just collapsed from hunger. Every woman who was waiting wore mourning, and not one of them had enough money to buy food for herself or her children on the following day.

Badly off as are the refugees in Paris, Berlin, London and Rome, they are infinitely better off than those in the camps or the smaller centers; for those who are young and able and willing can usually find something to do which will partly support them. The hundreds of men and women and young girls who were reared in luxury and idleness in Russia are helped, in the large cities, to learn trades which will make it possible for them to support themselves. Thus, in Paris, a committee headed by Mademoiselle Maklakoff sends men refugees to a school where they learn to be electricians, and mechanicians. In the same school, women refugees learn dentistry, photographic retouching and weaving. Another school teaches shorthand and typing to the refugees. In Constantinople and Finland and Salonica and Tunis and Egypt, on the contrary, there is nothing whatever for the refugees to do except hope for better days—and the person who is stuck in Europe to-day with no resources except hope is even more unpleasantly situated than a man in the middle of the Pacific without a boat or a life preserver.

In Paris I met a young woman whose family was a very fine one and whose name is one of the best known names in Russia. The authenticity of her story was vouched for by the Russian embassy; but the girl herself begged me not to use her name for fear that the position which she had made for herself in Paris might be affected.

This young woman had the knack of designing costumes, though her only efforts in that direction prior to the revolution had been directed toward designing her own

hats and dresses. After the revolution, when the Bolsheviks decreed that all persons should work, she had taken to designing costumes for the Petrograd ballet. Her mother was dead; her father was killed by the Bolsheviks; her brother went mad; her nurse disappeared. She lived alone in one room of her family's Petrograd apartment. There was no light and no water to be had, and at night she hunted through the city for fuel. She lived in this way for a year and a half, during which time she was unmolested by the Bolsheviks. But the life, she said, was unbearable, what with the cold and hunger and the lack of her former friends. So she put on the clothes of a peasant and tramped out to the Finnish border. At night she slipped across the lines and tramped onward until she reached a small town on the Gulf of Finland. Her entire resources consisted of the peasant clothes in which she stood, a pair of old ear-rings and a brooch which had belonged to her mother, and a single Russian sable skin which would, she knew, provide a dash of richness for a suit if she could ever earn enough money to buy one. The first thing about this Finnish town which struck her, she said, was the frightfulness of the hats which the women wore. She said that they were the lowest form of hat-life. So she picked out the best-looking Finnish woman that she could find, and offered to make her a hat for the price of the materials and two days' food. She said that she disliked to go up to a perfect stranger on the street and make an offer of that nature, because such an approach could scarcely be construed as highly complimentary. The Finnish woman, fortunately, wasn't sensitive, and she accepted the offer. The Russian girl purchased hat material for ten marks, which is as little as it sounds, and evolved a hat which almost made the Finnish woman weep with grati-

fication. It was such a wonderful hat that it even caused the woman's husband to unstrap the family sock and make the girl a present of another ten marks—which is an unusual token of appreciation in Finland. The sight of the new hat, when the Finnish woman wore it for the first time, almost caused her to be mobbed by acquaintances who wished to know where she got it.

The young Russian woman at this point interjected a remark which will bear out the suspicions of men who are obliged to pay the monthly bills of their womenfolk. "Women of all classes and all positions," she said, "are always interested in hats and are always ready to buy hats." At any rate, the Finnish woman revealed the source of her new hat, and the young Russian woman was immediately flooded with orders. She made hats for practically every woman in town, incidentally using up all the available hat-trimming, so that expeditions were formed by heckled husbands to shoot Finnish seagulls in order that more hat-trimming might be provided. Out of that one town she cleaned up six thousand marks. With this sum she headed for Paris, where the care-free tourist willingly submits to highway robbery in order to acquire the indefinable something which is popularly supposed to go—and frequently does go—with a Paris hat. She worked over to Stockholm, down to Copenhagen, over to Berlin and across to Paris, stopping long enough in each place to make enough money in hat-establishments to pay her way to the next stop.

When she reached Paris she was broke and knew no one. She went to the Russian embassy, where Madame Maklakoff, after hearing her story, loaned her enough money to rest for a few days, and got her a little attic room in an out-of-the-way corner of the city. She started out to

hunt a job with a few sketches of ideas which she had for dresses. She tried one of the best dress-makers in Paris, and was hired instantly. Probably almost every American woman who looked into the fashionable dressmaking establishments of Paris in 1921 has seen this young woman's costume sketches. For working from nine in the morning until seven at night and evolving five costumes a day, she received two hundred seventy-five francs a month—or less than five dollars a week—and her lunch and dinner. She had a few words to say concerning the exploitation of labor in France that were strong enough to fry eggs. She declared that she had worked in a good many places since the Revolution, but that she had never worked in a place where girls were forced to work for such pitiful wages as in Paris. Her sketches became so well known that she left the dressmaking establishment, did her work in her own room, and sold the sketches to the highest bidder. Then a woman who had saved enough money to start an establishment of her own made her an offer to go into partnership with her. The young woman is well on her way to an independent fortune to-day. She is still living in the one room that Madame Maklakoff got for her, and as fast as the money comes in, it is salted away in the bank.

I asked this young woman whether her experiences in Soviet Russia and in escaping from Soviet Russia had affected her in any way. "Not in the least," she replied. "I've been too busy working; and when I'm working, I'm always happy. I'm glad that I had to start working, and I know that I shall never stop. Even when I go back to Russia I shall keep on."

It is a pleasure to chronicle this girl's experience. The experiences of most of the refugees are very different.

Many of them are too old to be entrusted with work or to undertake it if it exists. Many of them, having been trained to no sort of work whatever, are unable to locate the only sorts of unskilled labor of which they are capable. Many of them, unfortunately, are unwilling to work at tasks which they consider below their dignity. And very many of them, for various reasons, are unwilling to work at all. This latter class, oddly enough, is not usually recruited from among the ranks of the old Russian aristocracy. The best and the most willing workers among the refugees come from among the aristocrats who had never done a genuine stroke of work in their lives until the Bolsheviks became socially prominent. The officers of the best regiments of the old Russian army will accept any sort of position that will enable them to live—as a general rule. The officers of the Russian armies subsequent to the Revolution are very different propositions. I was discussing the matter with the Russian ambassador in Athens—Prince Demidoff. "Our greatest problem in providing enterprises in which the Russian refugees can work," said he, "is to make the men work. Many of them won't work at all. We can't get them to work. They want to sit around and be fed. The only way to handle them is to put a strong man over them and drive them to work by sheer force." Nearly all of the Athens refugees are officers and men of the armies that fought the Bolsheviks in South Russia. "The officers of the new army are a sorry lot," said Demidoff. "They're lazy and impossible."

The same statement was made to me by people who worked with the Russian refugees in London, Paris, Rome, Finland and Warsaw. Enormous numbers of them not only have the regular Russian temperament, which is the stolid, dull Slav temperament exaggerated by centuries of stern

taskmasters who did all their thinking for them, but this temperament has been further exaggerated by years of army life, by the wanderings of the last few years and by the charity on which they have existed since they left Russia.

As a result of their pauperization, the mental attitude of many of them is exactly the same as that of the American tramp or hobo. Europe, however, isn't so well adapted to hoboing as is America, because of passport and visé restrictions, the large number of languages which one must know in order to ask for food at back doors, and the general lack of edibles. This mental attitude of a part of the refugees can not be ignored if the Russian refugee problem—which has grown to such an extent that it has become an international problem—is to be solved. Nor can Russian refugees as a whole be condemned because certain of their numbers refuse to work. Russian refugees exist in their present number as a direct result of Russia's fight against Germany in behalf of the Allies. The government which led Russia into the war has gone to pot. Anybody who can hold up the negative side of a debate as to whether or not the Allies ought to take care of the Russian refugees is entitled to the Grand Cross of the Order of the Raspberry.

In Paris alone there are enough Russian refugees of all classes to populate an entire Russian city. There are professors of every branch of learning, doctors, authors, lawyers, judges, merchants, financiers, legislators, engineers and skilled workmen of all sorts. There are also enough barons and counts and princes to supply a dozen Russian cities with many more titles than they need. The business of titles, like the business of czar's coachman, was carried to excess in Russia. Wherever my wanderings have carried me in Europe, I have always been shown a czar's coachman.

There is a czar's coachman in London, Paris, Berlin, Rome and every other European capital. It is my belief that if the czar's coachmen who are now refugees in Europe were to march in review, they would take over forty-five minutes to pass a given point. Evidently the czar had a fresh coachman after every meal; and the business of hiring and firing czar's coachmen must have grown to huge proportions. It may be that the czar had to have a coachman whose complexion matched each one of his uniforms, or something of that nature.

The matter of titles was even worse, apparently. At the Russian embassy in Constantinople a colonel of an old Imperial Guard regiment was giving me some refugee addresses, and he named a certain lady whom we will call Princess Kokine. I stopped him. "How is it," I asked him, "that there's a Princess Kokine here when there is also a Princess Kokine in Paris and another in Berlin and another in Warsaw and another in Rome?" He shrugged his shoulders. "It's a large family," he replied. "There are enough Princess Kokines to stretch all the way across the Black Sea if you place them end to end." He explained further that if a Prince Kokine had seven sons, each one of them would be a prince, and that each son of each of the seven would also be a prince, so that at the end of a few generations there might easily be enough Prince Kokines to form an eight-team baseball league. In certain parts of Russia, notably the south, the title of prince appears to have been very similar to the title of colonel in Kentucky and other southern states, where it is frequently awarded by tacit agreement to gentlemen who have killed more than one rattlesnake or otherwise served the public in a noteworthy manner. A Petrograd prince spoke to me very disparag-

ingly of princes from the Caucasus, and declared stoutly that any one in the Caucasus who had more than one house was a prince by common consent. This statement, I am sure, is slightly exaggerated; but it is certain that among Russian refugees, princes and princesses are almost as common as are home-brewers in America. When one first comes in contact with Russian refugees, one becomes quite thrilled at news of a princess working in a restaurant; but after one has had a little experience with them, information concerning a toiling princess is of no more moment than information concerning a loafing czar's coachman. No mistake should be made about the Russian aristocracy, however. As loafers, they were encumberers of the earth, as are most loafers, whether they're American loafers or English loafers or Irish loafers or Russian loafers. As workers, they are a fine lot of people. Without entering into any controversy with Socialists or extreme democrats, I wish to state that I have taken a careful look at Russian aristocrats and Russian workmen side by side in a number of refugee camps, and that, as a result, if I had to hire five hundred Russians from a certain class for any sort of work, whether it were ditch-digging or automobile driving or farming or bookkeeping, I'd pick them from the ranks of the aristocrats every time. There is a good reason for this: the aristocracy of Russia is recruited mostly from the Nordic race—tall, blond, long-skulled people—whereas the bulk of the population of Russia belongs to the Alpine race.

A majority of these refugee aristocrats, unfortunately, have the idea that when, as and if the Bolshevik régime collapses, they are going to return to Russia to occupy their former estates and take up their ornamentally useless lives where they were dropped in 1917. This idea, according to

the opinions of most persons who have been watching Russia carefully for the past year, is about as worthless as a last year's wren's nest. After the Bolsheviks have finished messing with Russia, the country will need all the Nordics in sight to form a decent government; but it will have as little use for windy titles and limitless estates and the old aristocratic régime as Harvard University would have for a course in safe-blowing. The sooner that the Russian refugees reconcile themselves to this eventuality, the better it will be for themselves, for Russia, and for the agencies which are standing between the refugees and starvation.

At the beginning of 1921 the refugees in Paris were divided into three classes. The first class was made up of the persons who had large estates and great wealth in Russia before the revolution. Most of these people escaped from Russia with a few beautiful furs and jewels which they could sell in order to tide them over for a time. Some could live for only a few months on the proceeds of these sales, while some could live for two or three years. The second class consisted of persons who earned comfortable salaries in Russia, but depended entirely on their work—such people, for example, as professors, lawyers, teachers, newspaper men, doctors, artists, engineers, bank clerks, and government employees. The third class comprised the skilled laborers—stenographers, milliners, mechanics and so on.

There are several banks in Paris which are managed by wealthy Russians. A certain refugee named Porlotsoff, who had factories in the Urals and was assistant to the minister of foreign affairs before the first revolution, evolved a scheme whereby the refugees who could prove that they had property in Russia, stocks and bonds in Russian banks, and

other valuable holdings which were not accessible because of the activities of the Bolsheviks, could negotiate loans from French banks. The Russian-managed banks backed these loans; and it was arranged that every person who could prove large Russian holdings could borrow a thousand francs a month for himself and five hundred francs a month for each person dependent on him. These loans were to be granted until March 1, 1921, the understanding being that the Bolshevik government was to collapse by that date so that the borrowers could get at their possessions and repay their debts. By Christmas of 1920 the Paris banks had loaned ten million francs on this arrangement. On March 1, 1921, the arrangement stopped. How the first class of Russian refugees in Paris is living to-day, nobody seems to know. Nobody seems to know in any city how the Russians manage to exist, as they so frequently do, without any work and without any apparent means of getting money, and without any possessions which can be pawned or sold. The wealthy refugees—or rather, the refugees who had wealth in the old days—pinned their hopes on the temporary anti-Bolshevik governments as they sprang up: on Yudenitch, on Kolchak, on Denikine, on Wrangel. As these governments collapsed one after another, the depression and despair of the refugees has been a pitiful thing to see. It is a complete mystery to me why the once wealthy Russians, as they saw their wealth and their homes wiped out, watched their loved ones going hungry and cold, and found it impossible to locate work of any sort, did not sink into the depths of neurasthenia and melancholia. Singularly few of them, however, appear to have done so.

The second class of refugees in Paris—those who were comfortably situated in Russia but did not have independent

fortunes—were, up to the first of March, the most miserable. They were unable to find work in Paris which corresponded to the work that they had done in Russia. Most of them knew only the Russian language, so that they could not be employed by French or English firms. The engineers alone of this class were able to get along, because their knowledge of machinery made it possible for factory-owners to employ them as manual laborers. The Russian embassy in Paris maintains a school for the children of this second class of refugees—though in time it may be enlarged to take in more. It is a poverty-stricken little school, and a good part of the money which makes it possible is given by Americans or French. The teachers are all Russian refugees, and they are paid from two hundred and fifty to five hundred francs a month apiece. That's between twenty and thirty dollars a month, but they say they can get along on it because the bulk of the school's money needs to be spent for books. This school teaches the children enough French to make it possible for them to get into the French high schools. The children are given lunch at the school. Those whose parents have secured positions pay a hundred francs a month; while those whose parents can not find work are taught for nothing. The cook in the school kitchen, by the way, is a Russian lady from Tamboff. In Russia she was extremely wealthy. When she and her three children arrived in Paris, she was penniless. The two littlest children are taught and fed in the school for nothing. The oldest daughter, who is sixteen, helps with the cooking and thus pays for her lessons. The question of education of the Russian refugee children is, of course, a very serious one, as almost any family would discover if, after wandering penniless around the world for many months, it were dumped down in a strange country

without money, without friends, without text-books and without any knowledge of the language of the country into which it had been dumped.

The third class of Paris refugees—the skilled workers—had all the work that they wanted until the big strikes occurred during the winter of 1920. So many French people were thrown out of work by them that the French naturally gave their available positions to their own people, and there was less and less work for the Russians every day. Consequently all three classes of Russians in Paris were in about the same fix by the spring of 1921, and the fix was not one which could by any stretch of the imagination be classed as enviable.

In my note-book I find the following Parisian cases, fortunate ones for the most part, of persons who were well known in old Russia.

Count Hendrickoff is about sixty years old. He was a wealthy man in Russia, and for forty years was attached to the Foreign Office. He came out after the first revolution. Rheumatism in his hands makes it impossible for him to work. The Russian embassy allows him the equivalent of two dollars a week for a place in which to live; but its resources are so limited that it can not allow him more. Since it can not, it does not ask how the count manages to get food. There's no use in harrowing one's mind with a situation that can't be remedied.

Princess Shakoffskoi with her two daughters lives in a single room at Versailles. Her husband was killed by Bolsheviks. She lives by embroidering linen, but not too well.

Madame Vesiloffskaia lived in Petrograd, where her husband was in the Finance Ministry, and very wealthy. She has sold almost everything she owns in order to live.

She is unable to get work. She has two daughters. One of them works in a bank at a very small salary. The other is ill.

Princess Ourousoff is happy and reasonably successful making hats and embroideries for Worth, the costumer. Princess Obolensky has developed a marked knack for making stylish dresses, and has been so successful at it that she has never had to be helped. Princess Gargarin is one of the social lights of Paris. She goes, as the phrase has it, everywhere; and one sees her name constantly in the society columns of the Paris papers. Yet her only means of support is a position in a Paris office which pays her six hundred francs a month, or the equivalent of about five hundred dollars a year.

Though I should rather dislike to say so in the hearing of any of the Russian refugees in Paris, the Paris refugees are more fortunately situated than those in any other part of Europe, with the possible exceptions of London and Berlin. This is because Paris is a large city in which the possibility of work is always present. The same holds true of Berlin and London. There is always a possibility that a starving refugee may find something to do in these places before he slips over the divide. This is a thin possibility to dangle before a starving man or woman; but the fact remains that it is a possibility.

When one moves in to Poland, however, one finds himself in a country where the bulk of the population has very little decent food to buy, and an insufficient amount of money with which to buy it. Early in 1921, when I reached Warsaw, one received nine hundred and sixty Polish marks in return for an American dollar, instead of the normal rate of five marks for a dollar. One good pair of women's shoes

Copyright Underwood & Underwood

Russian refugees in Warsaw. Many of them were people of wealth and social distinction before the revolution.

Copyright Underwood & Underwood

A sewing class for Russian girl refugees. Service materials are provided by the American Central Committee for Russian Relief.

cost from eight to ten thousand marks; and the wage of a waitress in a restaurant was in the neighborhood of six hundred marks a month. It is scarcely necessary to go deeper into the economic situation to show that the hundreds of thousands of Russian refugees in Poland, lacking money and jobs, were in a nerve-wracking position. It should always be borne in mind that these people are the only world-wanderers who have no government to which they can turn. An American, stranded, jobless, and moneyless in a strange land, can go to his consul; and if he deserves help, the consul will get him back to America somehow. The Russians have no consuls to whom they can go, and no country to which they can return. They've got to find work; and if they can't find work, they've got to beg or die.

Poland can't even feed herself. The American Relief Administration, more familiarly known as the Hoover crowd, is daily feeding one million, one hundred thousand children under fifteen years of age with its usual energy, efficiency and lack of waste motion. Older persons must shift for themselves. Even the Poles find the shifting very difficult; while the Russians, strangers in a strange land, find it more perplexing than any Einstein theory. So pitiful has been the state of the Russians in Warsaw that the American Relief Administration conducted a so-called "intelligentsia kitchen" in that city, and fed fifteen hundred adult refugees there each day—aristocrats, army officers, professors, doctors, lawyers, actors. Adults have to be pretty badly off when the American Relief Administration provides food for them; for it is essentially a child-feeding organization. Yet fifteen hundred people is a very small fraction of the whole.

To get in touch with the Russians in Warsaw, one goes

to a hotel near the palace which, before the war, was occupied by the governor general of Russian Poland. On the top floor of the hotel, in a rather shabbily furnished room which looks down on the copious snow-covered chimney pots of the palace, lives Madame Ludmila Lubimoff, head of the Russian Red Cross in Poland. Before the war, Madame Lubimoff lived in the palace which she sees to-day from the windows of her room; for she was the governor general's wife. Her husband was a miniature czar, holding practically unlimited power over the people under him. To-day he acts as secretary for the Russian Red Cross, and is paid four hundred marks a month, or in the neighborhood of forty-five American cents. Every little while he goes to the police and receives permission to remain in Poland; and at police headquarters he is always received with respectful consideration, because he was a very just and kindly and well-liked governor general. Before he became the governor of Poland, he was the governor of Vilna and what was known as a "palace master" or Hofmeister of the Imperial court. As for his wife, she was a beautiful woman, whose influence was great and far-reaching. Even to-day she is an unusually handsome woman, with great masses of molasses-candy-colored hair, and the whitest of teeth, and eyes which squizzle pleasantly at the corners when she welcomes the old friends who drop in on her for sympathy—and help: such people, for example, as the former governors of Russia's greatest provinces and former Imperial Guard officers, and counts and barons and princes whose names were known the length and breadth of the Empire. Madame Lubimoff herself, by the way, was born a princess, and was what the English-speaking Russians usually speak of as "reech, reech and reech"—which seems to be their

invariable manner of emphasizing richness. When she and her husband fled from Petrograd, she saved a larger amount of jewels than most fleeing Russians were able to save. This was due to the assistance of the Persian consul in Petrograd. This gentleman, who was a Pole although he represented Persia, sent her jewels to Finland by courier. Consequently she and her husband can exist for another five or six years by selling now a jewel and again a jewel. They must live frugally in one room, and they can eat only the simplest fare if the jewels are to last that long. When they are gone, there will be nothing.

Madame Lubimoff was somewhat delayed in her get-away from Soviet Russia by the fact that her husband was languishing in a Bolshevik jail awaiting execution. One day she was called to the telephone. When she answered, a man's voice asked whether she were Ludmila Lubimoff. She replied that she was, whereupon a female voice took up the conversation. It proved to be the voice of a lady with whom Madame Lubimoff had gone to school many years before—one Angelik Balabanoff, who is one of the most notorious Bolsheviks in all Soviet Russia. In addition to being mentally *en rapport* with the Bolshevik leaders, she is bodily *en rapport* with a number of them as well. One might, in fact, call her the star rapporter of the Bolshevik government. Some time since she made a sensational trip to France and back to Russia again without passport or visés—a fact which caused the French government much anguish. Balabanoff had just learned of Madame Lubimoff's presence in Petrograd. "You will be surprised," she said to Madame Lubimoff, after the two had hysterically voiced their delight at hearing each other's voice after so many years, "you will be surprised when you hear

the name of the man who asked for you over the telephone just now." Madame Lubimoff at once stated that she was consumed by curiosity. "It was Trotsky," declared Balabanoff. "He is here at my apartment and he telephoned to oblige me." "If he is so willing, then, to oblige you," replied Madame Lubimoff, "ask him to oblige you further by having my husband released from jail." And on the following day Madame Lubimoff received an order, signed by Trotsky, releasing her husband. She at once sold enough jewels to purchase a false passport stating that her husband had permission to go to the Ukraine to buy leather. And so they came out into Poland together.

Madame Lubimoff, as I said before, is head of the Russian Red Cross in Poland, and it is a very fortunate thing for the Russian refugees that this should be so. Late in 1920 the Central Office of the Russian Red Cross in Paris ordered her to discontinue the activities of the Russian Red Cross in Poland because of lack of funds. Instead of discontinuing, she enlarged her field of activities. "I could not stop," she told me. "These are my people and they were dying." So she hustles around all day, this woman who was "reech, reech and reech" a few years ago, and the first lady of that section of the land in which she is now doing her hustling. She looks after the workshops which she has started, and the feeding stations which are keeping her people from starvation, and the dispensaries which look after the sick; and in her spare moments she tears around to the Americans or the Poles or any one at all and begs for more. She has become a very accomplished beggar, and is not discouraged by rebuffs. If she can not get a case of condensed milk for a kitchen, she will gladly take two cans. And if she can not get an automobile load of cloth for a

workshop, she wouldn't think of scorning half a dozen pairs of pajamas which her workshops can make into shirts, plucking out each thread and cunningly recutting them. It was pleasant to hear the relief workers putting her on the griddle, as one might say. "Darn her," they'd say, "she's an awful nuisance! Asking for a sack of flour, and if you haven't got it, asking for half a sack or a quarter of a sack! You want to look out for that woman! Don't go near her or she'll ask you for money sure as shooting. Yes, sir! Come right out and ask you for it! Can't hold on to a cent while she's around, darn her!" Very ferocious and contemptuous, these young men were; and the next morning they'd scratch their heads meditatively, and privately figure out some way whereby they could send her a little more flour or a little more milk or maybe even a few Polish marks. They're a terrible lot of cynics and hard-boiled eggs, these relief workers of ours.

The main idea behind all of Madame Lubimoff's efforts is the foundation of workshops for Russian refugees which shall pay for themselves and clear enough profit to feed the people who can't work. She has a working colony of three hundred skilled workmen out at Sulejuwek, near Warsaw. All of these workmen are specialists in such things as fine leather work, fine brass work, the making of Russian enamel and so on. They make only beautiful things, and the market for all that they make is a large and eager one. Then there are two big sewing shops employing three hundred women and equipped with twenty American sewing-machines which were the gift of Americans. When I was in Warsaw, this shop was working on the remaking of hospital shirts which had been given to the Russians by the American Red Cross on the condition that they be remade. Every stitch on the

hospital shirts was picked out, and the pieces were recut and resewed so that they made very natty shirts for street wear. In one month this shop had shown a profit of one hundred thousand marks, because the shirts produced by it were eagerly snapped up. The boss of the shirt factory is Princess Meschersky. Meschersky is a great name in Russia; and when the Bolsheviks ran the princess out of Russia, they lost a good forewoman. Prince Meschersky used to be Russian consul general in Shanghai; but in Warsaw he couldn't get a job. Finally the Russian Red Cross let him peel potatoes in return for his food; so he peels diligently every day, and eats heartily, and seems remarkably contented with his lot. Probably he bears in mind how much more unpleasant it would have been if he couldn't have anything to eat.

The women who work in the sewing shops are paid one hundred and fifty Polish marks a day, and are given three meals a day for which they are charged thirty marks. The Polish mark, at the time of which I write, stood at nine hundred and sixty marks for the dollar. The lunch at these workshops costs the Russian Red Cross twenty-two marks a person, and is sold for ten marks. A modest dinner for four people at either of the two good Warsaw hotels, at the same period, cost between three and four thousand marks.

There are refugee shops where invalids make toys: others where neat kitchen utensils are fashioned out of old tin cans furnished by the American Red Cross and the American Relief Administration. These shops make fine lamps out of discarded cans, for example, which are sold for seventy-five marks in the Russian Red Cross sales rooms; whereas an exactly similar lamp in the public markets costs one hundred and fifty marks. Other shops make clothes and sweaters out of the wool furnished by the American Red

Cross. At the sales rooms one can buy a sweater for nine hundred marks; a blouse for a thousand marks; a suit for four thousand marks and an overcoat for five thousand marks—or a toy windmill for ten marks. In two months' time at the beginning of 1921, the shops took in four million marks, and their expenses were two million marks. It is by such means that Madame Lubimoff hopes to redeem the refugees of Poland. She has thousands of names on file at her headquarters; and each one of them wants, but can not get, work. "It is my fear," said Madame Lubimoff to me, "that the American Red Cross may make an end of giving to the Russians, and I spend all my days hunting and hoping for machines and tools, so that more and more of our people can have work. It is all they ask: work. The Poles can not give to us, for they are only existing like little children who are learning to stand on their feet. If you will ask your people for machines or for tools for these Russian people—even one machine or one hoe is better than none at all—I beg that you will ask your people for such things. We are all very great beggars now. I am sorry that it is so..... It was not always so..... Just machines for sewing or for working in the ground....."

Let us look at some of the Russians in Warsaw. Here, for one, is Prince Outomsky, who was widely known in Russia as a patron of the arts. He was one of the wealthiest men in that very wealthy city; and to his salon came the greatest artists and authors and actors in the Empire. The Russian Red Cross, learning that he was in unfortunate circumstances, hunted him up. They found him and Princess Outomsky occupying one-half of a tiny room; and their half was set off from the other half by a curtain of torn and ancient cloth. The two of them were making

cigarettes as rapidly as they could; for if they worked very rapidly all the day they were able to earn as much as twenty marks a day. The investigator who hunted them up had belonged to a great family in Petrograd and had known the prince in the days of his wealth. "When I came to the room," she told me, "this man began to cry quite like a child." They had been reduced to such extremes of poverty and hunger that he had begged on street corners. They were taken to the Red Cross kitchens and put to work. The princess started as a waitress, and was then elevated to the position of cashier; and between them they now earn four thousand marks a month, or the equivalent of four dollars. "They are now quite happy," said my informant, "for they feel that they do something for their people." Prince Outomsky has large estates in Poland; but they have been requisitioned by the Polish government, as have the Polish estates of many other Russian refugees. Sometime, when things are running smoothly, says the Polish government, the Russians may be paid for the things that have been taken from them.

Madame Kaswoffsky owns very large estates in Poland, but she is doing office work for the Russian Red Cross for twenty-eight hundred marks a month and her dinner each day because her estates have been seized and she has nothing else. The seizing of the estates of Russians has had some queer results. The Bolsheviks robbed Prince Mirsky of his estate near Minsk. He therefore organized a band of guerrilla fighters and robbed his own home of his own belongings.

Three miles out from Warsaw in a two-room hut at the edge of a forest lives a Russian gentleman named Oblonsky, who was the architect of the Imperial palaces in Petrograd.

He has now secured a position as forester, and regulates the cutting down of trees and the disposition of faggots. His wife was killed by the Bolsheviks. He has six children. The eldest is sixteen years old and has a lame leg. Nevertheless this boy walks into Warsaw each morning and spends the day making tin cups out of condensed milk cans. When he has finished making cups, he goes to a Russian school, which keeps him fairly busy until eight o'clock at night. Then he can relax and enjoy life; so he gets Red Cross food for his five brothers and sisters and limps out along the frozen roads to the little hut in the forest.

There is a waitress in the Red Cross kitchens named Stahl-von-Holdstein. She is a baroness, and is the daughter of one of the wealthiest land-owners of old Russia. In the words of the Russians, she was "reech, reech, reech as millions." Her husband, the baron, used to be commandant of Peter and Paul Fortress in Petrograd. Her home was a very beautiful one, and after the revolution an offer of three hundred and fifty thousand English pounds was made for it. She accepted; but instead of getting three hundred and fifty thousand English pounds, she received a million Soviet roubles, which is something else again. In fact, almost any Bolshevik would be highly delighted to exchange a million Soviet roubles for three dollars to-day, and their actual value is the worth of the waste paper on which they are printed. The baron and the baroness and their three children came across the frontier in peasant clothes. They haven't a penny to their names except the Polish marks that the baroness earns by waiting on table.

The shirt factory of the Russian Red Cross has an expert needlewoman in the person of Madame Herschelmann, wife of the General Herschelmann who was gover-

nor general of Moscow and later commander of the army in the Vilna district. Three days before I reached Warsaw last winter, Madame Herschelmann arrived there in rags with her nineteen-year-old daughter. They had started from Oranienbaum, which is near Petrograd, for Finland; and to the person who had undertaken to get them into Finland they had paid thirty thousand Finnish marks. The Finns caught them, however; and as the border was closed to Russians at that time and as they had no permission to enter, they were put back across the border. The Soviet border guard immediately arrested them. Madame Herschelmann had a few diamonds hidden in her clothes. With most of these she bought her freedom. She immediately tried the same means of escape once more, selling the remainder of her diamonds and her only good clothes in order to get the thirty thousand Finnish marks. On the second attempt she and her daughter were successful; and from Finland they begged and tramped and fought their way to Warsaw. The daughter has a clerical position in a warehouse, where she earns fifteen hundred marks a month. Madame Herschelmann is paid eighty marks a day—or about eight American cents—for her shirt-making.

In the kitchen which cooks American Relief Administration food for Russian refugee children there is a cook named Madame Koudraftseff. This lady was the wife of the vice-mayor of Petrograd. He was arrested and put in prison after the revolution; and on one very cold winter night an order was issued that he should be moved to another prison about three miles distant from the one he was in. The guards started with him, but the cold was so intense that they chose an easier way—they shot him and threw him in the Neva. His wife, who has four small children, was men-

tally unbalanced by the shock, and remained so for five months. She then fled from Petrograd and ultimately came to Warsaw, where she and her four children have been fortunate enough to find the half of a room in which to live.

As I said before, few of them die from the horrors and hardships through which they pass, but many of them are mentally affected. In Warsaw, for example, is General Prigoroffsky, who commanded an army corps in the Great War. He had more decorations for bravery and service, say the Russians, than almost any other officer; and he was very wealthy. His son was killed by the Bolsheviks under particularly unpleasant circumstances, and the general was unable to locate the body. He consequently has what is known as the *idee fixe,* and insists on asking all people whom he meets whether they know where he can locate his son. He goes up and down the streets of Warsaw asking this question. For that reason it is impossible to get work for him. He can not get his mind off his son.

Then there is Senator Ragowich and his wife and daughter. Senator Ragowich was governor of the District of Kovno at one time, and he was also minister of religion; and, he, too, was "reech, reech and reech." The senator's wife was born a princess. He now works as a laborer in a warehouse, while his wife cooks and does laundry-work. The daughter was one of the attendants of the czarina. Her brother was killed by the Bolsheviks; and now—to quote my interpreter—"all the day she is quite mad, doing a dress during the daytime and undoing the stitches during the night-time." She is a very pretty girl, this mad daughter of the Ragowichs, and is only nineteen years old.

One finds strange mixtures among these refugees, and as much democracy among aristocrats as even the Bol-

sheviks, with their "Comrade This" and "Comrade That," can show. The Russian Red Cross has a dining-room at its headquarters, and among the waitresses are Princess Rukoff, whose husband, Admiral Rukoff, was executed by the Bolsheviks, and two young women whose father, named Juzaffsky, was butler to the czar, and went with him to Tobolsk when the Bolsheviks took him there. Likewise, in the shirt-making shop, working with Princess Meschersky, is the wife of Denisoff, who was one of the many coachmen of the czar.

An army of nine thousand men, known as "Wrangel's Third Army," was formed from Russians in Poland by General Permikin, the idea being that it should advance through Kiev to Odessa and go to Wrangel's assistance. It never got to him, however, and it is now interned in camps in the cities of Ostroff, Thorn and Lukoff. These men are in very bad shape, and have little food and practically no clothes. A great many of the officers can not leave their beds in the daytime, because their clothes are entirely worn out, and they can get no others. There is a Russian Political Committee in Poland which is working for the relief of these men, and at the head of it is a man named Boris Savinkoff. Savinkoff, under the old régime, was regarded as a wild revolutionary; but the Bolsheviks consider him a dangerous reactionary and are very fretful at the Poles for harboring him. It was Savinkoff who organized the men who assassinated the Grand Duke Serge and Plehve, Minister of the Interior. He was very much "wanted" under the old régime; and one of the men who was pounding along on his trail at all hours of the day and night was Governor Lubimoff. Lubimoff used to ransack every corner of Petrograd for him. Savinkoff was a dear friend of Marshal

Pilsudski, Chief of State of Poland to-day; for Pilsudski was an ardent hater of the old Russian régime and a constant worker to free Poland from Russian rule. Savinkoff and Pilsudski, in fact, were what might be called old prison chums; for both of them had frequently been jugged, so to speak, together, and had a wide and intimate knowledge of the interiors of the leading Russian jails. So it was only reasonable that Pilsudski, as Chief of State of Poland, should put Savinkoff at the head of the committee to look after an interned Russian army. Politicians must stick together.

But in this position, Savinkoff is obliged to work almost daily with Madame Lubimoff, head of the Russian Red Cross; and when they so work, the secretary who takes down the minutes of the proceedings is Monsieur Lubimoff, whose sleuth-hounds used to bay ferociously at Savinkoff's heels. It is a rare situation. "I must help this army," declared Madame Lubimoff, squizzling her eyes at me, "but I am quite shocked that I must speak with this man."

I went up to Madame Lubimoff's room one afternoon for some information regarding refugees. The woman who opened the door to me, and who brings tea for callers and takes their wraps, and by so doing earns just enough marks each day to keep her from starvation, is the wife of the former assistant manager of the Warsaw post-office, when Warsaw was under the Russians. I was followed by a meek-looking gentleman in a rusty black suit, and soon learned that it was Mr. Gilchin, the governor of Bessarabia, who now acts as messenger boy for a Polish firm, and is very glad for a monthly food-packet from the American Relief Administration. Directly behind Mr. Gilchin came another meek-looking gentleman who proved to be Colonel Kessa-

laeff, a former Imperial Guards officer, now acting as errand-boy for the Russian Red Cross. On being introduced to a bevy of such people, one can not help but feel that he is in a mad-house, and is frequently inclined to enter into the spirit of the occasion by declaring loudly that he is Oliver Cromwell or Alexander the Great.

A young woman came to the door while I was talking to Madame Lubimoff and asked a question. Madame Lubimoff went to a drawer and took out a package. "A Russian lady," she said to me, "fled from Petrograd with nothing but a pocketful of beads. With these, on the way, she knitted a beautiful bead bag, and now she wishes to sell it so that she may have something to eat. But she asks such a great price for it that I fear she can not sell it." And she thereupon handed the package to the young woman with expressions of regret. I asked to see it. It was one of the most beautiful bead bags that I have seen in all my travels through the bead bag centers of Central Europe; and the stupendous and overwhelming price that the maker was asking for it was eight thousand Polish marks—which at that day's rate of exchange, amounted to little more than eight dollars to an American. I told Madame Lubimoff that I could surely get one of the Americans at the Hotel Bristol to buy it if the girl cared to leave it with me; and with that she opened another drawer in her desk and drew out a silver plate a foot in diameter, encrusted on the face with designs in Moscow enamel. Engraved on the back was an inscription stating that the plate was the gift of the Grand Duchess Anastasia to the Mother Superior of a Moscow convent on a certain important anniversary in 1913. The plate was almost as heavy as a frying pan. It was the most treasured possession of that Mother Superior, and the only thing that

she had been able to carry with her when she fled from Moscow. She had reached Warsaw in a pitiful state of poverty about two weeks previous, and had turned the plate over to Madame Lubimoff to be sold. Madame Lubimoff didn't seem to know the price which she should ask for it, so the servant—the wife of the assistant manager of the Warsaw post-office—was sent out to a jewelry store to have it valued. She came back and said that the jeweler had offered twelve thousand marks for it—twelve dollars for a plate worth more than two hundred! I suggested that Madame Lubimoff have it properly valued, so that I might be able to help sell it, but I heard no more of it. This illustrates, however, the cutthroat prices for which destitute Russians who have managed to escape with small treasures of jewels or plate or furs are obliged to sell their belongings when the pinch of hunger or cold or sickness becomes too great to be borne. One hears remarkable tales, in Europe, of diamond tiaras bought from Russians for five or six hundred dollars; of sable coats sold for the equivalent of fifty dollars; of gorgeous emeralds purchased from helpless refugees for the price of a decent meal for four people. I have never happened to encounter people who had made these remarkable purchases, and I should think that those who made them would be as reluctant to tell of them as they would be to boast of stealing pennies from a dead man's eyes. All of my information concerning them has been third or fourth or fifth hand, and consequently worth very little. I have no doubt that a great many of the stories are true; and it is a fact that in almost any European city one can buy jewels sold originally by Russian refugees, which have passed through four and five hands and yielded a handsome profit to each purchaser, and which can still be purchased at

a far cheaper price than they could be purchased in America. It is also a fact that there are a lot of cheap traders from Galicia and the Levant in every part of Europe who pretend to have Russian refugee jewels at one-tenth of their value, and who are feathering their nests handsomely by palming off flawed diamonds and paste pearls and phony sables and platinum with the accent on the tin on gullible Englishmen and Americans and other kindly but avaricious boobs from the outlands.

One of the most distinguished lawyers from Kiev, Mr. Riekshensky, plodded into Warsaw not long ago in a ragged suit and with no shoes or stockings or underclothing. Just before he left Kiev the Bolsheviks killed his sister. He is working in an American Red Cross warehouse..... He has twenty Imperial Guard officers working under him ..... The former governor of Novgorod holds the keys of the pantry of the Russian Red Cross Kitchen and doles out the meager supplies..... Colonel Ivanoff chops wood for a relief dining-room..... Mr. Javorsky, one of Petrograd's leading comedians, hands out checks in the same dining-room.....

And so it goes in England, in Switzerland, in Turkey, in Finland, in Hungary, in Egypt, in Germany, in Tunis, in Italy—all over the civilized world. Like dead leaves, these people have drifted to the four quarters of the earth; and there they lie, some in heaps and windrows, and some still drifting helplessly before the wind. The scum of Europe pours to America by every ship with comparative ease; but the Russians must move heaven and earth and the State Department before they can go. Of all the sad spectacles which I have seen among the wreckage left by the war, the spectacle of the Russian refugees is the saddest.

The Constantinople Refugees

LET us do some supposing, in order that the main features of the ensuing narrative may be firmly fixed in our minds.

The city of New Haven, Connecticut, at the last census, had a population of some one hundred and fifty-nine thousand men, women and children. It is pleasantly situated on Long Island Sound, so that it can be entered and left by water with reasonable ease. It is the seat of a university which has a wide reputation for excellence, and is consequently inhabited by more persons of wealth and distinction than one would usually find in a city of its size. It is also the seat of a large number of factories of various sorts; and as a result it is well stocked with young men of military age. At certain periods of the year, because of the athletic prowess of sundry students in the university, several thousand persons of varying degree of fame, wealth and social prominence travel to New Haven from every part of America in the hope of seeing the athletes of the university administer a violent and enthusiastic walloping to the athletes of another university, or of seeing them violently and enthusiastically walloped, as the case may be; or because they consider it the smart and fashionable thing to do.

Let us now step on the accelerators of our supposers, so to speak, and suppose that on a crisp November noon, just

as the last trainloads of pilgrims were disembarking in New Haven to witness one of these notable athletic wallopings, word should be received in the city that an unexpected revolution had taken place in the surrounding cities, and that the revolutionists were marching on New Haven with the avowed intention of wiping out of existence all persons of wealth, all persons of high social position, all persons of education, and all persons suspected of being antagonistic to the revolutionists. All railroad and trolley lines had fallen into the hands of the revolutionists: all roads leading out of the city had been barricaded by them; every possibility of relief had been cut off; and the only remaining avenue of escape left for the terrified thousands in New Haven was the sea.

Let us suppose, therefore, that every available vessel in the vicinity of New Haven and every vessel which could be reached by wireless was brought into harbor: war-ships and destroyers and passenger steamers and freight steamers; ferry-boats of ancient vintage, and excursion steamers in the throes of senile decay, and private yachts in various stages of decrepitude, and coal barges impregnated to the saturation point with coal-dust; trawlers and tugs and towboats and tubs of every description. Into these vessels piled the residents of New Haven and the strangers within the city's gates: men, women and children; millionaires and factory workers and factory owners and society leaders and students and clerks; doctors and lawyers and judges and university professors and school-teachers and bankers and editors and reporters and all the sorts and conditions of people that go to make up the population of a large and flourishing city. They lined the water-front in solid masses; and the ships worked in to the docks, took passengers aboard until they were

crammed with humanity, and then worked out into the harbor to make room for other ships. The ships were stuffed with people until it was literally impossible for another person to find a resting-place aboard them. They were so jammed on the decks and between decks that there was no space for them to lie down or even sit down; and so they stood in their places while the ships lay in harbor and after they steamed out of the harbor and until they came to where they were going. They slept standing up, for there was no room to lie down, and they had nothing to eat or drink; and by the grace of God the sea was calm and the days and nights were warm; for if the weather had been otherwise, these people would have died like flies in an autumn frost.

Let us further suppose that since all of the other cities along the American coast had been seized by the revolutionists, the ships bearing all the residents of New Haven stood straight out to sea for a matter of two or three days, and finally arrived at the small and isolated Bermuda Islands. And let us finally suppose that these one hundred and fifty thousand people, more or less, were set down in Bermuda, where there was no work and no escape and little accommodation for them, and that they dwelt there in tents and in holes in the ground and in huts and in old barracks—millionaires and bankers and Yale students and factory workers and society leaders—and that they lived on the bounty of the English for months and even for years: ragged and half-starved and half-clothed; educated people with no books to read; wealthy people with no means of recovering their lost wealth; skilled workmen with no work to do and no tools to work with; parents with no way of discovering the children from whom they had been separated; home-lovers parted from their homes forever.

Try all that on your supposers, if you will, and you will have a weak picture of the evacuation of the Crimea after the army of General Wrangel went on the rocks in November of 1920, and a faint idea of the reasons why the Russian refugees in Constantinople are the most out-of-luck individuals that have ever been frowned on by Fortune.

The Crimea hangs down into the Black Sea like a lop-sided knapsack dangling from one strap. It is a beautiful country, with rolling meadow-lands sloping down to the water's edge and tumbling mountain ranges in the background. The ground is rich and black and fertile; and in the spring and summer and autumn the fields are ablaze with flowers and alive with song-birds and wild fowl of every description. The czar had a summer palace in the Crimea, and it was a favorite resort for wealthy Russians from the north. After the Bolsheviks placed violent and bloody hands upon the helm of the Russian ship of state, many refugees, fleeing south from Petrograd and Moscow, found their way to the Crimea. Then came the Odessa evacuations, which sent a few more refugees over to the Crimea's apparent isolation and safety; and a little later Denikine was smashed at Novorossisk, and the Crimea was again the goal of many refugees who had trusted vainly in the protection of Denikine's army. The entire Black Sea coast of Russia, with the exception of the down-hanging peninsula of the Crimea, was in the hands of the Bolsheviks.

When, therefore, General Wrangel, backed by the French, started his reorganization of the anti-Bolshevik forces after the Denikine disaster with the intention of launching a new campaign against the Soviet armies, he had practically no choice except to start from the Crimea.

The Crimea is joined to the mainland by a comparatively

A shipload of Wrangel's refugees lying in the Golden Horn after the evacuation of the Crimea.

Courtesy of American Red Cross

Some of Wrangel's refugees just after being landed at Gallipoli.

narrow neck; and across the neck there is only one line of railroad, and for that matter only one good carriage road as well. The rest of the neck is made up of tide-marshes which can not be crossed in the spring or summer or autumn. Consequently a small force of men can hold the neck, under ordinary circumstances, against the attacks of a much larger force operating on the mainland. Wrangel, who is a brave man and an ardent patriot, but very much inclined to allow actual conditions to be somewhat fogged and distorted by his own desires, seemed to have implicit confidence in his powers to maintain a base in the Crimea and, with a force of between fifty and sixty thousand men, force his way up into Russia in spite of a Bolshevik army of about two million men, and ultimately become master of Russia. His confident hopes, strangely, were shared by most of the Russian refugees in Europe and by many European military experts who should have known better.

When the Bolsheviks ceased their military operations against the Poles late in the summer of 1920, and consequently released their best divisions for service against Wrangel in the south, the American relief organizations in Constantinople began to visualize Wrangel's finish with great distinctness. "In January or February," they said to each other, "the marshes will freeze in the Crimea and the Bolsheviks will come across them and cut in on Wrangel's flank. Wrangel will get it in the neck and we will get a flood of refugees in approximately the same place." And so the relief organizations, in spite of the optimism with which Wrangel's venture seemed to be regarded in the outside world, slowly began to prepare for the arrival of more refugees in January or February. Their arrival, it might be added, was not looked forward to with any pleasurable

anticipation; for Constantinople, being practically the only outlet from the entire Near East, was already overcrowded with refugees from former evacuations of Russia, to say nothing of refugees from Armenia, from the interior of Turkey, from Thrace and from Georgia.

And then, early in November, the Crimea witnessed a combination of events that left the oldest inhabitants wagging their beards helplessly and declaring weakly—after the manner of amateur weather-prophets—that it couldn't be true because nothing like it had ever happened before. A series of extremely low tides practically drained the tide-marshes of the neck which joined the Crimea to the mainland, and at the same time a violent cold-snap froze the marshes solidly. The Bolsheviks at once poured men and guns across the frozen marshes and caught Wrangel's forces in the flank. They were forced to retreat at top speed; and so, at the beginning of November instead of in January or February, the ports of the Crimea were filled with their normal inhabitants, plus the refugees who had fled from the Bolsheviks in preceding months and years, and also plus the men of Wrangel's army; and all of them in turn were filled with a passionate and poignant longing to get away from Russia before the Bolsheviks got to them. By far the largest number of people were in Sebastopol, but there were also several thousand in the smaller ports of Eupatoria, Yalta, Theodosia and Kertsch. There were ships of the old Russian navy in these ports, and Russian merchant ships and tramp steamers, and Allied cruisers and destroyers, to say nothing of a strange collection of marine relics and monstrosities which were better fitted for junk-piles than for the transporting of human freight across the Black Sea. In all there were one hundred and eleven

ships, not counting rowboats and craft under one hundred tons burthen; and the number of people who crowded aboard them was not less than one hundred and thirty thousand and not more than one hundred and seventy thousand. None of the ships, owing to the exigencies of the occasion, paused to print passenger lists; and the exact number of people who came out in the Crimea evacuation will never be accurately known. General Wrangel informed me with great positiveness that the number was one hundred and seventy thousand. The figures of the American Red Cross show that one hundred and thirty thousand came out.

At any rate, there were at least one hundred and thirty thousand of them, men, women and children; and on most of the ships they were so squeezed and jammed together that during the forty-eight hours and more of the journey from the Crimea to Constantinople—for some of the ships were fairly fast, and some were slow, and some had so little coal that they could only get a few miles from land and then shriek for a tow—the refugees slept standing in their places. It was as though, as I have said before, the entire population of a fairly large American city had been suddenly shoved aboard ships and transported a great distance. The ordinary functions of life went on for them as they would have proceeded ashore; and men and women and children died, and children were born, as demanded by the agencies which provide every city with a daily death rate and a daily birth rate.

Practically none of these refugees had gone aboard the ships with any belongings whatever in addition to the clothes in which they stood, though some still had a few of their family jewels remaining. They had stood for endless hours at the docks in the Crimea waiting to board the ships,

so that they had no food; nor had the ships been stocked with enough food or water to supply their passengers. It is at this point that readers would do well to stop for a moment in order to contemplate the circumstances of these refugees: without money, without any personal belongings except the clothes in which they stood, without food, without knowledge of the language of the country in which they found themselves, without any one to whom to turn for assistance, without a country, and without resources of any sort. They may have been said to be the champion Withouters; for it has never been my lot to see or to hear of any large mass of people that was without as much as these people were without.

It is a difficult matter to imagine the conditions which existed on these ships when they arrived at Constantinople. There was one Russian battleship that brought in, according to reliable estimates, ten thousand refugees. The relief workers who went out and boarded this ship stated that her decks were so jammed with people that one had to spend an entire day in worming his way from bow to stern. There were many wounded soldiers on the ships, and the usual number of sick persons that one might expect to find in a city.

Here, for example, is one typical case out of thousands. Captain Constantine Pramberger of the Kaksholm regiment —an Imperial Guards outfit—was trapped at night near the Crimean town of Melytopol by Bolshevik cavalry. His outfit was badly cut up, and he was captured. The Bolsheviks stripped him and fired three bullets into him, for they were too busy to carry prisoners. (In 1919, by the way, the Bolsheviks killed his father and his two brothers, who were twenty-one and twenty-four years old.) One of the bullets

smashed the bones in his right hand: the other two merely made flesh wounds. He got some clothes from a dead man and worked down to Sebastopol in time to get aboard the ship which took out the ten thousand. He stood for three days without sleep and without medical attention before he reached Constantinople. He was a very fine pianist, and now he can never play again, for the smashed bones in his right hand have failed to heal properly through lack of attention. I spent some time with him in the refugee camp at Mekri Keoi, just outside the walls of Constantinople. He is teaching English to a class of sixty-three refugees, and he speaks five languages fluently; but his only worldly possession is the suit of clothes which he took from the dead man near Melytopol. His case is so commonplace that no refugee would consider it worthy of mention. The ships were full of such cases.

One of the greatest difficulties with which a person has to contend in picking up information on the Constantinople refugees lies in the inability of the refugees themselves to see anything remarkable in the most hair-raising experiences. All of them have been through so much that it is only the commonplace that seems to arouse their interest. Tell a refugee that another refugee has just arrived from the Caspian after running a fifty-mile foot-race with a lion and biting two sharks to death, and he will merely yawn and ask languidly what the prospects are for dinner.

Jules Verne wrote a novel called *Michael Strogoff,* or *The Courier of the Czar.* It was a book full of fierce and thrilling adventures in the wilds of Russia and Siberia; and after timid maidens of the early eighties had followed Michael's adventures for a few chapters with bulging eyes, they usually felt obliged to shut themselves up in a dark

closet for several hours in order to still the mad fluttering of their hearts. There was a time when I used to consider Michael's adventures to be genuine literary beef, iron and wine; and after some experience with Russian refugees, I got the book and read it again. I then discovered that Mr. Strogoff's trials and tribulations, as compared with the troubles of the average refugee, were about as thrilling as those of the hero of an Arnold Bennett novel, whose life-climax arrives when his wife leaves the room and forgets to shut the door behind her.

Close questioning is frequently needed in order to force hardened refugees to reveal the details of an occurrence which seems to them quite dull and featureless. At a refugee center in Constantinople one morning somebody remarked that Gantzimouroff had entirely recovered and hoped to start back soon. The remark seemed to have possibilities, so I asked who Gantzimouroff was. Somebody replied that he was a prince.

"Anything unusual about his story?" I asked.

No, they didn't think so. He had merely been a little hurt, and was thinking of going back.

Well, how had he been hurt? In a fight, or how?

No, not in a fight; on his way down from the Crimea the boom had cracked his head open.

What boom was that?

Why, the boom on the little boat that he had come from the Crimea in.

Oh, he came in a little boat, did he?

Yes, he drifted around for three weeks and then the Rumanians put him in jail.

Ah! In jail! Well; this man seems to have had a frightfully dull trip of it: absolutely uneventful, so to speak; but

since there's nothing else to do, suppose you tell me his featureless case in detail.

And this was the way of it:

Prince Gantzimouroff is a prince of the greatest family in Mongolia. The Gantzimouroff estates in Mongolia are nearly as large as some European nations. He is a direct descendant of Tamerlane; and the one possession that has survived his wanderings is the ancient seal ring of Tamerlane himself. He is the genuine article as a prince and as a fighter as well. He was badly wounded at the siege of Port Arthur, where he received that coveted reward for valor, the Officer's Cross of St. George; and as a result of his wounds he was paralyzed for many months. In the Great War he fought on the German front; and after Russia went Bolshevik he fought first in Denikine's Volunteer Army and then in Wrangel's Volunteer Army. When he got down to Sebastopol and had seen to getting his troops aboard ships, he found that the ships were so crowded that there seemed to be no corner into which he could squeeze. So he and six other officers hunted around until they found a thirty-five foot caricature of a yacht. Her sails had rotted to pieces; and from the magnificent size of the barnacles on her, she was built around the time that Columbus demonstrated the egg trick before the Queen of Spain. They got some provisions aboard her and attached her to the stern of a refugee steamer with the safest-looking hawser that they could find. And when they were a few hours out to sea, the hawser parted. They had neither oars nor sails; so the six of them removed all but the absolutely essential portions of their garments, ripped them to pieces and sewed them together again in the form of a sail. Almost immediately they ran into a squall, and the prince got his head in

front of the boom at an inauspicious moment, with the result that it cracked his head open and knocked him out. It also knocked out several of his teeth. Twice they narrowly escaped being driven ashore in Soviet Russia. Finally, after three weeks of aimless cruising, they struck land. Not knowing where they were, they hunted for some one to tell them; and the person whom they found, after informing them that they were in Rumania, notified the military authorities and had them arrested. Rumania was at war with Soviet Russia; and the prince and his comrades, after their unpleasant experiences, looked like the most virulent of nihilists. Consequently they were kept in jail for a month, at the end of which time they established their identity and were released. They at once went back to their yacht, which nobody had considered worth stealing—and a thing has got to be pretty worthless not to be considered worth stealing in Rumania. In their old home they continued down the Black Sea, and after a quiet journey they reached Constantinople. The prince, being penniless, hunted a job, but wasn't successful. He finally announced that if he had to choose between taking a chance on starving to death in Constantinople and running the risk of being killed by the Bolsheviks, he preferred the latter since it also gave him a chance to fight. So he was preparing to go back to a Black Sea port in Soviet Russia and attempt to dodge Bolsheviks with enough success to work up across Russia to Siberia, and then down to Urga in Mongolia where the Gantzimouroff estates begin.

At any rate, when the first of the refugee ships slipped down the Bosphorus on the fifteenth of November and dropped their mud-hooks under the ancient walls and the towering minarets of Constantinople, they were loaded with

a miserable mass of humanity. Nobody was ready for them; nothing was prepared for them. When the first ships appeared, the general estimate of the total number of refugees that would arrive from the Crimea was forty thousand—or less than one-third of the number that actually did arrive. This shows the lack of information that existed concerning the evacuation.

The first persons to get out to the ships were the Levantine boatmen and traders—the people of the mongrel Mediterranean nationalities who live by sharp practises and shady dealing. Practically all of them, the Russians said, were Greeks. The refugees were very hungry and half crazy with thirst; and these Levantine rats, to the everlasting disgrace of the nationalities to which they belonged, threw ropes up to them and sold them bottles of water and loaves of bread for wedding rings and fur coats. When pay was slow in coming, they disported themselves with the refugees, pretending to tie loaves to the dangling ropes, and laughing merrily when the refugees clawed at them. A number of refugees told me about this fascinating exhibition of courtliness and hospitality on the part of the Levantines, and some of them were so stirred by the recollection that they wept with rage at the mere telling of it. None of the people who indulged in these gentle pleasantries were Turks. And I might add at this point that a vast deal of misinformation has been absorbed in the last few decades by Europeans and Americans as to the relative barbarousness of Turks, Greeks, Armenians and other residents of the Near East. The Turk may be terrible, as advertised by various long-dead poets; but when his next-door neighbor is blessed with equal opportunities for terribleness, he makes the Turk look like an awkward amateur or—as they say in Boston—

a tin-horn sport. And it might also be well to add that the differences between the Turk and the Greek and the Turk and the Armenian are seldom religious differences; they are almost invariably political. This statement, although it does not agree with the persistent propaganda disseminated by those industrious political agencies, the Greek and Armenian churches, is nevertheless true.

The relief organizations, however, got under way with great rapidity. The American Red Cross, from the very first, did exceptionally fine work among the refugees, and in such a way that the Russians in the camps and the Russians in Constantinople and the Russians in all the other cities of Europe express their gratitude to the American Red Cross and the American people with unusual feeling and sincerity.* The French High Commission notified all the Constantinople relief organizations that the French would assume the responsibility for the relief of the refugees and requested that the work of all the organizations be carried on through the French. The British had taken charge of Denikine's refugees from Novorossisk; and since the French had backed and recognized Wrangel, it was felt that

*_The London Times,_ on November 3, 1921, printed the following statement:

"We have received a copy of an appeal signed by Lady Rumbold (wife of the British High Commissioner in Constantinople), Mrs. Bristol (wife of the American High Commissioner), Vice-Admiral Tyrwhitt, and others on behalf of the Russian refugees at Constantinople, whose condition is now critical.

"'Until October 20,000 persons, mostly invalids, women, and children, were kept alive by the French and by the American Red Cross. That help has been withdrawn, and a number of refugees are dying of starvation. In Constantinople itself it is impossible to provide work for the refugees, and visas to other countries are refused.

"'Help from private generosity is earnestly requested. Both food and clothing are necessary. The Allied authorities are deeply concerned by the problem, which adds seriously to their many difficulties. The appeal states:—"We earnestly beg that every one who can spare even the smallest sum will immediately send a donation by cheque or otherwise to the Constantinople Relief Fund for Russian Refugees, care of Imperial Ottoman Bank, Constantinople."'"

they should look after his evacuation. The size of these Russian evacuations have made it imperative that they be closely supervised and controlled; for they have been very similar to the great migrations of early days which so frequently altered the map of Europe and changed the destinies of nations. If allowed to follow their natural course, they would unquestionably have resulted in guerrilla warfare of a particularly virulent sort, and in the complete upset of the Near-Eastern schemes which have been so carefully thought out and so delicately nursed by sundry European nations. So the French took over the Wrangel evacuation, and they found themselves with a tremendous and expensive job on their hands. Considering the difficulties which confronted them, they did a very good job indeed; but they unfortunately did it in such a manner that they antagonized the Russians almost beyond endurance. They constantly reminded the Russians of the help which was being given to them, and they constantly threatened to withdraw that help entirely. I was in Constantinople late in March, 1921, and the French at that time had issued official statements declaring that on the first of April they would cease feeding the Russians. Since there was no one else in a position to do it, the only inference to be drawn from these statements was that the Russians were to be allowed to starve to death. This naturally excites the Russians. I will explain this matter more fully in another place.

The refugee ships poured into the Bosphorus in such numbers that the French organization, at the beginning, was unable to handle the situation. Until it could do so, the American Red Cross did some very efficient work. In one instance it placed two thousand rations aboard a ship in twenty minutes after being notified of the ship's arrival. Within a very short time it distributed one hundred thou-

sand rations to the different ships; and it was constantly busy supplying all of them with water. The American people have every reason to be proud of the American Red Cross for the relief work which it did on and after the arrival of the Russian refugees in Constantinople.

A great many of the civilian refugees were brought from the Crimea on American, British and French war-ships. These refugees were landed in Constantinople immediately on arrival and were taken care of by various Russian organizations, assisted by the American Red Cross and some other American relief organizations.

The bulk of refugees, however, came down aboard Russian ships; and these ships were kept lying in the Bosphorus until the French decided what to do with them. Eventually they were distributed in the following way:

Wrangel's first army corps, consisting of twenty-six thousand men, was sent down to Gallipoli, a twelve-hour boat ride from Constantinople, and installed in a regular military camp. The men lived in large tents, ninety men to a tent. They received a daily ration from the French which was theoretically equal to the ration received by French soldiers in the field. The ration which they actually received was only two-thirds of that. The men were regularly drilled, and excellent discipline was maintained. Generally speaking, the men at Gallipoli were as well off as they would have been if they were still in the field. Near the military camp there was a civil refugee camp where there were two thousand more refugees. The American Red Cross gave these refugees a supplementary daily ration in addition to the French ration, and supplied them with necessary clothes. There were three hospitals for the Gallipoli camp and all of them were adequately supplied with medicines and instru-

ments by the American Red Cross. They were overcrowded, however; and out of over six hundred fifty cases in them in March, 1921, three hundred were typhus cases.

Almost straight out from the Dardanelles in the Ægean Sea, about twenty hours from Constantinople, is the large Island of Lemnos. Like so many of the isles of Greece, which sundry poets have misrepresented to the world at large as being miniature Paradises, Lemnos is a barren, wind-swept, sterile and wholly undesirable parcel of real estate. If one hunted assiduously, one might possibly find a worse place for a refugee camp or for any other sort of camp, but I doubt it. It was made, however, the site of the camp of seven thousand Cossacks of the Don corps of Wrangel's army, of ten thousand Cossacks of the Kuban corps, and of two thousand civilians, men, women and children, from both the Don and the Kuban regions. The entire crowd was lodged in small circular tents which are supposed to hold ten persons apiece, but into each of which sixteen persons were actually crowded. They were miserably underfed, because they got only two-thirds of a French soldier's ration, whereas the exposed situation of the camp is such that they should have had more food in order to resist the weather conditions. All of the camp's water was distilled from sea water. There isn't a scrap of fuel on the island; and barely enough was brought to them on barges to enable them to cook one meal a day. The camp had two field hospitals, both of which were unheated; and both of them were amply provided with medicines and instruments furnished by the American Red Cross. In March, 1921, there were fourteen hundred patients in these two hospitals. The two thousand civilian refugees received from the American Red Cross a daily ration in addition to the insufficient one furnished by

the French. The discipline among the Lemnos troops was not good, though they were still saluting their officers. There had been a considerable amount of Bolshevik agitation among them. By March, forty-two Bolsheviks had been deported, and six hundred soldiers had been isolated from the others as a result of Bolshevik tendencies. Feeling against the French was running very high; for every refugee on Lemnos had heard of the repeated official French threats to stop feeding all refugees, and all of them were half frantic with fear that they would be abandoned on Lemnos to starve, just as the pariah dogs of Constantinople were abandoned and starved to death on Dog Island in the Sea of Marmora a few years ago.

Some twenty-five miles north of Constantinople is the town of Tchataldja, which was the limit of the advance of the Balkan allies against the Turks in the second Balkan War. To camps in and near Tchataldja the French sent the bulk of the remainder of Wrangel's troops—a matter of ten thousand men, practically all Don Cossacks with a scattering of civilian refugees. From the beginning the conditions in the Tchataldja camps were, to put it bluntly, a mess. In some sections of the camp the men lived in dark and leaking cowsheds with mud floors—and Constantinople in the late winter and early spring gets enough rain to supply the world with mud. In other sections there weren't enough tents to go around, so that soldiers and civilians too were obliged to dig themselves shelters in the ground and hive into them like animals. Food in March, 1921, was not being brought up regularly; and when it was brought up, it wasn't brought up in sufficient quantities. Every one was constantly hungry and cold because of lack of food and lack of clothing. Very bad discipline and morale existed among

the troops. Several hundred had elected to go back to Soviet Russia, not because they had gone Bolshevik, but because the Bolsheviks seemed to them more preferable than the camps. About sixteen hundred refugees left the Sandjak section of the Tchataldja camps for Soviet Russia under the influence of Bolshevik propaganda. Fights broke out at these camps between the refugees and the French troops. One of the reasons seems to have been that the French set negro troops to guard the refugee enclosures; and the intelligence of these troops is such that they regard any one behind barbed wire as some sort of criminal. Then, too, the refugees were constantly trying to break camp and tramp north to Bulgaria. For these and other reasons the French, in March, were preparing to transfer the Tchataldja refugees to the Island of Lemnos; and the refugees were protesting bitterly against the transfer, since they felt sure they would be marooned on Lemnos and left there to die.

The Jugo-Slav government was approached by the French and urged to take some of the refugees. Serbia and the rest of Jugo-Slavia already had a great many refugees from past evacuations; but since great numbers of her educated people had been killed in the Balkan Wars and the Great War, Serbia replied that she would be glad to take a few more thousand if they were of the intelligentsia class. The Jugo-Slavs and the Russians get along pretty well together; for they are both Slav peoples. The two languages are not exactly the same; but a Jugo-Slav can make shift to understand a Russian, and vice versa, just as a Texas rancher is able to get the general drift of a Scotch highlander if he talks slowly and confines himself to simple gestures. So eighteen thousand of the refugees were shipped down past Greece and up the Adriatic to Cattaro on

the Dalmatian coast, where disease broke out on the ships and a very unpleasant time was had by all. The American Red Cross again did some effective and efficient work at Cattaro, and by the end of March all of the eighteen thousand had been distributed through Jugo-Slavia.

Some of the most celebrated professors in the universities of Russia have fled from Soviet jurisdiction, and the Jugo-Slav universities were enriched by such educational giants as Spektorsky, head of Kieff University, who is now at Belgrad; Maklezoff, professor of the Criminal Code in Kharkov University, now at Belgrad; Laskareff, professor of geology at Odessa University, now at Zagreb; Sirrotinin, professor of pathology at Moscow University, now at Belgrad; and Wagner, professor of zoology at Kieff, now at Belgrad. Grimm, the former head of Petrograd University; Medvedieff, professor of biology in Odessa University; Zavialoff, professor of zoology in Odessa, and many other well-known educators are now in the University of Sofia; for Bulgaria also took about three thousand of the Wrangel refugees. American parlor Bolsheviks will please take note that even such desirable and valuable citizens as university professors find life intolerable under Bolshevik rule; and they may also rest assured that in spite of their sympathy for the Bolshevik cause, they—under Bolshevism—would be among the first refugees to dodge it.

Finally, about six thousand refugees were sent to the town of Bizerta, which is on the north coast of Africa just south of the island of Sardinia.

The remainder of the refugees, numbering between forty and sixty thousand, spilled into the city of Constantinople or into camps on the outskirts of the city. There is no way of discovering the exact number of Russian refugees in

Constantinople, for no system of refugee registration has begun to give the number with any degree of reliability. While the refugee ships lay at anchor in the Bosphorus, thousands of them, unwilling to endure the hardships and uncertainty of further travel, bribed boatmen with their last piece of jewelry or with a fur coat or with some last treasured possession to set them ashore. They slid down ropes from the large ships into smaller vessels: they even swam ashore at night in some cases. After the camps had been established, furthermore, large numbers of them—soldiers, for the most part—broke camp and sneaked into the city. As can readily be understood, the soldiers who defied the discipline of the ships and the camps were the least desirable type. The civilian refugees, however, are of all sorts, from princes of very ancient and honorable families to the sorry rascals who pretend to positions and titles which they never had in the hope that by such pretense they may be able to exist without working.

Constantinople reminds me, in general shape, of a giant mitten. Past the ends of the thumb-portion and the finger-portion of the mitten flows the narrow Bosphorus, running swiftly out of the Black Sea in a channel no wider than many large American rivers—the channel through which passes all the wealth of the Orient in its journey to the Western World. The finger-portion of the mitten is the old Imperial city of Constantine and the Byzantine Empire, and the Stamboul of the Turks. Marching along its ridge are the mighty mosques of Saint Sophia and the sultans, bulking proudly above the solid masses of shops and bazaars and palaces and crowded wooden dwellings which comprise the ancient city. It is these mosques, pale pink and gold in the early morning haze, gray in the hot light of noon and soft

lavender as the sun goes down, which makes the sky-line of Stamboul a spectacle more striking than that of any other city in the world with the single exception of lower New York.

Across from the finger-portion of the mitten lies the thumb-portion, which is Galata along the water's edge and Pera in the higher portions. In Galata and Pera live the Greeks and the Armenians, the Americans and British and French, and all the other nationalities regarded by the Turks as foreigners. Pera swells up abruptly and proudly from the frowzy money-changing shops and cheap stores and red-light districts and water-front activities of Galata; and her slopes and hilltops are closely covered with modern stone office buildings and shops and apartment-houses and dwellings.

Between the thumb-portion and the finger-portion of the mitten, running at right angles out of the Bosphorus, is the Golden Horn, crowded with shipping and crossed by the Galata Bridge, across which surges the motliest throng of people that ever mottled, as one might say, a single city. Whatever nationality you may seek can be found on the Galata Bridge on any day in any year: men from the Far North and the Far South, from the Far East and the Far West, and from all the countries between: Poles, Czechs, Rumanians, Albanians, Montenegrins, Algerians, Persians, Arabs, Tartars, Mongols, Cossacks of all the fifty-seven varieties: Finns and Chinamen; Americans and Hottentots; kilted Scotchmen and wilted Peruvians—representatives of any country that may suit your fancy.

Everywhere throughout this huge city, so magnificent from a distance and so squalid when you are in it—this city that would be the greatest city in the world if it were under

the American or the British flag—there are Russians. In Stamboul and Galata and Pera, on Galata Bridge and on the ships in the harbor, one's eye constantly meets with Russian uniforms and one's ear constantly catches the harsh sibilants of the Russian language. Scattered through Stamboul and Pera there are feeding stations where they come daily by thousands and get the food which they can neither buy nor earn. The precipitous street which leads from the Galata Bridge up to the Grand Rue de Pera is filled with Russian-bloused gentry who offer you Russian money at prices that make an American wonder whether this talk of a paper shortage isn't all piffle: one is offered, for example, ten thousand Denikine roubles for six Turkish piastres, or the equivalent of four cents. One million Denikine or Wrangel roubles—take your pick: they're equally rotten—were quoted to me at ten Turkish pounds, or about seven dollars, the last time I walked up that steep and narrow way; and from what I knew of Constantinople salesmen, I think I could have beaten them down to about three dollars and thirty cents if I'd had time to waste on bargaining or had needed the roubles to make paper-vests or something. There are Russian restaurants, Russian newspapers, Russian tea-shops, Russian gambling-houses, Russian dance-halls and Russian shops of every description. Some shops drive a thriving trade in good Russian vodka and fair Russian vodka and Russian vodka of the sort that would dissolve a life-size marble statue of the Dying Gladiator in twelve minutes, or peel the hide from a very old and very tough elephant. The main streets of Pera are sprinkled with shop- and window-signs in the odd and deformed-looking Russian letters. There are Russians selling flowers and toys on street corners; there are admirals opening the doors of

buildings to callers; there are army officers taking the hats and coats of patrons in restaurants; there are princesses and the wives of former millionaires waiting on table—well, let us have a few specific instances:

Admiral Ponamareff has a wife and two daughters. He was fortunate enough to get a job as night watchman with the American Black Sea Steamship Company, which put him to work watching the company's ships when they tied up to the docks in the Golden Horn. He was with Admiral Rojestvensky at the disastrous Russian defeat in the battle of Tsushima Straits during the Russian-Japanese War. During that battle he saved three hundred and fifty men from the sinking cruiser *Oural,* and got his own ship away in safety. He escaped the Japanese by entirely altering the appearance of his ship, and eventually reached Madagascar. For his action in the battle he received the highest honors which the Russian government could bestow. At the time of the Messina earthquake he was in command of the Russian cruiser *Admiral Makaroff,* and reached the scene of the disaster ahead of all other war-ships. He saved ten hundred and fifty men, women and children and rushed them to Naples, where he came down with typhoid fever. After that he became commandant of Cronstadt fortress; and when the war broke out he was chief of the naval guard at Peterhoff and Tsarskoe Selo—a pretty good record for a night watchman, all things considered. The American who is at the head of the American Black Sea Steamship Company in Constantinople went down to the docks one day and got an earful of the admiral's experiences. Having heard it, he summoned a stenographer and dictated a long cable to the Italian government. As a result of this message, the Italian government has given to Admiral Ponamareff

and to his heirs and assigns forever a house and a piece of land at Messina, and they have further provided him and his family with free transportation to Messina; so the admiral has nothing more to worry about except the chances of another Messina earthquake.

At the crowded corner where the Rue des Petit Champs runs out of the Grand Rue de Pera and around to the American embassy and the Pera Palace Hotel stands a flower-seller named Mandrika. He is in the uniform of a Russian officer because he has nothing else to wear; and on his tunic are the ribbons of various orders and campaigns. He comes from Petrograd, where he was very well known indeed; for he was not only an officer in that excellent regiment, His Majesty's Own Guard Rifles, but he was aide de camp and *general á là suite* to the czar himself. The flower business, he says, is wretched; but a wretched flower business is better than begging.

The Russian embassy, which is a large building on the Grand Rue de Pera, has been partly turned into a three-hundred-bed hospital, equipped throughout by the American Red Cross. The food for the patients of the hospital is prepared in a kitchen in the embassy basement; and the chief cook of this kitchen and his staff of ten men are all Guards officers. Another section of the Russian embassy has for its janitor General Kontemikoff, commander of a division in the Great War, and late *maréchal de noblesse* of the District of the Don. This latter job can't be translated into English with any exactness; but, if my understanding is correct, it is a sort of cross between the president of a State Senate and a presidentially-appointed cotillion leader.

The editor and publisher of the largest afternoon paper in Sebastopol is jealously guarding his newly-acquired job

as hall-porter in a Pera office building. In the stables of British Headquarters there are five Russian officers who have been employed as grooms. The chauffeur of the United States military attaché was a captain in the air service of the old Russian army, and shot down six enemy planes. The kitchen of the Russian hospital at Harbie is run by two Cossack officers, General Bobrikoff and General Beilibin. At the head of the laundry of this hospital is another general; while a Princess Galitzin is one of the laundresses. There are very many Princess Galitzins in Europe just now. The Princess Galitzin who is the laundress is the one whose brother was an officer in the First Cavalry Guard Regiment and aide de camp to Grand Duke Nicholas.

In the same outfit with Princess Galitzin's brother was Baron Wolff, also an officer of the First Cavalry Guard Regiment. I ran into the baron in the American embassy one morning. He was a tall pleasant man with a rather worried look, for which he could scarcely be blamed. His clothes were very sloppy-looking, and had been given to him by a Swede sailor. The baron, in addition to being an aide de camp to the Grand Duke Nicholas, was one of the grand duke's closest friends, and was with him constantly until he left Russia. When Denikine organized his volunteer army, the baron became an officer in it; and when the army broke before the Bolsheviks and was evacuated to Constantinople, he hunted around until he got a place as seaman on a Russian barge. He had saved a few belongings, and these he had with him on the barge. One night it collided with a tramp steamer, and everything that the baron had left went to the bottom of the Black Sea. He then got a position as night watchman in the British warehouse at

Galata; but, as he explained with his worried look, he was too young and strong to be a night watchman. So he was after a job as seaman on a United States Shipping Board boat; and in order to get it, it was necessary for him to have an American visé. That was why he was calling at the American embassy.

Before the revolution, Count and Countess Tolstoy were wealthy. They live in a little cellar room in Stamboul now. The count is ill. The countess, who speaks English, French and German perfectly, supports her husband, herself and an old friend by teaching and by translating for various foreign companies in Constantinople.

Colonel Verevkin, of the Hussars of the Guards, does odd jobs in the office of the Russian Cooperative Society for one Turkish pound a day. His wife, who is an excellent needlewoman, does fine embroideries for English and American residents of Constantinople. Between the two of them they figure on being able to send their fifteen-year-old daughter to Constantinople College.

Olga Petrovora Dobrovolskaya is the widow of the minister of justice of the Russian Empire. The Bolsheviks took him as a hostage in the town of Piatigorsk, made him dig his own grave, stood him up in front of it and killed him. They also killed her son and her son-in-law. She is absolutely down and out, and exists entirely on charity.

I was driving along a street in Pera one night with two young men from the American embassy. "There's the man that wanted the telescope," said one of them, peering over at a vacant lot, "and he's got it." It seems that this man had wandered into the embassy some days previous with a tale to the effect that he had sold all his possessions for enough money to buy a telescope, and that he still lacked ten Turkish

pounds of the necessary sum. He wanted the telescope, he said, to earn his living. His story was heard without enthusiasm, because heartbreaking tales are as common in Constantinople as dandelions in America. But he was so persistent that one of the Americans finally gave him the ten pounds—"to get rid of him," as Americans usually say when they wish to becloud their soft-heartedness—and then had to fight with him to prevent him from rewarding him with a trick cane which, to quote the American, was "so dressy that a guy wouldn't be caught soused at a dervish dance with it." And here he was, giving the boobs of Constantinople a close-up at the stars for five piastres a shot. It was a great relief to the American; for he had strongly suspected that his ten Turkish pounds had been used to celebrate the Russian Easter. Later I asked about the telescope owner at the Russian embassy and found out that his name was Sirdascheff, that he had been wealthy before the revolution, and had attained some fame as an amateur astronomer, having maintained a private observatory that would have done credit to a university.

A captain in one of the best regiments of the old Russian army had hunted long and fruitlessly for a job. His wife was about to have a baby, and they had no money at all. He had collected a lot of bottles; and one afternoon when I was in the American embassy he was arranging with an embassy interpreter—who had also been an officer in a good regiment—to go with him to the chief of police to get a permit which would allow him to set up his bottles in a vacant lot and charge the Turks five piastres for a shot at them with a rock wrapped in rags.

The American Y. M. C. A. has a Russian Social Center up on the Rue Broussa, which leads off the Grand Rue de

Pera. There are schools for Russian children in this building, and a dining-room where Russians who have jobs or who have a little money left can come and get good food at more reasonable prices than are obtainable in the hotels or the Turkish or Russian restaurants—and the prices in the latter places are unusually stiff. Constantinople, with the possible exception of London, is the most expensive city in all Europe. In a way, it is the most expensive city in the world, for there are no little places around the corner, as there are in all other European cities, where one can dine cheaply if the necessity arises. One must either live expensively or very, very wretchedly; and that's another reason why the Russians in Constantinople are out of luck.

I went up to the Russian Social Center for lunch one noon; and before I went up to the dining-room, I stopped to get the young American who, with his wife, has charge of Y. M. C. A. activities. He was busy, as are most of the relief workers in Constantinople a good part of the time, in wracking his brains in an effort to find work for the constant stream of refugees who were passing before him. The last one to gain entrance to his office was an attractive young woman who seemed—and with reason—to be in the depths of despair. Her husband was ill and she had been unable to find work. They lived in a small room in Stamboul, the rent was overdue, and on the following Monday they were to be ejected. "Now what can you do about people like that?" asked the Y. M. C. A. man despairingly. "It's simply impossible to find work for that woman. They'll be thrown out on the street, and they'll sleep in hallways or in some old mosque, and God knows what will become of them." I hazarded the opinion that if she could not get a job, she'd be forced to go on the street as so many

others have been forced to do. The Y. M. C. A. man's wife shook her head sadly. "Six months ago she might have done that," said she, "but there's not much use now: there's too much competition." And that, unfortunately, is literally true, though it may sound unpleasantly cynical to the prudish.

In the dining-room one sees some snappily-dressed people—women, sometimes, with beautiful Persian lamb or sealskin coats. Usually these people are on the ragged edge. Another week or another month, if they don't get jobs, and their coats will have to be sold and they will become public charges.

One of the prettiest girls that I ever saw was rushing cabbage soup from the kitchen to the tables. She was twenty-two years old, and her hair was the color of corn-silk in early September, and her eyes were as blue as—well, any magazine editor who was handed a colored photograph of her to use on the cover of his magazine would burst into tears of gratitude. Around her neck she had a triple string of pearls about as large as buck-shot. These were the genuine articles. The young woman was the Princess Vododskaya, a Tartar princess from Turkestan; and I don't mind saying that since I have seen her, the expression "Cream of Tartar" conveys more of a picture to me than it did some time ago. She came to the Y. M. C. A. for work as soon as she reached Constantinople; for she said that she could be happier if she worked than she could be if she lived by selling her pearls. She was offered a position as dishwasher, seized it joyfully and stuck to it steadily, though she had a bad case of recurrent malaria. When the opening came, she was given a place as waitress, which she has held ever since. Her position pays her twenty-eight Turkish pounds a month, or

about twenty dollars. She gets her meals for nothing, and pays eighteen pounds a month, or about twelve dollars, for her room. She is a widow. Three months after she was married her husband was killed fighting against the Bolsheviks.

In charge of the dining-room was a slender and distinguished-looking lady about thirty-two years old. She was good-looking in a pale Russian manner; and her glossy black hair was plastered close to her head and around her ears in a style frequently affected by movie actresses when they play Russian parts. Her name was Tokareva. Her husband, who was a helpless sort of person, though awfully good at bridge and pursuing the wild boar and what-not, left the entire management of his huge estates on the River Don to her. These estates were so large—I checked this statement up with several Russians, because it sounded fishy to me, too—that one had to drive for five days to get from one end of them to another. Madame Tokareva installed all sorts of improved farming machinery and made a tremendous success of the place. That was before the Bolsheviks came. Now the estates aren't being farmed at all; and Russia's loss is counterbalanced by the fact that the Y. M. C. A. in Constantinople has a well-run dining-room.

Madame Strolovsky waits on table in the same dining-room. Her husband also had enormous estates in South Russia and was attached to the court. She and her son were evacuated by the British and placed on the Island of Lemnos. Her son was ill there for months and she cooked his meals over an open outdoor fire. Then she was transferred to Constantinople. The few personal effects which she had saved were lost in the transfer. And when she reached Constantinople, she learned that her husband was

dead. In addition to waiting on table, she gives French and English lessons, so that she may earn enough money to make sure that her son is well educated.

Russians have always been a peculiarly improvident lot of grown-up children. When they have money, they spend it without much apparent thought for the morrow; and the doctrine of I-should-worry was postulated long, long ago in Russia in the single word *"Nichevo,"* which might be translated by the phrase "What's the odds!" Tough as is the lot of the Constantinople refugees, one sees the old *Nichevo* spirit cropping out constantly. Those who have a little money left are apt to spend it freely. Many of those who have earned a little, and have nobody dependent on them, blow in their earnings with great enthusiasm. I know of no better illustration of this than the case of a dashing and debonair Russian captain, who fought on every front during the war, spent many months in Russian, English and American hospitals, and finally wound up his military career with Wrangel. He was brought up to be a fighter, and fighting is all that he knows. He got in touch with friends in America and finally secured permission from the State Department to go there. His American friends sent him several hundred dollars by way of the embassy to pay his passage. The embassy, however, refused to give him the lump sum, having had experience; but he was told that as expenses arose in connection with his trip, the money would be advanced to him. His first need was a visé which would cost ten dollars. He asked for the money, got it, and started down the street for the visé. On the way he saw, in a tailor's window, a gorgeous pair of military breeches. The price, by some fatality, was ten dollars. The breeches were truly magnificent, and he craved them. Without more ado, there-

fore, he walked into the shop and bought them. And the visé? *Nichevo*. He should worry.

So, in spite of the terrible suffering among the Russians, there is a certain amount of merrymaking as well. Then there are many Russian restaurants in which great numbers of Russians have found employment; and in these restaurants there is something doing, as our grandfathers used to say, every minute. Consequently if a young and good-looking Russian girl, or for that matter a Russian girl who is good-looking and not so young, has acquaintances aboard the American destroyers or among the many English and American business men in Constantinople, she can see some pretty lively goings-on in the venerable city of the sultans. The Russian refugees in Rome were both surprised and shocked last February when a Russian girl came over to Rome from Constantinople and expressed some contempt for Roman activities. "Rome," she said, "is like a graveyard. You ought to see Constantinople: it's the gayest place you can imagine!" The Romans, who were giving concerts and contributing old clothes for the benefit of the Russians in Constantinople, shook their heads and didn't know what to make of it. They figured that the signals must have got crossed somehow. But they hadn't. The young woman had either been working in Russian restaurants, or had a friend who had been taking her to them. And she was quite right. For those who have the money to seek it, there is more and brisker action in Constantinople of an evening than in many other European municipalities which have jazzier reputations.

The snappiest, as the phrase goes, restaurant in Constantinople is the Muscovy; and I will even go so far as to say that no city in the world can produce its like. When one

enters it, one's coat and hat are taken by a Cossack colonel in his long brown coat with crossed cartridge belts, his wrinkled high boots and his swanky silver-hilted dagger in its silver scabbard. An embassy interpreter who was a lieutenant in one of the best Guards regiments helped me a great deal in Constantinople, and he confessed that entering the Muscovy was an ordeal to which he could never accustom himself. He never knew whether to hop to attention and peel off a military salute for the colonel, or whether to ignore his uniform and rank and hand over his coat and hat.

The Muscovy's caviare and spike mackerel fresh from the Bosphorus, and the snipe and pheasant and teal and Chateaubriand, and salad with Russian dressing are the equals of any that I have ever tasted, or even heard described by Mr. Irvin S. Cobb, the distinguished *bon vivant*. This is probably due to the fact that the head of the culinary works is the chef of the late czar. The czar, by the way, seems to have had as many chefs as he did coachmen. There are at least eighty clubs in America and Europe that have, or think they have, chefs of the late czar working for them; and there are a large number of embassies, legations and private families that are suffering from the same harmless delusion. For my part, I am backing the chef of the Muscovy to be the real, blown-in-the-bottle goods or cheese, as we say in gastronomic circles.

It isn't the food, however, which makes the Muscovy unique, but the unusual brand of service which its patrons receive. I don't know what would happen to the Muscovy if it were located in New York, even though it served none of the ruby or pale-amber-colored liquids with which its Constantinople patrons love to dally; but I have an idea that there would be a pitched battle on the sidewalk in front

of it immediately after its opening between the theatrical managers on one side and the movie producers on the other. The Muscovy employs only Russians and it is the most desirable restaurant in which a Russian girl can work in Constantinople; for the patrons are almost entirely Americans and English, and the tips are always generous. Consequently every refugee in the city who is young and pretty tries to get a place as waitress there, and the restaurant has the pick of them. It not only does some very successful picking, but it gives the positions to the women who need it most. And the waitresses not only wait on table; but when they aren't hustling around after food, they sit down at the table with those on whom they are waiting and dine with them, if it so happens that they haven't had their dinner. They speak from two to five languages apiece, these young women, and without exception they had either high social standing or great wealth or both before the revolution. They are entirely devoid of airs and graces and proud haughtiness, and all of them are excellent waitresses and excellent dinner-companions as well. Three of us were in there one evening, and the young woman who waited on us and sat down with us was a granddaughter of one of Russia's prime ministers. Five American naval officers at an adjoining table were being waited on by Madame Shmeman, whose home was in Petrograd. Her husband was many times a millionaire, and was in the Finance Ministry before the revolution. He and their two children are in Constantinople now. Both of the children are ill and her husband can not find work. Madame Shmeman supports the entire family. Baroness Franc is a very charming waitress at the Muscovy. Her husband was a lieutenant in a Guards regiment. Madame Shaposnekoff is another. Her husband was a millionaire

tea merchant in Moscow. Madame Voskresemska is another who was "reech, reech as millions," but now has nothing except what her services as a waitress bring her. Another is the daughter-in-law of Countess Tolstoy. She was born Princess Mershersky. To give a list of the score and more of waitresses at the Muscovy would be futile: they are all like the foregoing.

The Muscovy has an orchestra which is conducted by the first violinst of the Petrograd opera. The pianist is a concert player whose name I couldn't get. The Americans have a trick of going up beside him and whistling their favorite tunes to him. He orchestrates them and has the whole orchestra working on them in about five minutes. One is apt to hear anything from *Home Sweet Home* to the latest rag that ends in the middle because the ensign who whistled it to the pianist couldn't remember how the last half of it went. Two singers who help to entertain the diners are Monsieur Pavolofsky of the Petrograd People's Opera and Madame Volavatz of the Petrograd Imperial Marinsky Theatre. And there is a very pretty and graceful dancer who is the daughter of General Savitzky.

The only time that there has been any trouble in the Muscovy was when some of the staff of the Soviet Trade representatives in Constantinople went there for dinner with their wives one evening, just after they arrived. A great many jewels were in evidence in the Soviet party; and one of the waitresses cracked under the strain. "Those dogs!" she sobbed. "They killed my brother and took all that we had. How *dare* they come here with those jewels—with *our* jewels!" It was quite dime-novelish; and the feelings of the other diners were so pronounced and so apparent that the Soviet representatives left early and didn't come back again.

The Muscovy is only one of many, but the others fall below it—usually far below it. These restaurants provide employment for thousands of Russians who could otherwise find nothing to do; but they hold no further interest for Russians unless they go to them as guests of Englishmen or Americans.

To see how the average Russians in or near Constantinople spend their evenings one has to trail them when they steal out at night in the tattered uniforms which they have been unable to replace, and follow them to their kennels and burrows high up under ramshackle roofs or in the corners of moldy basements. I found myself walking behind a Russian officer and his wife one evening. His overcoat was torn in back at the spot where the belt is caught against the coat; and through the rip, as he passed beneath a street lamp, one could see that he had nothing beneath his overcoat but underwear.

I found a couple of Red Cross camionettes headed out for the San Stefano refugee camp one morning, so I hopped aboard one of them and went along. I would like to seize this opportunity to do a little boosting for the work which the Red Cross has done in Constantinople. In some sections of Europe the Red Cross has had some harsh things said of it; but in Constantinople one never hears anything but the most heartfelt praise for the work which it has done. Americans, British, French and all the other nationalities of that polyglot city speak of its activities with heartfelt appreciation and gratitude. Practically all of the hospitals and refugee institutions in the city and the camps were outfitted and supplied by the American Red Cross. In all it equipped one hundred and forty-seven institutions for Constantinople refugees; and in the city proper for many

months it fed each day six thousand refugees who were destitute. Of these, fourteen hundred were women, children and invalids who required special feeding. It gave out over ten thousand men's suits, and outfitted all needy women and children. All the orphanages were equipped with Red Cross clothing. Also it installed and equipped, in a palace originally built for a sultan's daughter, a fine American hospital with a nurses' training school attached. This is something which Americans in Constantinople had been vainly trying to get for seventeen years. The deep respect and esteem with which all Americans are regarded in Constantinople is due in no small part to the work of the American Red Cross.

At any rate, the camionettes careened down the hill from Pera, across the Galata Bridge, up past the stately pile of Saint Sophia, and out through the crowded, crazy wooden houses of Stamboul to the ancient walls which for centuries made Constantinople the most impregnable city in the world. A short distance outside the walls, on the edge of the high shores of the Sea of Marmora, stands a huddle of red wooden buildings which used to be Turkish barracks. This is the Lann Camp in the town of Mekri Keoi. There is a pleasant outlook from the benches which the refugees have built on the edge of the cliffs; for through the silvery haze of the Sea of Marmora loom the blue bulks of Prinkipo and Dog Island and Bulwer's Folly, and behind them the distant snow-capped mass of Asiatic Olympus. The Lann Camp is almost entirely a camp of intelligentsia; and it is clean and trig, and as pleasant as such a camp can be. The camionette dumped me on the cliff-edge and went off about other business. There were youngsters playing on the cliff, clad in obviously American-knit sweaters. A few officers strolled

past me with aimless, vacant looks on their faces. A woman looked around from a bench and bobbed her head at me with the Russian greeting that sounds like *"Sdrasch"* to an American and means "How do you do." I told her that my Russian was bad and we spoke in German. Most of the people at Lann seemed to speak two or three languages. The camp was good, she said; but there was nothing to do: nothing at which one could work. One almost went mad from inaction and emptiness and nostalgia. There was nothing to work with—nothing. She had left Sebastopol with only the clothes on her back, and those had been torn to shreds on the trip down. She was wearing American clothes.....thanks to the Americans. She would like to call Captain Pramberger for me, and the Countess Kamarovsky; for both of them spoke English as well as Russian. I asked her about two girls on a near-by bench who were wearing American sweaters. They were perhaps fifteen years old. One was the little Princess Lilli Obolensky, whose father had been head of the Melytopol District—a temporary government under Wrangel. The other was Anna Sabouroff, the daughter of a wealthy Crimean family. She and her two smaller sisters and her mother had come out in the Wrangel evacuation and had had a bad time of it. They had nothing to their names except the clothes which the Americans had given them.

Countess Kamarovsky came and smoked a cigarette with me and shook her head over the stagnation of the refugees because of lack of occupation. Before the revolution she had big estates near Moscow, and she went through some terrible experiences in escaping—experiences which she asked me not to tell for the sake of certain relatives who still remain in Soviet Russia. She and Captain Pramberger

teach French and English to the other Lann refugees. The days, she said, seemed terribly long because there was nothing at which one could busy himself; but the evenings were worse. They seemed endless, she said.

The camionette came back and we bumped to San Stefano over the most horrible roads that exist, I think, anywhere in the world, except for roads that have recently been under shell-fire. The only automobile that seems able to negotiate Turkish roads is a certain small American automobile which receives frequent contemptuous mention from the owners of large machines, especially when one of the small ones whizzes past them in clouds of dust. Large and expensive automobiles have essayed the road to San Stefano, only to come limping home with broken springs and a general air of dejection. The camionette, however, bumped gaily onward, plunging into holes that threatened to crumble the teeth of its passengers, and crawling out again with cheery rattlings. Occasionally it left the road and cruised at large over the barren fields on either side; and eventually, squirting steam nonchalantly from every pore, it drew up with an impudent flourish in the very face of a small, brown-skinned French colonial trooper who was guarding the gate to the camp. A pass had no effect on him. The Red Cross on the camionette failed to move him. He recked not that the camionette was loaded with supplies for the refugees. He had evidently received orders that no one was to pass, and he was unable to see any reason why he should bother his head further over the matter. These French colonial troops sometimes evince traits that would make a saint burst into low and searing profanity, and France makes few friends out of any one by using them for any purpose except fighting. We finally got word to the

commandant of the camp, who ordered the gates opened at once.

San Stefano camp also lies a little back from the cliffs that rise from the Sea of Marmora, and the refugees are housed in old gray Turkish barracks. It is a barren and desolate place, and the bulk of the refugees are enlisted men of the Wrangel army, though there are many civilian families and many families of under-officers of the new volunteer Russian forces. There are few of the intelligentsia class there, and no effort whatever seems to be made, either by the French or by the refugees themselves, to keep the camp clean. The space between the barracks and the edge of the cliff, which would be a beautiful spot for the wounded and the idle to lounge, is filled with latrines and a profusion of filth; and the breezes which blow from the Sea of Marmora serve only to disseminate an evil and sickening stench through the camp. The ground was dotted with soldiers who were recovering from wounds and sicknesses, and all of the refugees were listless and aimless and dejected, with nothing to do. A good half of the camp was given over to Kalmucks who fought with Wrangel, and their families. The Kalmucks are squat, brown-skinned, slant-eyed people from the south of Russia. They are wonderful horsemen and vicious fighters, but a very low order of people indeed. The quarters in which they lived were filthy, which is putting it conservatively.

I took the stories of a score of refugees at random, and found them the same stories of panic-stricken dashes from one part of Russia to another to escape the ever-advancing march of the Bolshevik armies. Here is one of them—an amazing journey—stripped to the bones of the narrative:

Doctor Kousmitsky was the chief medical officer of the

Samara-Tashkent railway. He and his wife and his twenty-one-year-old daughter fled from their home in Orenburg when the Bolsheviks took it, with the idea of traveling to safety by rail. They reached Aktyubinsk and found that the Bolsheviks were ahead of them; so they abandoned their baggage, left the train and started toward the southwest. They covered four hundred miles, mostly on foot, though they were occasionally given rides on carts by passing peasants. When they reached the steppes of the Kirghiz, they bought a camel, paying for it with fifteen hundred Kolchak roubles, six yards of cloth and one pound of tea. They traveled about two hundred miles with the camel, taking turns riding it. When they reached the Caspian Sea they sold the camel for fifteen hundred roubles, came down the Caspian by boat, worked over the Caucasus to Rostov, and went from Rostov to Novorossisk. They left Novorossisk in the Denikine evacuation and landed in the Crimea; and then, when Wrangel smashed, they came down to Constantinople. What do we know of adventure and hardships, we people who have trains in which to travel and peaceful countrysides through which to pass?

If the Russian refugees are to continue to be refugees, their most urgent need is work to do. The people who are in closest touch with the situation say that until the different allied nations get together on the matter and see that some sort of occupation is provided, there is grave danger of anarchy among these idle and crowded thousands, and the formation of plague spots which will quickly spread beyond control. The logical and simplest remedy for the situation would be for the different Slav countries of Europe to take all the refugees and distribute them, as Jugo-Slavia has taken and distributed so many thousands. Unfortunately,

the Slav countries are in bad shape, and are controlled for the most part by inefficient, impotent and grafting governments.

Relief organizations are doing all that they can to help educate the children of the refugees. There is, for example, the Committee for the Rescue and Education of Russian Children. This committee, which is an American organization with such members as Charles W. Eliot, C. R. Crane, Admiral Bristol and Frank Polk, has bought up the libraries of individual Russians, secured houses in Constantinople and in Bulgaria to use as schools, and is educating all that it can accommodate. It has one large school overlooking the Bosphorus in Constantinople, and among the men who teach the refugee youngsters are Goguel, professor of International Law at Petrograd University; Petroff, head of the teaching staff of Smolny Institute; and Svetorzaroff, Minister of Public Instruction in the Don. Goguel teaches Latin to boys from fourteen to seventeen years of age; Petroff teaches Russian literature; and Svetorzaroff teaches Russian history to the little children. Then the American Friends to Russian Children, which has the help of the Y. M. C. A., the American Mennonites and the Near East Relief, has a school in another beautiful house overlooking the Bosphorus. The directress of this school is Nathalie Goremykine, whose father-in-law, a prime minister of Russia, was murdered by the Bolsheviks in the Caucasus.

A number of Russian girls have been taken into Constantinople College, which is a beautiful and excellent American institution for girls, high up on the shore of the Bosphorus just outside of Constantinople. Girl after girl came to me at Constantinople College and told me her story—such girls as Zidia Senutkine, daughter of Judge Nicolas Senutkine, of Poltava; Catherine Perebostchikoff, daughter

of General Michael Perebostchikoff; Princess Nathalie Schakowsky, daughter of Prince Alexis Nicolaivich Schakowsky; and Anna Maximovitch, daughter of General Paul Maximovitch of Tchernigoff. General Maximovitch is now chief gardener at Constantinople College. The stories of all of these girls were such as to cause the hair of an American mother to turn gray—if such things had happened to one of her own bairns.

I do not wish to convey the idea that the greatest amount of help which is given to Russian refugees in Constantinople is given by American organizations. The French government, up to April, 1921, was doing the most, because it was feeding the Wrangel troops and supervising their distribution. A large amount, too, was being done by a combination of Russian organizations—the Russian Red Cross, the Zemstvos and the Union of Towns. The two latter organizations were formed in Russia early in the war for the purpose of doing all sorts of war work and helping Russian soldiers. Counties elected members of the Zemstvos; towns elected members of the Towns Unions. The Constantinople organizations operating under these names are composed of people who were elected in Russia in 1919 and who came out of Russia in the Denikine evacuation. The combination of the three organizations attends to the foundation and the management of schools, libraries, hospitals, sanatoria, feeding stations and workshops for the refugees, and is helped freely by the American Red Cross and other American organizations. Four former lord mayors of Moscow are working with the Zemstvos, as well as Prince Peter Dolgoroukoff and Prince Paul Dolgoroukoff and many other Russians who used to be wealthy and great men before Russia was wrecked, but who are now penniless.

Wherever one went in Constantinople in March of 1921, one heard gloomy speculations as to the ultimate fate of the refugees. This was due to the official announcement on the part of the French that on the first of April they would cease all refugee-feeding. It was the third announcement of the sort that the French had made, and there was a general hope that they would weaken on carrying out their third threat, just as they had weakened on the other two. But the French were very insistent that they meant it. This time, they said, they would absolutely and definitely cease to provide food for the refugees. I interviewed a French official in a responsible position on the subject. Yes, he said, it was quite true. All feeding would cease on the first of April. The prospect was a most unpleasant one—thousands of Russians isolated at Gallipoli and on the Island of Lemnos and at Tchataldja with no food and no way to get food. The French official set forth the French position in the matter; and it must be said that they have some ground for their attitude. At the end of the interview I told the French official that the French couldn't afford to antagonize the world by letting the Russians starve like rats in a trap. He hedged a little. "Well," said he, "of course we'll keep on for a few days after the first of April; but after a few days all feeding will come to an end—absolutely." The French, of course, were taking this attitude because they felt that they shouldn't be forced to bear the burden of feeding alone, and wished to force the other Allies to share the burden with them. It is generally felt in Constantinople that the refugee situation should be an international affair rather than the job of any one nation, since the Russian calamity was directly brought about by the part which Imperial Russia played in supporting the Allies.

The French had, up to the end of March, spent about ten million dollars on the Wrangel evacuation. They had also taken over all the Russian ships in which the refugees were evacuated, and a large amount of Wrangel's supplies. The Russians claim that the ships pay for all the help given to the refugees, and leave the Russians with a large balance in their favor.

General Wrangel, during my stay in Constantinople, was living aboard a Russian yacht in the Bosphorus. The European newspapers report him as being in a different part of Europe every week; and every Monday, Wednesday and Friday a rumor is spread through Constantinople that he has been assassinated. When I drove down to the shore of the Bosphorus to the leading-place off which his yacht lies, my chauffeur informed me that he had been shot that morning. It merely happened to be a conversational opening in Constantinople, as is the weather in America. Wrangel was obstinately refusing to leave Constantinople; for he was afraid that if he did, his troops would be shipped to places where they shouldn't be shipped.

He is a tall, erect, slender man, a good four inches over six feet in height. He is semi-bald, and the remainder of his hair is close-cropped. He has very fierce blue eyes and a lean, deeply-lined face. He rasps out his words harshly and abruptly; and even the most pleasant remarks which he made to my interpreter sounded like stinging rebukes.

He said that he wished to convey his own thanks, as well as those of all the Crimean refugees and all the refugees in Europe, to the American people for the great and generous help which they had given to him and those who had come with him to Constantinople. He then went on to speak

Courtesy of American Red Cross

General Baron Peter Wrangel

One of Wrangel's ships coming into Constantinople. Standing on the upper deck are three generals and an admiral.

American sailors guarding the Constantinople docks to prevent the Wrangel refugees from rushing into the city.

of his army. He wished, he said, to keep it together as a fighting force because he felt sure that the summer of 1921 would see the fall of Bolshevism in Russia, and because when that time came there would be nothing to prevent Russia from crumbling into absolute anarchy unless his trained troops could be thrown into the country as a police force. If Wrangel's judgment of the situation—which he declares is based on the report of his confidential agents in Russia—is correct, his troops should unquestionably be held together. Most observers, however, believe that the Soviet government is so strongly entrenched that it will be able to hang on for a long, long time.

In addition to keeping an army nucleus, he went on, he was keeping a governmental nucleus as well; for he had organized groups of men who would be competent to step into the ruins left by the Bolsheviks, and carry on the affairs of the nation without loss of time—a parliamentary group, an educational group, commerce and trade groups and finance groups. He had organized a Russian council, in which were represented all of the political parties of old Russia with the exception of absolute monarchists and extreme Socialists. These he refused to include. He felt that he alone was maintaining the last dependable forces of great Russia, and that the civilized nations of the world, who realized the rottenness of Bolshevism, should assist him in the attempt, rather than hinder him.

The French, he said, had made three proposals in regard to his troops: that they should be shipped to South America, chiefly to Brazil and Peru; that they should be scattered through the French Foreign Legion; and that they should be sent back to Soviet Russia. He would not decide the first off-hand, because many northern people, notably the

Germans, had declared that people from the north could not stand the South American climate. As for the second, there was room for so few of his men in the French Foreign Legion that the proposition was scarcely worth considering. The third proposal—to return all his troops to Soviet Russia—he would accept if the French would permit his men to return with arms. In that case he would go at their head and they would fight their way in or die. The French said that they must go unarmed; and under no circumstances would he advise his men to do this. Wrangel's own plan, if he could not retain his men as the nucleus of a future Russian army, was, he said, gradually to send them to Serbia, Hungary and other Central European countries as bulk-labor for farming, manufacturing, railroad- and road-making and similar enterprises. He considered that the determination on the part of the French to stop feeding his people was an attempt to get other nations to relieve them of the burden. He also seemed quite sure that it was somehow connected with the establishing of trade relations between Soviet Russia and certain European nations.

From Wrangel I went to the high French official of whom I have spoken before. He started off with a long lecture on the long-standing desire on the part of Russia to gain control of Constantinople—a desire which was keen at the time of Catharine the Great—and wound up by saying that it was a very strange thing that Russia is to-day nearer to realizing her desires than at any other time in her history, inasmuch as there is a Russian army of one hundred and thirty-five thousand men under the walls of the city. He must have been speaking figuratively or something; for the army, instead of being one hundred and thirty-five thousand men was about fifty thousand men; and most of them were

marooned on a desert island and a barren peninsula instead of being under the walls. I told him that a Russian who felt elated over the nearness of these troops to Constantinople would need to have the top of his head opened with a stone-drill so that his brain could be located and examined. He looked at me with diplomatic gravity and went on to say that three thousand of the men had already returned to Soviet Russia of their own volition, and that the captain of the ship that took them back had reported that they were received with open arms by the Bolsheviks and treated to a grand carousal or Russian souse-party as a welcome home. I told him that the Russian General Staff in Constantinople had informed me on what they considered good authority that of these three thousand men, seventy-four had been shot on landing, over nine hundred had been placed in the Red Army, twelve hundred had been mobilized as Labor Battalions, about two hundred had been turned loose without any restrictions, while the remainder had been sent to their own villages and handed over to the Chesvi Chaika or Extraordinary Commissions for trial on the charge of treason. The French official denied this with a scornful laugh, and said that it was true that those who returned were told that if they misbehaved, they would be sent to the Donetz mining districts and put to work in the mines, but that they had not been otherwise threatened or molested. The reader can take his pick of the two claims: I had no means of finding out which possessed the larger trace of truth. I have a hunch, but hunches aren't reliable.

The official went on to say that Wrangel had been repeatedly warned, since his arrival in Constantinople, that the feeding would have to stop in April and that the army would have to be distributed by that time; and then he

claimed that no attention had been paid to the warning because Wrangel always hoped that the Bolsheviks would collapse on the following week. "All that they want to do," he declared passionately, "is to sit on an island and do nothing! They have thousands of excuses for not going to Brazil, and say they want to investigate before they go. Why should they? Germany at the height of her prosperity sent thousands of colonists to Brazil. Isn't that good enough for them? When there's an urgent necessity, you take the needed steps to fill the need. If the Pilgrim Fathers had demanded a previous investigation of America before they went there, they'd still be in England. The French policy here is the same as that of the United States. We recognize no Wrangel army and no Wrangel government in Constantinople. Wrangel and his army are merely refugees. They were disarmed: we are under no obligation whatever to them: our only motive in feeding them has been that of humanity. We have spent over one hundred million francs on food alone—not on their evacuation and transportation. France is poor from the war and she can not afford to continue."

I reminded him that the Russians claim that the Russian ships and supplies taken over by the French more than paid for that expenditure. He smiled scornfully. "But do you realize," he said, "the great number of millions that we spent on outfitting Wrangel for his campaign?" I hadn't made any attempt to realize it; for the French gambled on Wrangel, and I had always thought that one should accept his gambling losses without further outcry. I still think so, too.

These are the two sides of the case, somewhat sketchily drawn in. There was a third side, for which one had to go

to the Soviet Trade representative in Constantinople—a man named Koudisch. He was a tall, slender, exquisitely dressed person who affected a powerful brand of toilet powder and had a pretty taste in perfumes. I had an appointment with him at nine o'clock one morning and kept it to the minute, to show him that a person didn't have to be a Bolshevik to get up as early as half past eight and otherwise show signs of being willing to do a little work occasionally. He was in his bath, however, and kept me waiting until five minutes of ten while he prinked and powdered and scented himself. This ought to be a terrible blow to people who visualize the proletariat as hard guys with grimy hair, made-up neckties and fringes on their trousers-cuffs. If this Constantinople Bolshevik representative was as representative as his credentials claimed, one of the ear-marks of a Bolshevik leader will soon be pink-ribboned undergarments, peek-a-boo vests and spats with Mechlenburg lace ruchings.

I asked the handsome fellow about the manner in which refugees would be received if they returned from Constantinople to Soviet Russia. "I can assure you," he told me in a frank manly way, "that there will be no rancor in the minds of any Russian toward the deluded men who were merely obeying the orders of their officers. We shall welcome them back. But it will be different for the men who led them astray—the high officers who ordered them to proceed against us. Those men were traitors to Russia and they must be tried as traitors if they return." There is a great deal of leeway in the Bolshevik interpretation of what constitutes a traitor.

A few weeks after my interview with Koudisch, the Allies woke up one morning to find that Bolshevik agents

had placed bombs beneath most of Constantinople's public buildings and good hotels. Koudisch was at the bottom of it, and was ejected from the city with marked enthusiasm. He was obviously an excellent representative of Bolshevik ideas and ideals.

Meanwhile the refugees live on from day to day. Poor people! God help them—if nobody else will!

They Sometimes Come Back

MODERN GREECE is celebrated for her ancient ruins and for her unscrupulous politicians—who might with some reason be classed as modern ruins. The remains of the unrivaled temples on the Acropolis are fitting monuments to the race which produced many of the world's greatest sculptors, dramatists, poets, statesmen, philosophers and soldiers, and which ruled the known world. The unscrupulous politicians are fitting reminders of the horrible results of attempting to mix a score of races in a human melting-pot. It can't be done successfully, whether the attempt be made in Persia, Italy, South America, or North America; and those who think that it can are entitled to study history, biology and Greece, and then indulge in another think.

Our steamer from Constantinople waddled across the Sea of Marmora and out through the Dardanelles almost six years to the day after that terrible twenty-fifth of April, 1915, when the British transports spewed their human freight into the water under the barren Gallipoli cliffs, and the German and Turkish machine guns on the cliff-edge snapped out their lives in a welter of bloody foam. All around that barren point the hulks of the transports were still lying where the British beached them in the landing—

beached them and deliberately cut off all chance of retreat. The early morning sun was bright on the flat sea, a soft breeze blew out of the Ægean, the sky was silvery-blue and cloudless. It was a day to make all things look pleasant and harmless. But the silent and rusted transports, ranged in a drunken half-circle in the calm sea at the cliff's base, were the grimmest remnant of all the many grim remnants of the late war that I have seen, and the greatest monument to man's heroism.

In the London papers on every April twenty-fifth appear columns of memorial notices which read about like this: "DUBLIN FUSILIERS. In honored and grateful remembrance of the Officers and Men of the Dublin Fusiliers who won undying fame and were killed during the landing from the 'River Clyde' at V Beach, Gallipoli, 25th April, 1915. May they rest in peace. They achieved the impossible." Or, instead of the Dublin Fusiliers, it may be the King's Own Scottish Borderers or the Lancashire Fusiliers or the Essex Regiment or the Royal Fusiliers or the Hampshire Regiment..... The awful length of the columns tells an impressive but uncolored story of the horrors of the Gallipoli landing; but the merest glimpse of the shattered transports beneath the frowning cliffs and the thought of the thousands who fought their way ashore through the blood-stained water sends a sickening chill through the most hardened spine. I mention these things because Constantine was king of Greece when they happened. Constantine, King of Greece, was hindering the Allies at every step and playing the German game at every opportunity. And Constantine has come back from the exile into which the Allies drove him, and is king of Greece again.

The steamer waddled on past the barren shores of a few

of the widely-sung Isles of Greece, as bleak and bare and inhospitable-looking as the back of an enlarged whale, and crept slowly by the symmetrical white marble cone of Mount Athos, that peculiar stronghold of the Greek church where for centuries thousands of monks have existed, completely removed from the females of all species, with the sole exception of insects and birds. The monks of Mount Athos have never yet been able to issue an edict which would be obeyed by lady fleas, flies and other winged wanderers; but lady cats and dogs and horses and goats are unknown upon its silent slopes. No cow mellows the twilight with her ruminative moo; no hen roams fussily about the countryside to make the gentle hermits speculate on the reasons which lead her to cross the road. Then the steamer turned north into the Gulf of Salonika, at the northern tip of which lies the city of Salonika, northernmost of the large Greek ports, known to the ancients as Thessalonica. To the church of this ancient city St. Paul addressed his two epistles to the Thessalonians.

Now all modern Greeks, whether you find them in Constantinople, Turkey, or Lowell, Massachusetts, or London, England, or Portsmouth, New Hampshire, or Rome, Italy, are politicians first and business men or laborers afterward. And as politicians they are divided into two strict and passionate camps: they are either Royalists, shrieking wildly and deafeningly for King Constantine and cursing all the doings of a man named Venizelos with black and searing curses; or they are Venizelists, howling hysterically for Venizelos and hating King Constantine with their haters wide open and hitting, as one might say, on every cylinder. Many New England barber-shops and bootblack stands, four thousand miles removed from the front-line cafés of Greek

politics, have been wrecked during the past four years because of internecine strife between their Greek owners and patrons over the Constantine–Venizelos question. In Greece itself this political frenzy becomes so poisonous that either political party is almost willing to wreck the entire nation if by so doing it can embarrass the other party.

Venizelos is a Greek from the Island of Crete. He was prime minister of Greece during the Balkan Wars; and by cleverly and persistently advertising King Constantine, he made a national hero of him. He was strongly pro-Ally during the war. When Constantine played the traitor to the Allies, Venizelos headed a bloodless revolution and led Greece into the war on the Allies' side. He won striking victories for Greece at the Peace Conference, and showed himself thoroughly able to cope with such experienced diplomats and politicians as Lloyd-George, Clemenceau and Orlando. By his unaided efforts he built Greece from a small and insignificant country to a large and potentially wealthy country. Venizelos and a man named Trikoupes, Prime Minister of Greece off and on from 1882 to 1894, are the only two statesmen produced by the entire Greek nation in hundreds of years. Venizelos, so far as can be discovered, is to-day the one Greek in public life who possesses ideals, vision, courage and broad-mindedness.

In Salonika one gets his first glimpse of the lengths to which the Royalists of Greece will go to discredit and disregard the Venizelists.

When Venizelos was in power, he brought large numbers of Greeks from the Greek Caucasus, which is a part of Southern Russia lying over to the east of the Black Sea, back to Greece for the purpose of populating the plains of Macedonia and Thrace which had been depopulated by

the Balkan Wars and the Great War, and also for the purpose of having a Greek population in these districts to back up the claims which he might make before the Council of London. These returning Greeks, all of whom were for the most part poor farmers with their families, were landed at Salonika, placed temporarily in the barracks used by the British during the war, and distributed gradually to the farm-lands of Thrace.

These colonists started returning to Greece in July, 1920. Under the Venizelist government the scheme worked well. In November of 1920, Venizelos was defeated at the polls and King Constantine was recalled from his hideous exile in a Swiss hotel that had only sixty-five palm-trees in its dining-room and served ice-cream at only two meals a day. Immediately, in so far as it was possible to do so, all Venizelists were removed from power and all Venizelist plans were given a swift and well-aimed kick.

Since the program of bringing Greeks from the Greek Caucasus to colonize Thrace was a Venizelos program, the new Royalist crowd refused to ship them from Salonika into the interior. So, starting in November, 1920, these penniless Greek families began to back up in the camp like a dammed river. They overflowed the British barracks into a big tent camp, and they overflowed the second camp into a third. I came to Salonika in April, 1921. There were then five camps with more than twenty-six thousand persons crammed into them; and they presented one of the most shocking spectacles that I have ever seen. The meager dole of food that the Royalists were dribbling out to them each day was insufficient to support life; typhus and almost every other disease known to man were running riot through the camps; and the death rate was one hundred and eight per cent.

That is to say, the people were dying so rapidly that all of them, if things continued as they were, would be dead in less than one year's time. A short time before I arrived the death rate had been as high as one hundred and twenty-eight per cent. The Royalists left their own people to starve and rot and die in these Salonika camps; while down in Athens they poured out money in rivers on a pinchbeck king and on glittering fêtes in honor of his return and on a criminal and ruinous war in the heart of Asia Minor.

I went out through these camps on a balmy April morning with Major Hillas and Captain Van Camp of the American Red Cross, which was doing what it could to help the situation, and to force the king and his rotten government to take care of their own people. Salonika is a dirty, desolate abomination of a city, scarred by a recent devastating fire and backed by barren hills. Away to the east of it stretches a wide and wind-swept plain, sweeping back from the water's edge; and in the middle of the plain are the old wooden barracks that the British troops occupied during the war. These barracks had almost no ventilation. The window-openings were closed with coverings of tin or wood. A family of five persons was allowed a space eight feet long by five feet wide. The stench in the buildings was very bad and disease ran through them like fire through dead grass. There were no trained nurses, and only one of the few Greek doctors was of any use at all. The only sanitary arrangements that existed had literally been jammed down the camps' throats by the American Red Cross. Men weren't considered sick in the camps until they were within one day of being dead. Children with measles, scarlet fever, diphtheria and other diseases ran free through the camps. A family might eat dinner together on one day; and by din-

Courtesy of American Red Cross

Exterior of the old British barracks at Salonika.

Courtesy of American Red Cross

Greek Caucasians starving in the Salonika barracks.

Courtesy of American Red Cross

Looking across Modern Athens from the Acropolis.

ner-time of the following day the whole family might be—and frequently was—dead.

These people were Greeks, and the people responsible for their pitiful state were Greeks. It was all due to the fact that the Royalists hated the Venizelists. That fact should always be borne in mind.

Where the plain falls away to the water's edge, there were two tent camps. On the plain above the cliff there were nine hundred small conical tents with fifteen people jammed into each tent. On the beach below there were one hundred more tents. The beach camp was the receiving station, and more unfortunates were coming ashore from two steamers as we stood on the cliff's edge and looked down at them. About ninety people were standing in line. They were waiting to get water from the single water-tap that exists in the lower camp. The British installed a splendid water-supply system in these camps; but the Greeks let it go to rack and ruin. Two men walked by us with a man on a stretcher between them. He was sitting up on the stretcher with a wild glare in his eyes, moving his hands weakly. They put him down in an open sun-baked field, and he died. Just below us, at the foot of the cliff, was a white-washed shed twenty feet long and ten feet wide. Four dead men were sprawled alongside it. That morning one of the Red Cross workers had taken forty-two bodies out of it. The bodies had been slid in through the windows during the night, so that the door had been jammed shut by their weight and numbers. Three men had been required to force the door inward.

Thousands of the people in the camps had no clothes. In one tent a Red Cross worker found several women huddled under straw without any clothes at all. Their only

clothes had been destroyed in the delouser. Two girls among them had pneumonia. Five thousand people in the camps had so few clothes that they were unable to go into Salonika in the daytime. We went into the hospital of the tent camp. It had no beds. Four women were lying in blankets on the bare floor, dying. Thirty dead men and women were carried out of this hospital on the preceding day. The Greeks, implored by the American Red Cross to send more doctors, replied that their doctors were needed in Asia Minor. These are the barest and the least offensive outlines of the Salonika situation. Colonel Olds, head of the Red Cross in Europe, and a representative of the American Relief Administration visited Salonika shortly before I did. They immediately wired their organizations that conditions in these camps were a disgrace to the Greek nation and that the loss of child life in them was the greatest they had ever seen.

The conditions exist because Constantine, King of the Greeks, came back; and because his followers were given the chance to show their hatred for Venizelos and all his works.

From Salonika to Piræus, the port of Athens, is a day's trip to the south, past barren hill-slopes almost devoid of human habitations, and past mile after mile of untilled fields. The Greeks, like many other people from Southeastern Europe, seem absolutely incapable of developing their own resources. And like the rest of the incompetents of Southeastern Europe, their chief ambition in life is to rush to America, where a sturdier race of people has developed industries and a civilization that will provide them with a maximum of money in return for a minimum of enterprise. The Greek farms produce pitifully poor crops, but only because the soil lacks nitrogen and phosphates. Only once in

every four or five years does the land produce a decent crop. Doctor Hopkins of the University of Illinois studied the Greek soil and found that if the farmers would plant a certain sort of white clover and turn it under, the land would produce a one-hundred-per-cent. larger crop on the following year. Yet the Greeks won't do it. They prefer to let things happen as they have always happened. They are extreme individualists, out for themselves first and suspicious of every one else. Every Greek organization is an organization of individualists, and the members may be—and usually are—knifing one another in a week's time. Every Greek politician regards his job as a means of getting a better job, and never as an opportunity to serve his country or his constituents. These statements are sweeping; but sweeping as they are, they are true. Cooperation is almost impossible to get in Greece; and organizing ability, as we know it in America, is peculiarly rare. Greece produces a good olive oil, for example. Yet the Greeks haven't the ability to market it to advantage. They sell it to France for a small profit; and the French make a large profit by bottling it and selling it to the United States. They haven't been able to develop the grading and the marketing of their lemons and oranges. Venizelos recognized these things, and had laid plans which he hoped would remedy them—being Greece's only statesman. With Venizelos gone, the plans are discarded and forgotten, for the rest of the Greeks are only politicians.

As one sails up to Piræus, one finds it hard to believe that the small green plain directly ahead, with the insignificant-looking city huddled around the two hills in the center of it, was the Heart of the World once upon a time. The plain is the Plain of Attica, and the two hills are the Acrop-

olis and Lycabettus, and the city around them is Athens. From the people who built this city and the other great Hellenic cities, and made Greece the mistress of the world—fair-haired people who came down into Greece from the distant north—came, in the space of a few hundred years, men whose names will be great so long as books are made and people exist to read them—names familiar to every high-school boy: such names as Sophocles, Euripides, Eschylus, Aristophanes, Phidias, Praxiteles, Aristotle, Plato, Hippocrates, Pythagoras, Socrates, Demosthenes, Heraclitus, Empedocles, Democritus, Anaxagoras, Anacreon, Sappho and a host of others. And when Greece had become great through the greatness of her soldiers and statesmen and scientists and dramatists, and her cities had become rich and powerful and great industrial centers, she was flooded with immigrants and slaves. In the days of Philip of Macedon, when Greece had passed the crest of her glory, and was on the edge of dissolution, the population of Athens in round numbers consisted of twenty thousand Athenians, ten thousand aliens and four hundred thousand slaves.

It might be mentioned in passing that the last census showed that the population of Boston, sometimes known as the Athens of America, consisted of some three hundred thousand native-born Americans and some four hundred thousand aliens.

These aliens and slaves of Ancient Athens spoke the Greek tongue and they wore the Greek dress, but they were not Greeks. Citizenship was conferred on them, so that they might fight the battles of Greece. The result was inevitable. Any promiscuous crossing of breeds invariably produces mongrels, whether the crossing occurs in dogs or in humans, and whether it takes place in the Valley of the Nile or on the

Attic plain or in the shadow of Rome's seven hills or along the stern and rock-bound shores of New England. People whose trust in catch-words is greater than their common sense are fatuous enough to believe that by pouring all the races of Europe in a human melting-pot, one can keep on producing the same breed of men that founded America, laid down its scheme of government, wrenched its farms and its cities from the wilderness, and produced its scientists, statesmen, artists, pioneers, authors and explorers. It is no more possible to do this than it is to turn a yapping, snarling pile of Pekinese, Chows, pugs, Boston terriers, poodles, beagles, collies, coach-dogs, wolf-hounds and mongrels into a kennel and have them produce litters of thoroughbred setters. Both are biological impossibilities; and all the catch-words in the world dealing with melting-pots and with all men being born free and equal only serve to make Old Man Biology burst into raucous cackles of laughter and proceed stubbornly on his time-honored routine. In Mexico, Central America, South America and the Balkan States the world has excellent samples of people who have so deteriorated through cross-breeding that they are wholly incapable of self-government as Americans have known it in past years—but as they won't know it very much longer if immigration should continue in the future to anywhere near the same degree that the criminal negligence of our legislators has permitted it in the past. The pages of history are littered with the stories of great civilizations that have perished because of unrestricted immigration and the mongrelization that resulted. As a result of unrestricted immigration the Greek race, the Greek genius and the Greek nation fell to pieces. In the past two thousand years Greece has produced no literature, no architecture, no

philosophy, no art, no science, and no ability to govern itself or its subject peoples with any degree of success. The great cities of Greece crumbled to dirty collections of peasant huts. Even Athens itself, as recently as 1834, was a poverty-stricken village which had to be re-discovered by Western civilization. The modern Greeks like to have visitors believe that they are descended straight from the true Greeks of the days of Pericles; but if they are, then every Greek bootblack in New England is descended straight from Plymouth Colony. The Greeks of to-day—except on some of the Greek islands, which have been comparatively free from invasion and immigration—are descended from Asiatic and African slaves, Italians, old Bulgarians, Slavs, Gepidæ, Huns, Herulians, Avars, Egyptians, Jews, Illyrians, Arabs, Spaniards, Walloons, Franks, Albanians, and several other races. History has an unfortunate but incurable habit of repeating itself,—and a word to the wise ought to be better than a jab with an eight-inch hatpin.

Modern Athens is a startlingly modern city, laid out by a German engineer. The Greeks are great hands for being helped. The British showed them how to run their navy; the French instructed them in forming their army; British leaders and Albanian fighters finally won for them from the Turks the horrible exhibition of barbarism and incapacity which is dignified by the name of the Greek War of Independence—a war in which the Greeks displayed, as they have so frequently done in recent years, at least as great a capacity for barbarity as the Turks.

The yellowed marble columns on the crest of the Acropolis—most beautiful and imposing of all the monuments of antiquity—look down on asphalt streets, glaring white

apartment-houses and office buildings and innumerable cafés at whose sidewalk tables the Greeks sit from early morning until late at night, wreathed in the dust-clouds that seem to whirl eternally through the streets of Athens, and feverishly pouring politics into one another's ears and coffee into themselves. Everybody in Greece, even in little country villages which have no newspapers of their own and don't even get the Athenian political pamphlets which masquerade under the name of newspapers, lives in an atmosphere of politics and intrigue. Where many of them acquire their political information is a mystery to newcomers to the country, who are inclined to think that they pick up some sort of political germ from their coffee. But they all get it, even the poorest and most ignorant; and they can brawl for hours over political matters, and drag out arguments that would do credit to an extreme Socialist for resourcefulness and speciousness. The spirit of faction among the Greeks is incurable. Back in the War of Independence, nearly a hundred years ago, every temporary cessation of fighting was the signal for internecine conflicts between rival Greek factions because of the rivalry of leaders who thought more of their personal power and profit than of the cause of Greece. There aren't so many factions to-day; but they're equally willing to wreck Greece in order to gain their own ends.

Sketchily, the departure of King Constantine from Greece and his return occurred in the following manner:

Constantine, born in 1868, is the son of King George I of Greece—who, before he took the Greek throne, was a Danish prince—and of Queen Olga, who was a Russian grand duchess. Constantine married a sister of Kaiser Wilhelm, and has always been a passionate pro-German.

He was convinced that Germany would win the war, and consequently refused to carry out his treaty obligations and his promises to the Allies. The war developed no greater traitor to the Allied cause than King Constantine. He assisted the Bulgarians; he disregarded the treaty of alliance which Greece had with Serbia, and permitted the Serbians to be attacked and nearly destroyed without assisting them in any way; and he condoned the surrounding of a detachment of French marines in the heart of Athens by a much larger detachment of Greek soldiers and the shooting down of nearly one hundred of them in cold blood. He is a trickster, a traitor and a liar; and these words, strong as they are, are far milder than they ought to be. Constantine's prime minister was Venizelos, who had repeatedly proved himself a great statesman. When Constantine, with his Hohenzollern wife and his German advisers, showed clearly that he would oppose the Allies to the end, Venizelos went to the Island of Crete and declared a revolution. He was joined by the inhabitants of the Greek islands and of the south of Greece. He raised an army of two hundred thousand men and joined the Allies with them. The Allies then demanded that Constantine abdicate in favor of his son Alexander—a charming young man whose chief idea of the kinging business consisted of saying "Where do I sign?" and then rushing off for a motor-ride with a pretty friend. Constantine finally did this—though after his return he declared proudly that he didn't—and hastened away to Switzerland with a large bevy of royal princes and princesses. Venizelos then came back under King Alexander, reorganized the government, threw out the most rabid pro-Germans, and proceeded to lay out plans to make Greece into a bigger, better and busier place. When the

war was over, he hastened to the Peace Conference and presented his claims to that august body. He is a great statesman, and he had the confidence of the representatives of the Great Powers. As a result, Greece got more out of the war in proportion to work done than any other nation in it. After an absence of nearly two years, Venizelos returned to Greece and was welcomed with wild enthusiasm. In the hearty Greek way there was wassail in Athens, to say nothing of rioting, knifing and gunplay. The houses of Royalists were smashed up. Then the Venizelists killed a very popular Royalist deputy, and this started a revulsion of feeling against Venizelos. This feeling was accentuated when the Greeks learned the terms of the Treaty of Sevres and of the hard bargains which the French, Italians and British had driven in return for the concessions which they made to Greece. The treaty, for example, provides that Greece shall grant all commercial privileges in certain Asia Minor zones to those three governments: everybody else is shut out. It provides that Italy shall have a monopoly of the exploitation of antiquities in the Dodeccanese—islands which were the seats of ancient Greek culture. Nobody but Italians can excavate there—and Italy can't even afford to excavate her own antiquities properly just now. Such deals are nothing more nor less than what the purists like to call dirty tricks. The blame for such contemptible arrangements falls rather on the statesmen who demanded them than on Venizelos. Greece lost nothing by the arrangement; but when the Royalists learned of them, they emitted poignant shrieks of agony and cursed Venizelos loudly and ferociously. It made good campaign material and helped to undermine Venizelos. General elections were set for mid-October.

But about that time King Alexander died of a monkey-

bite and left no heir. The elections were postponed for a week, and the politicians began to boil and seethe and explode on every side. Venizelos said that under no conditions would he countenance Constantine's return; young Prince Paul, youngest of Constantine's sons, he said, could have the throne, but not Constantine or any of his nit-wit brothers. But Paul, from the rocky fastnesses of a Swiss grill-room, where he was surrounded by his traitor father and his Hohenzollern mother and all his egg-headed pro-German uncles and other kin-folk, refused Venizelos' offer with thanks. Thus Venizelos was left looking helplessly around the horizon for a king.

The Italians, who have always been pro-Constantine for political reasons, though officially against him, shipped several million lire into Greece to be used for electioneering. Some of Constantine's pro-German cabinet ministers, banished by the Allies, filtered back into the country and went to work for Constantine. Constantine has always been personally popular in Greece because of his habit of mingling fraternally with the soldiers and because of a few minor successes in the Balkan Wars, which were magnified into great victories by the clever press-agent work of Venizelos.

As a result of these things, Venizelos was defeated in the general elections by a small majority. That is to say, more Royalist deputies than Venizelist deputies were elected. Venizelos, declaring that it amounted to a personal defeat, left the country. The Royalists, by trick work that amounted to a revolution, got control of the government and sent hurry-up messages to Constantine to return and start wearing out the throne once more. Constantine proudly and prudently replied that he couldn't unless he were specifically demanded by the people.

So another election was held. The ballots contained two voting-spaces: one read "Constantine" and one read "No." Nearly half of the Venizelists throughout Greece refused to vote at this election; yet in many voting districts containing large percentages of Venizelists, the number of votes cast ranged from one hundred and ten per cent. to one hundred and thirty per cent. of the registered voters. In other words, every Royalist voted as often as he pleased, and he pleased quite frequently. Consequently the demand for Constantine's return appeared to be overwhelming. In reality it was nothing of the sort. Such is or are politics in Greece.

So Constantine came back with his Hohenzollern queen and his attendant princes and princesses and pro-German advisers. And Greece, who can't afford to give enough food or medical assistance to the Salonika colonists to keep them from dying like fish washed up on a hot beach, is proudly throwing away the millions required to keep one king, two queens, seven princes, and twenty princesses comfortably installed in their royal apartments. He came back, this traitor to the Allies, to enjoy the colossal gains which accrued to Greece from the victory which he did everything in his power to avert. And he is enjoying them with right good will. To allow Constantine to rule to-day in Greece is almost as bad as to allow William Hohenzollern to occupy the position of king of France.

Constantine not only doesn't deserve the recognition of any decent government, but he doesn't get it—or he hadn't got it in the spring of 1921. Officially, Constantine doesn't exist for England or France or America or Italy or any other Allied government; and in that fact there lies some rich and juicy musical-comedy material. Representatives of the Allies aren't permitted to admit that Constantine exists. If they meet him on the street, in the midst of cheering crowds,

they must gaze abstractedly at the sky or look pensively at their feet, or pretend to be deep in contemplation of their watches; and under no conditions must they permit themselves to admit his existence by lifting their hats, waving or twiddling their fingers, or emitting even the mildest of diplomatic razzes, as one might say. Athens is full of Allied diplomats who spend most of their time while out-of-doors in running up alley-ways and hiding behind the corners of buildings and jumping over fences in order to escape meeting the king face to face and creating an embarrassing situation by refusing to see him. Constantine, on the other hand, is constantly resorting to petty tricks which will enable him to say that he has been recognized by the Allied representatives. American destroyers, for example, have been ordered to stay away from Piræus for fear that some of the officers might wander up to Athens and come face to face with the king and be invited to come around to the palace to dinner before they knew what was happening to them. Constantine would be quite capable of it.

There's the case of Admiral O'Kelly. O'Kelly, a British naval officer, is at the head of the naval mission that's running the Greek navy. He is also an officer in the Greek navy, wears the Greek uniform, and receives a generous salary from the Greek government. Soon after Constantine's return, he sent out word that he wished to see O'Kelly, so O'Kelly, not wishing to lose his monthly pay-check, went up to the Palace and called on him. At the end of the interview, Constantine walked to the door with him; and as he shook hands with him he pressed something into the admiral's hand. "Here's something I want you to have," said the king. When O'Kelly got outside, he looked at it. It was the Grand Cross of the Order of the Redeemer, which is

Constantine's private and pet order. But if O'Kelly had been permitted to accept it by the British, it would have been an admission that Constantine existed. So O'Kelly had to go back next day, hand back the Grand Cross, and eat, as the saying goes, crow.

One of the few social centers in Athens is the Tennis Club. A short time ago a number of improvements were made on the grounds; and when they were completed, the club announced that it was holding open house. The foreign colonies of the city turned out in force, and the entire diplomatic set was posing gracefully on the front lawn with its white spats, its refined accents, its low musical laughter and everything, when suddenly the royal family appeared unannounced on the scene. For a moment the assemblage, as the early literary realists used to remark, was rooted to the ground with horror. Then they pulled themselves up by the roots, so to speak, and there was a general flight of the different diplomatic corps over fences, around corners and behind bushes.

The only governments that recognize Constantine are Spain, Holland, and Rumania. Even Rumania held off as long as possible, and only weakened when Constantine's oldest son married Elizabeth of Rumania, at the same time the Prince Carol of Rumania married Princess Hélène of Greece. Consequently at all functions where the diplomatic corps is announced, the waiting courtiers see only three ancient and pitiful specimens staggering into sight.

A few weeks after Constantine's return, the Dutch minister died. He was the dean of the diplomatic corps. On the day before the funeral the marshal of the court visited his successor and stated that the king would attend it. His successor begged the marshal not to permit such a thing,

since it was sure to create a scene. "The king," replied the marshal imperturbably, "is in his own country. He will abstain only at the request of the ministers." But since that would have been a form of recognition, the ministers refused to make such a request. The funeral took place: the diplomatic representatives of the Allied powers took their seats in a body at the front of the church. Then there was a blare of trumpets and the king entered, bowing graciously to left and right. Not an Allied diplomat moved a muscle as he passed. He was led to a seat directly in front of the diplomats and facing them. Throughout the service Constantine glared balefully at the ministers; and the ministers stared over his head or past him or through him without a trace of recognition.

This situation was not brought about solely because Constantine was a pro-German during the war and did everything in his power to further the German cause. Some of it was due to the pride, pig-headedness and avarice which prevented Constantine from admitting to the Allies that he ever abdicated or that his son Alexander ever actually ruled in Greece. Constantine and the Royalist politicians were even anxious to declare illegitimate the Venizelist government of young King Alexander, and to disavow all contracts made by that government; but they didn't quite dare to go through with it. Constantine claimed flatly that he didn't abdicate at all, and maintained passionately that his son Alexander was merely pinch-hitting for him while he was on a pleasure trip to Switzerland. This claim, if admitted by the Greeks, entitled him to collect back pay for the years that he spent in Lucerne; and he so collected. Constantine's pride is tremendous, and he hated to admit that the Allies had any cause to force him out, or

had the power to do so. Therefore he failed to announce formally to the Allies that he had come back as successor to his son, King Alexander; and the Allies, knowing that their contracts and agreements with Alexander's government were worthless until he did so, regarded him with the same confidence and esteem that they might have had for a case of bubonic plague.

During the first few months of the king's return, his reluctance to admit that he had ever abdicated was accentuated by the fact that Madame Manou, the morganatic wife of young King Alexander, was about to have a baby. If Constantine admitted that Alexander had actually been king, and the baby turned out to be a boy, then life automatically became more complex for Constantine. Such an occurrence might easily start a new succession to the Greek throne—an eventuality which held no charm for Constantine. The baby, born early in 1921, proved to be a girl. The Venizelists, of course, claimed that a boy had actually been born and a girl substituted for it. It is a point around which many legends will inevitably spring up in the future; and it provides a magnificent jumping-off-place for future intriguers.

The Greeks take a rather peculiar attitude on the question of the non-recognition of Constantine by the other nations. Some of them—even men like cabinet ministers and high officials—say: "It is an outrage that Constantine is not recognized; and so long as diplomats refuse to recognize and honor Constantine, we shall refuse to recognize or to honor them." They take it as a personal affront. Others, among whom is a former prime minister of Greece, adopt a defiant tone. "What do we care whether the Allies do or do not recognize the present government of Greece," he exclaimed.

"Greece can take care of herself! She needs neither the recognition nor the help of any one!" Here again stands revealed the masterful and overwhelming boobishness of the Greek statesman, so called. Still others are anxious that the king take steps to be recognized so that Greece can get from America the balance of the thirty-three million dollar loan which Greece negotiated for the prosecution of the war. Since the war for which it was intended was the Great War, and not the paralytic, knock-kneed, ill-begotten war in Asia Minor, it is to be hoped that they never get it. Almost all of the Royalists talk loudly and continuously about the loan, and whether Greece will get it, and how she can improve her chances of getting it; but not one of them ever thinks of discussing Constantine's treachery to the Allies and the evil days that he has brought and is bringing on his own nation.

The moves for which the king and his government were responsible during the first half year of his return were not such as to breed an over-supply of confidence in anybody who had dealings with King Alexander's Venizelist government; for a majority of them were moves to destroy everything for which Venizelos was responsible. As a prime minister, the king took a foxy, narrow-minded and unscrupulous gentleman named Gounaris, who was prime minister before the king was forced out, and was even imprisoned on the Island of Corsica by the French for his dangerous and excessive pro-Germanism. He gave his word of honor not to try to escape, and was consequently allowed a certain amount of freedom. He thereupon broke his parole immediately and escaped—a fact which faintly serves to reveal his delightful character. As a silent adviser, the king had a German named Doctor Streit, who ran in and out of

the palace by the back door, and advised the king on matters of moment. Streit went into exile with the king, and returned with him. As chief of staff of the army the king reinstated a General Dousmanis, who used every unscrupulous and underhanded means in his power to smash Venizelos and prevent him from taking any part of Greece into the war on the side of the Allies. It was he who was responsible for the killing of the French troops in Athens and for much of the sentiment against the Allies which existed in Greece. All of them together comprise the gang that sold Greece out to Germany.

During the first quarter of 1921 the Greeks started a flourishing war in Asia Minor against the so-called Turkish Nationalist forces, which were commanded by a first-class soldier named Mustapha Kemal Pasha. The exact causes of this war are shrouded in mystery. Some Greeks claimed that they were fighting the battles of England and France; but England and France did not always agree with the Greeks on this statement. Other Greeks stated that they wished to crush all future organized resistance to the Greek occupation of Asia Minor by Kemalist troops. Their chances of doing this were and, from the nature of the country, always must be about as good as would be the chances of one division of badly equipped American troops to crush effectively and finally all armed resistance in Mexico. Several other claims were equally thin. The Greek soldiers who went to Asia Minor—and most of them went with reluctant feet—were told by their officers, and believed implicitly, that they were going for the purpose of capturing Constantinople and making it into a Greek city. Such an eventuality would be a very distressing thing for the future of Constantinople and the Near East; for the

Greeks will never win any high awards or any shiny gold medals for their ability to control, govern or rule any district or territory in which there are any subject races.

Like ninety-nine per cent. of the wars which are constantly erupting in the new Europe, this war was nothing but a land-grabbing expedition. It was unnecessary; it was wholly useless; and because of the manner in which the Greeks conducted it, it was a criminal operation strikingly similar to murder in the first degree.

I have no particular love for the Turk, though he has a great many likable qualities that some of his neighbors lack. The government of Mustapha Kemal Pasha is unquestionably regarded by all Turks as the real Turkish government; yet the Kemalist government repudiated the obligations which Turkey assumed at the time of the armistice. It tied up with the Bolsheviks; it generally misbehaved itself; and it deserved no sympathy in its fight against the Greeks. Neither, however, did the Greek government deserve any sympathy in its fight against the Turks. The Greek government brought Constantine back to Greece; and by bringing him back, it flouted the Allies and forced Greece to fight for what she might otherwise have had without fighting. In Asia Minor the Turks can keep up a guerrilla warfare against invading Greeks for years on end, hiding behind rocks on the hill-slopes and picking away at the Greek lines in the Mexican fashion. The Anatolian mountains are rough and barren; and to maintain an effective force in this unpromising region, the Greeks must operate long lines of communication—a feat which their lack of organizing ability will always make extremely difficult under the best of conditions. No matter what successes the Greeks may have against the Turks in Asia Minor, the mere task of garrison-

ing the area behind their lines and keeping a large army constantly in shape to repel the attacks of Turkish regulars and guerrillas must of necessity be a burden which will come close to driving Greece into bankruptcy. If it does so, the blame will rest entirely on the stupendous selfishness, vanity and short-sightedness of Constantine and the politicians who support him. If the Greeks were to be defeated in Asia Minor, the Greeks would unquestionably turn against Constantine, eject him once more from the country, and set up a new dynasty to carry on the work of wasting the resources of the land which brought forth the Greek Republic—twenty-five hundred years ago.

At any rate, the Greek army that went to Asia Minor was commanded by Venizelist officers, since the army raised by Venizelos to enter the war on the side of the Allies was the only Greek army that had had any experience in modern warfare. At the end of March, 1921, the Greeks started an offensive against the Turks. Twenty-four hours before the offensive took place, all high Venizelist officers were removed from their positions and replaced by Royalist officers who had no experience in modern warfare aside from that which they had gained by sitting heavily in armchairs and talking politics. As a result, the Turks administered a terrible trouncing to the Greeks and the wounded began to pour back to Athens. The Greek transport system at the front broke down; and the ignorance of the officers in the field was so great that they were unable to use much of their equipment. Their field radio, for example, they were incapable of setting up.

The Royalists did their utmost to prevent any news of the defeat and of the change in officers from reaching the people. The newspaper *Patris*, edited by a young man

named Lambrachis, was the only one that told the story. Lambrachis was immediately arrested and thrown into jail. The incentive to truth-telling is not high in Greece.

News of the Asia Minor shambles got abroad in the land in spite of the efforts of the government to prevent it. A regiment of new troops marched past the hotel in which I was staying on its way to Piræus to embark for Asia Minor. Some one on the hotel porch shouted down to them "Where are you going?" and several voices from the ranks replied "To the abattoir!" The popularity of Constantine, too, began to be somewhat dented and shopworn with the soldiers. The war was a very unpopular war anyway: the draft, in spite of enthusiastic reports of its success sent out by the government press agency, was evaded on every side; Constantine, instead of disbanding the army and sending it back to its homes, as those who campaigned for him had promised he would do on his return, had started a new war to round out the eight years of war which Greece had already enjoyed in the First, Second and Third Balkan Wars and the Great War—a new war which the diplomacy and statesmanship of Venizelos would unquestionably never have permitted. Troops sailing from the south of Greece to Asia Minor shouted to bystanders—referring to Constantine: "We wanted him, and we got him!" Then they would smack their faces with their open hands, which is a Grecian gesture meaning that they had got him in the neck, as the saying goes.

Nothing in Greece was free from the rotten politics of Constantine and his gang. The American Red Cross, for example, established an extensive baby-welfare organization in Greece. The Greek Patriotic League assumed the responsibility for it, and the Red Cross appointed the women

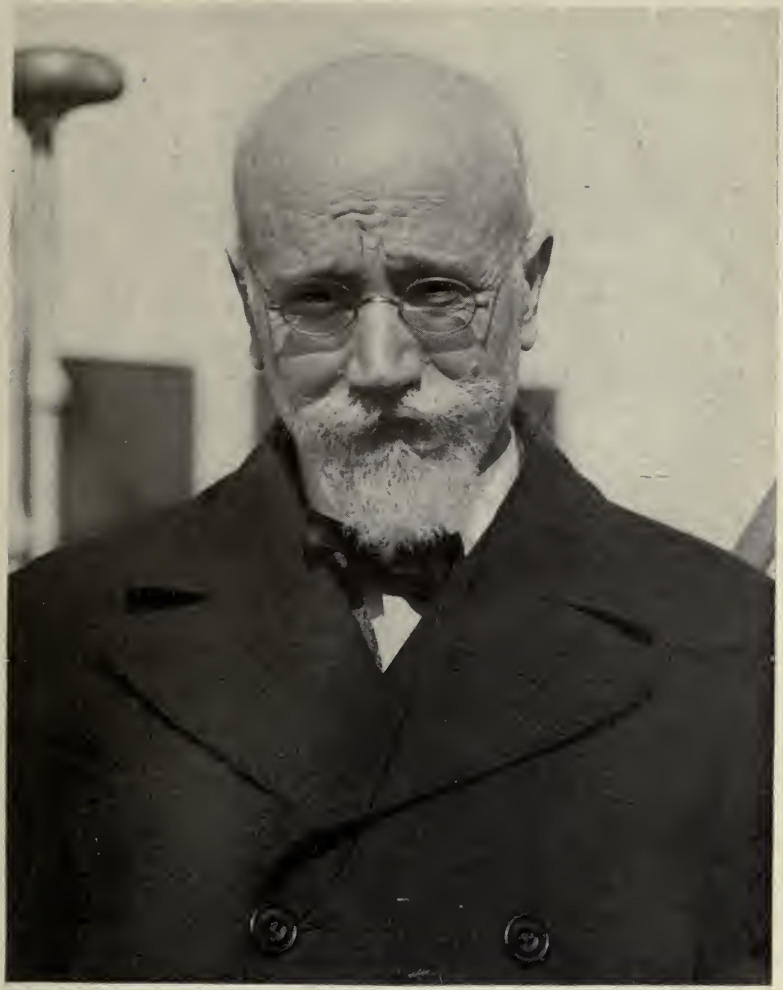
who should be in charge. Some of these women were Royalists and some were Venizelists; and the Red Cross told the Greek government plainly and bluntly that politics were to be kept out of it. When Constantine came back, Queen Sophie immediately began to mix in the affairs of the Patriotic League. She demanded the resignation of all Venizelists. The Red Cross served notice on the Greek government that if there were further changes or forced resignation in welfare organizations, the Red Cross would withdraw from Greece. Sophie will find a way to beat the Red Cross; because Sophie is a Hohenzollern and a politician; while the Red Cross, thank God, is neither.

This same political acrimony, coupled with the lack of organizing ability for which the Greeks are noted, had prevented the formation of nursing or welfare organizations to look after the wounded who were pouring in daily from the Asia Minor front. Athens is the best equipped city in all Greece; but in the best and biggest hospital in Athens, while I was there, four hundred and thirty wounded soldiers were being attended—and wretchedly attended—by four nurses and eight doctors. All of the cabarets and *thé dansants* were packed to the doors every afternoon and evening.

Every school-teacher in Greece who was known to be a Venizelos sympathizer was removed from her job and shifted to a distant section of the country. Many of the teachers suffered a series of shifts, so that to all extents and purposes they were entirely thrown out of employment. The number of teachers that were thus shifted ran into the thousands; and as a result of this charming manifestation of patriotism and political probity, the entire school system of the nation was thrown into disorganization for at least one year, while more than half of the schools had to be closed.

As soon as Constantine came back, his gang effected the dismissal of fifty-two professors from the University of Athens on the ground that they were Venizelists—which they unquestionably were. Among these fifty-two were many of the most distinguished teachers in the university—one, for example, being Coryllos, a professor of surgery and a cancer specialist who is a friend of such men as the Mayos and Alexis Carrel. Nobody was too high and nobody was too low for the Royalists to wreck their political hatred on. One of the cases that came to my attention was that of a widow with four children who held a position as door-tender in a public school. Her husband had been killed in action in the Balkan Wars. She was fired from her job after Constantine's return, because her sympathies were known to be with Venizelos.

The Venizelist politicians were pretty bad, but they were angels compared with the Royalist politicians, who without exception were either incompetent, dishonest, or worthless. Venizelos himself is a man with ideals, with patriotism, and with that very rare virtue, common sense. In many of his leaders he inspired the same sentiments that he himself possessed. The Venizelist party was largely composed of people who believed in siding with the Allies because that was the side of decency, justice and honor; whereas the Royalists believed in sticking with Germany because they thought Germany had the biggest guns and the largest money-chest. The Venizelists were not only in the position of revolutionists against their ruler's policies, but they were also fighting the greatest war in history against the most terrible foe in history. The Royalists were mostly pro-Germans; and the Venizelists were fighting Germany with the Allies. Consequently the Venizelists took



Copyright Underwood & Underwood

Venizelos, former premier and virtual dictator of Greece.

Copyright Underwood & Underwood

King Constantine of Greece before he left Lucerne for Athens.

steps to silence the worst and the loudest pro-Germans, just as we did in America. They fired five professors from the university for being dangerous pro-Germans, and for giving aid and comfort to the enemy. The Royalists, on their return to power, retaliated by firing fifty-two professors for being Venizelists. So works the Greek mind.

During the days when Venizelos was in power as prime minister to young King Alexander, pictures of King Constantine could be found nowhere in the country, while pictures of Venizelos were displayed everywhere. After Constantine's return, almost every window held a gaudily-colored picture of Constantine in a plumed helmet and a very Kaiserish mustache. Shops which neglected to display pictures of him were usually peremptorily ordered to do so by the police. Anybody who had displayed a picture of Venizelos would have been arrested. I had to go to more trouble to get a photograph of Venizelos than I would have to undergo in buying a drink of Scotch whisky in Kansas.

And speaking of pictures, the walls of buildings and billboards in Athens, while I was there, were covered with colored reproductions of the American flag about two feet long and a foot wide, with the words BON-AMI splashed across them in clear black letters. The American flag is put to many strange uses in foreign lands.

No mention of Constantine's return would be complete without some mention of the Princess Anastasia, who used to be Mrs. Leeds before she married Constantine's brother, Prince Christopher, and of Princess Anastasia's eighteen-year-old son, William Leeds, who is somewhat jestingly spoken of in Athens as the Duke of Piræus or Lord Leeds. Young Mr. Leeds arrived in Athens by airplane with his

Chinese valet, and promptly became engaged to the Grand Duchess Xenia. The Leeds millions, made in America, are so tied up by the will of the late tin-plate king that Princess Anastasia and young Mr. Leeds can touch only the interest on them. The Leeds jewels, however, are not tied up by the will; and since their value is in excess of ten million dollars, the hard-up Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glucksburg family of Denmark, Switzerland and Greece will probably never starve to death as long as there is a ready market for diamond stomach chevrons and other service-decorations for successful profiteers. The Greek royal family denied indignantly that Princess Anastasia provided the slush fund which financed Constantine's return; but it is an established fact that two hundred thousand dollars of Leeds money oiled the route along which the return was made. The extreme reluctance of Constantine's family to allow young Mr. Leeds out of their sight until his marriage was safely consummated and the Leeds money was securely attached to needy royalty was, to put it conservatively, very repugnant to all Americans in Athens. The work of royalty can be very coarse; and in this particular case it was coarse enough to make a Chicago safe-blower blush for his profession and think seriously of taking up a more refined pursuit, like murder. The Leeds money is going to be badly needed by Constantine's family if it continues to permit the bone-headed political atrocities that have marked its every move since its return; and what the family needs, it will work hard to get. There is a certain amount of poetic justice in the thought of a fortune being made by an American tin-plate king and being wrecked by a Greek tin-horn king .....if you know what I mean.

The Greek royal family, as far as looks go, fulfils all the

requirements of people who like to look at kings and their pomps. Constantine is tall and magnificent-looking. His pants buckle under his boots, and on his broad chest he wears seventeen pounds of jeweled decorations, gold braid and miscellaneous hardware. Queen Sophie has a haughty and regal air, as though her nostrils were constantly assailed by an offensive odor. The princesses are pretty and stylish: —especially when they pass the observer at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour in one of the royal automobiles. The Greeks love to hang around on street-corners and wait for His Majesty to pass. Crowds of them wait two and three hours to see him go by; and as he passes, saluting sloppily and condescendingly, a feeble cheer goes up from the crowd. It must be a great comfort to have a king who throws away the taxpayers' money and brings his country into disrepute before the eyes of the world. The Greeks take comfort in strange things, anyway. Full-grown he-men walk briskly around Athens dangling short strings of amber or bone or wooden beads in their hands. These are known as conversation beads. Silk-hatted and frock-coated politicians, deep in conversation on a street corner, fiddle nervously with strings of beads as they talk. Taxi-drivers, when not engaged in running their machines, sprawl in their seats and finger strings of beads. I attended a session of the Greek Chamber of Deputies one afternoon. In the front row sat the distinguished, so to speak, members of the Cabinet. Most of them were running strings of beads through their fingers, while those who had left their beads in their other clothes were scooping sunflower seeds out of paper bags, cracking them and throwing the shells on the floor. One Greek told me that strings of beads, in Greece, took the place of walking-sticks in America. It may be so;

but I'd hate to try to hold off a pickpocket by swinging a string of beads on him.

After I had been in Greece for a short time, I had accumulated a number of questions that simply had to be put up to the king. Kings have odd ideas about being approached nowadays, and one gains nothing by running up to the front door of the palace and asking for the king—nothing, that is, except causing a royal retainer to drop dead with horror. So I asked some Greeks what to do, and they replied that I should get the American minister to take me over to the palace and sign the king's visitors' book for me, and tell the court chamberlain that I had never been caught stealing spoons from any royal palace to the best of his knowledge and belief, and ask the court chamberlain to ask the king whether he would deign to receive me in audience two weeks from next Friday. This advice was worthless, however, for in the first place the American minister had resigned, and in the second place the officials of the American Legation were not permitted to know that such a person as King Constantine existed, and in the third place I was in a hurry to get out of town. So I wrote a brief, chatty, modest letter to the court chamberlain and asked him to date me up with the king. Two days elapsed, during which no reply came from the chamberlain—probably because of the press of chamberlaining duties. So I wrote another letter, more brief, less chatty and much less modest; and this time the court chamberlain dropped his chamberlaining long enough to attend to my case.

"Royal Palace, 27 March /9 April, 1921," ran the reply to my note—the Greeks use two dates, instead of daylight saving and standard time as we do— "Dear Sir: In reply to your demand, I hasten to inform you that His Majesty

will receive you in audience to-morrow morning, Sunday the 28 March /10 April at 12 o'clock. I feel obliged to inform you beforehand that His Majesty, in granting this audience, to not intend to give an interview on the present political situation. MERCATI, MARSHAL OF THE ROYAL COURT."

This had a poor sound; for if the king didn't intend to talk any politics, he would be forced to confine his conversation to such subjects as "Why Excavated Statues Have No Arms" or "Why I Prefer the Hop to the Poppy."

At noon on the day of my appointment a large blue-plush footman, who spoke German as though he had never been in Greece, admitted me and ushered me into an antechamber where a startled young woman was standing with a lighted cigarette behind her back and smoke clouds oozing out on every side of her. She evidently didn't want me to know that she smoked. We eyed each other warily while the smoke clouds grew thicker. Count Mercati fortunately appeared before the cigarette burned down to the young woman's fingers and ushered me into an inner antechamber. Then he left me, returned, and led me into an even innerer antechamber which had a large oil painting of the king on the wall. Then he went out again and stayed some little time; and when he returned he whispered sadly in my ear: "The king is waiting to receive you." He couldn't have had a more melancholy air if he had been announcing that my entire family had been destroyed or that my two dogs had run away and couldn't be found. He led me down a long corridor and up to a mahogany door in front of which stood a man in an olive-colored uniform, bushy blue-black whiskers and a malevolent frown.

"You must not speak to the king on political matters," said Count Mercati; and he looked at me with unutterable

melancholy, while the bush-bearded door-guard stared at me venomously, as though he had selected the spot where he was going to ventilate me with the dagger which he unquestionably carried under his armpit or down the back of his neck—or in his whiskers.

"There's nothing to talk to him about if I can't talk on political matters," I protested. "There's nothing in Greece but politics. What do you expect me to do in there, anyway?"

"Personal impressions only," whispered the count sadly, "personal impressions only."

He dragged me along toward the door, and the man with the bushy beard showed his teeth at me viciously. "I don't want any personal impressions," I protested. "What's the use...." Just then the door opened, and the king was standing just inside it. Our argument came to an end and I tried to twist my face into a polite smirk. The count mumbled a few sad words and faded from sight. The king shook hands briskly, looked pleasant, urged me to sit down, and took a seat behind his desk.

Constantine, as I have said before, is a highly impressive person. He is six feet three inches tall and correspondingly broad. His eyes are blue and his smile is attractive and the glitter of the medals on his chest is soothing to the eye. He is fifty-three years old, but looks about forty—and he talks, I might add, with as little regard for accuracy, truth and judgment as though he were fifteen.* But he certainly makes

*Over a month after the original publication of this interview, the following despatch appeared in the *New York Times*:

"WASHINGTON, Oct. 14.—The Greek Legation to-day issued an official statement, on instructions from its government, denying certain statements alleged to have been made by King Constantine of Greece to an American magazine writer, in which, the Legation declares, Constantine was made to appear to have

a natty-looking king. When he appears in public, he usually tops himself off with a plumed hat of about three quarts capacity. When he removes his headgear, his strangely knobby, elongated and naked head fascinates the beholder. It is a true dome of thought, large enough to hold the brains of three or four fairly brainy people—though there is no evidence to show that it holds more than enough for the king.

---

made 'highly discourteous remarks about the American political régime.'

"'The Greek Legation,' the statement read, 'is in receipt of instructions from the Hellenic Government to deny outright certain statements alleged to have been made by the King of the Hellenes to an American journalist, Mr. Kenneth Roberts, who, in the *Saturday Evening Post* of September 10, published an article mentioning an interview with King Constantine, in which the King of the Hellenes is made to appear as having uttered certain highly discourteous remarks about the American political régime.

"'By the expressed desire of His Majesty, the Hellenic Government denies in a most categorical way that King Constantine ever made, either to Mr. Roberts or to any one else, any remarks about the American form of government, or about the former Premier, Mr. Venizelos.

"'The words attributed to His Majesty have never been uttered.'"

In the denial, to put it bluntly but accurately, His Majesty appears in his characteristic role.

The interview as here printed is exactly as it was originally written. It is an accurate transcription of the conversation between Constantine and myself. Nothing that Constantine said to me was said in confidence; and he was fully aware at the time that he was talking for publication. On the day of the interview and on the following day, for the purpose of checking up the statements which Constantine made to me, I went over the more important portions of the interview with several prominent Greeks, and also with Mr. W. L. Lowrie, American Consul General in Athens, Mr. James Mills, the Associated Press correspondent in Athens, Director Hill of the American Archæological School in Athens, Ex-Mayor McClellan, of New York, and Prince Demidoff, Russian Ambassador in Athens. It was generally known in Athens that the king had talked freely and unwisely; and nobody was surprised; for his tongue is hung in the middle, as was the ex-kaiser's; and even the Greeks who like him have a proverb to the effect that he opens his mouth too wide and keeps it open too long. He is a thoroughly bad king, as the Allies have already discovered to their great cost in men and treasure, and as Greece herself will discover to her greater and greater cost as time goes on.

K. L. R.

It is the shiniest head that I ever saw, and it wouldn't have surprised me at all to learn that his valet goes over it every morning with an oily rag.

On the wall behind the king's desk hang two small autographed photographs—one of the czar, who was overthrown and killed, and one of the kaiser, who is an exile and a greatly despised man.....

One observes certain etiquette with a king, or runs the risk of having His Majesty summon a royal retainer to give one a royal boot out into the royal sidewalk. When addressing him, one says "Your Majesty" unless one forgets. One also doesn't burst right out with some conventional remark like "Aren't you putting on weight, King?" but preserves a decorous calm until His Majesty shatters the silence. And when the king rises from his chair, it's a sign that the audience is over, and that one needn't hang around any longer in the hope of getting an invitation to lunch: consequently an interviewer has to work fast because of his constant fear that the king will get up before all his questions have been asked.

After the king had made the usual opening of asking how long I had been in Athens, I told him that I wouldn't have taken up his valuable time if I had known that Count Mercati had requested him not to talk to me on any political matters. That, I told him, left us nothing to talk about but Prohibition.

"It is not necessary to talk about Prohibition," said Constantine, who speaks English perfectly. "What were some of the questions that you wanted to ask me?"

I told him that I wanted to hear what he had to say about his failure to recognize that his son, Alexander, had actually been king of Greece.

"I never gave up the throne," said Constantine. "I do not admit the right of the Powers to come here and tell me what to do, any more than England would recognize my right to throw Lloyd-George out of office if I didn't like his policies. Alexander wasn't king because I never stopped being king. What difference does it make, anyway?"

"For one thing," I told him, "the Powers are afraid that their agreements with Alexander's government may be repudiated if his government is declared illegal."

"Ah," said the king, "then it's all a matter of money. Well, under no circumstances would we repudiate any of the agreements made with Alexander's government. The whole business of suspecting me and my government of doing such a thing is a crazy idea that sprang up during the war—a crazy idea like the idea of democracy. Take America, for example, and all her talk of democracy: why, there's no more democracy in America than there is in my boot....."

I told him that there was probably more democracy in America than he realized, and that the reason for his lack of realization was possibly due to his lack of familiarity with democracy as practised in America. "Your government has just jailed Lambrachis, the editor of *Patris,*" I told him, "for publishing the reasons for the Greek defeat in Asia Minor a few days ago. That is a thing that couldn't happen in America, and a thing that makes every American warm under the collar."

"Yes, that is correct," said Constantine. "You see, Lambrachis wrote things that upset the people. All of the things that he wrote were lies. We can not permit the people to be upset."

I told Constantine that my information on the battle in Asia Minor, drawn from three official and reliable sources,

confirmed every word that Lambrachis had written; and I reproduce the conversation exactly as it occurred in order to show Constantine's sloppy cerebration.

"It was not the truth: not at all," said Constantine. "The newspapermen are unreliable for the most part, and they lie to the people in order to stir them up against me."

"Are they successful?" I asked.

"No, not at all," said Constantine.

"Do the people become upset at their attempts?" I asked.

"No, no, no!" said Constantine emphatically.

"Then why put them in jail?" I asked, having worked the king around to denying that Lambrachis had done the thing for which he had claimed he was imprisoned.

Constantine was unaware of having slipped. "We put them in jail to teach them to be reliable," he replied calmly.

"Why doesn't the Greek government tell the people the truth about the Asia Minor campaign?" I asked.

Constantine stared at me with innocent baby-blue eyes. "Why," said he, "we issue official communiqués to the people."

"Yes," said I, "but they're worthless."

"Oh, no," said Constantine.

"Oh, yes," said I. "Take the matter of mobilization, for example. Before coming here, I saw a Reuter despatch in a London paper declaring that there was great enthusiasm over the mobilization of troops for the Asia Minor War. On reaching Athens, I learned that there had been no more enthusiasm over it than over a funeral. I went to the Reuter correspondent about it, and learned from him that the lying despatch had been sent by the Greek Press Bureau to the Reuter office in London, and accepted by the London office as a bona fide statement."

Constantine shrugged his shoulders. "There *was* enthusiasm over it," he said.

"Then Your Majesty is the only one who thinks so," I told him.

I asked him why he, as a military man, should have permitted so many experienced officers to be removed from their commands just before the offensive against the Turks and to be replaced by swivel-chair officers—a move that was largely responsible for the crushing Greek defeat.

"That isn't true," said Constantine. "A few officers have been removed in past months; but none were removed just before the offensive."

I told him that this was directly contrary to the knowledge possessed by the representatives of the Great Powers in Athens and by foreign correspondents.

Constantine looked at me reproachfully. "You have been talking to Venizelists," said he.

"I've been talking to Venizelists, Royalists, Americans and Englishmen," I replied. "I have talked to a great many Greeks of different stations in life and I find it almost impossible to find one who doesn't lie to me."

"That is true," replied the king, looking at me thoughtfully. "They are hard to find."

"If Diogenes had lived," I hazarded, "he would still be hunting."

The king looked at me blankly. "The Venizelists especially," he said at length, "are great liars. Venizelos himself was a terrible liar and deceived every one." He then launched into a vituperative tirade against Venizelos which was only valuable in so far as it showed the pettiness to which the ruler of a nation could descend. I told the king that the best informed statesmen of Europe and America

held views exactly opposite to his own, and that Venizelos was considered a patriot, an idealist, an honest man and the only genuine statesman that Greece possessed.

"If America thinks that," said the king wrathfully, "why in hell doesn't America take him and use him? Maybe you can tell me how Venizelos came to Athens a poor man in 1910, and how he has been able to leave Athens owning two houses, to travel all over the world, to have a villa at Nice and to stay at the best hotels when he travels."

The facts are these: Venizelos was presented with a house—one house—in Athens by an ardent admirer and supporter. He owned no other. When he left Athens, he sold the house; and on the proceeds from the sale he has been living ever since. I was in Nice when Venizelos was there, and he was staying in the villa of a friend. These facts are known to Royalists and Venizelists alike. I said as much to Constantine, and he merely shrugged his shoulders.

"Has Your Majesty heard," I asked, "that Venizelos intends to go to America and Japan?"

"Yes," said he, with a sneer, "I hear he's going to fix up the differences between the two countries. When he finishes with that, America'd better send him to Mexico to fix up a few things there, too."

I asked him what Greece intended to do for the twenty-seven thousand starving and disease-ridden Greek colonists at Salonika. "Oh, yes," said he, "I understand the situation is bad there; but Demidoff has recognized these people as Russian subjects. There is some money left over from the Kolchak government; and since Demidoff has recognized them as Russians, the money will be applied to them. Consequently their condition will be greatly improved."

As I have said, these people are Greeks, though they

come from the so-called Greek Caucasus, a part of Russia. They were brought by the Greek government which preceded Constantine's. The careless and cynical manner in which Constantine washed his hands of them sounded suspicious; so when I left the palace I went straight to Prince Demidoff, who is the Russian ambassador in Athens. I told him what the king said, and he was horrified.

"Of course," said he, "I was willing to recognize them as Russians for humanitarian reasons. They are Greeks from Old Russia, and the Greeks are letting them die by thousands. The money that we can apply to their relief is the merest drop in the bucket, but it's better than no relief at all. It was a Greek scheme, and the burden of it is on the Greeks. Neither the king nor the Greek nation can crawl out of their obligations in any such way. If the king wishes you or the world to believe that there is enough Russian money materially to better the lot of the Salonika colonists, he is doing a very evil thing." And that answers the king's answer to me.

I asked the king about the public-school situation. "Why," I asked him, "do you permit your minister of education to wreck the school system of your entire nation?" He replied that the school situation *was* rather unfortunate and that the minister of education had possibly been a trifle over-zealous toward the Venizelists. "Then why don't you remedy it?" I asked. "You can do it with a word." The king smiled pleasantly and replied that these things would quickly straighten themselves out. Can you beat it! as Henry James used to say.

We discussed a great many interesting matters, and in practically all of them Constantine revealed an almost boundless capacity for soaking up misinformation and exuding

deliberate falsehoods. Never, in a fairly wide experience with persons in high positions in America and Europe, have I met a man who lied and evaded the truth as easily and as consistently as the king of Greece.

He laughed heartily at the manner in which the foreign correspondents had gone astray on the November elections. "All of them," he chuckled, "wrote to their papers that it would be a Venizelos victory. You see, these reporters are crooked. All of them were under instructions from their editors as to what to write; so they wrote lies." Wouldn't it, in the words of the English professors, get your goat?

I asked him whether he had heard from the kaiser recently. He said that he hadn't. He even said that he hadn't received a copy of the kaiser's defense, worked up by the kaiser in diary form and sent out to his friends to prove that he had no part in starting the war. He had never even heard of this document, he claimed, and if he was telling the truth, it helps to show his failure to keep track of events in the outside world.

At the end of the notes of my interview with Constantine are jotted the rough impressions which his talk made on me: "This short-sighted individual," they read, "has absolutely failed to profit by his own past experience and the experiences of his brother monarchs. Instead of getting together the warring factions of his country and stepping on the cheap grafters and crooks, he lets his petty spite and his momentary desires regulate his conduct. The king of Greece is about as big, mentally, as a pint of snow-water half poured out." After plenty of time for contemplation, these impressions still stand unrevised. There are only a few kings left in the world; but there are still too many of them. Sometimes they come back.....but not for long.

The Beer Worshipers

THE Briton of to-day is the descendant of Saxons and of Northmen who came out of the north with the most highly developed capacity for malt liquors ever seen outside of tank-car circles. The early chronicles of England are all splattered with beer-nights and keg-parties and ale-assemblies of a most generous and comprehensive nature. The old Saxon fighters looked with contempt and loathing on the mollycoddle whose early training had not fitted him to drain a two-quart flagon of ale without pausing for breath; and the genuine hearty feeder of ancient England invariably sucked up at least four gallons of home-brew between the bringing in of the roast ox and the final fist-fight between the dinner guests. The enormous amounts absorbed by the members of every class of society in the early days of England have sometimes caused scientists to venture the opinion that their bodies must have been accordion-pleated.

This passionate addiction to alcoholic beverages on the part of the Britons did not stop with the earliest representatives of the race. The Normans, that unsavory aggregation of thieves, murderers and pirates who have become very popular as ancestors in spite of their offensive personal habits, came over from France and conquered the Saxons. The Saxons absorbed them and taught them how to absorb

beer, which they did as though to the manner born. The Norman barons, in their baronial halls, drank themselves purple in the face each night, quaffing the nut-brown ale until their quaffers were completely submerged. They couldn't get up in the morning without a stoup of Malmsey, and they shuddered at the thought of riding out for a pleasant afternoon of robbery and arson unless they were fortified with a two-quart nip or stirrup-cup of spiced wine. Whenever they tarried for a moment to tighten a saddle-girth or to hew off the head of a serf whose looks they didn't like, all of the adjacent residents came running out with buckets of mulled ale for the barons and their gallant retainers. Everybody was ready to drop everything and settle down to several hours of steady drinking at a moment's notice. Kings and clowns, barons and bakers, archbishops and actors and archers, princesses and publicans and prelates and pot-boys drank whatever they could get whenever they could get it, so long as it possessed an alcoholic content. Water as a beverage was viewed with marked abhorrence. The Lord Chief Justice of England in the reign of King Henry VI states that "the inhabitants of England drink no water except at certain times, on a religious score and by way of penance." In other words, one of the most severe punishments which an Englishman could inflict on himself, short of death or mutilation, was water-drinking.

Down through the centuries, from Hengist and Horsa to Haig and Haig, the Britons and their drink have been as inseparable as Damon and Pythias or Abelard and Heloise. They have believed that strong men need strong fare. They have eaten great masses of heavy, soggy, boiled foods and washed them down with a veritable Johnstown flood of beer and ale and stout and bitter and stronger beverages.

History fails to tell us where the Saxon chieftains and the Norman barons obtained the apparently inexhaustible supply of beer and ale with which they saturated themselves each day; but it is safe to say that all of them maintained commodious breweries on their premises—so that in case of siege their beer wouldn't be cut off. It was always believed that a two-fisted Briton might as well be deprived of his legs and his eyesight as of his beer.

The example which these early Britons set to succeeding generations was not wasted. To-day there are three thousand one hundred and forty-eight breweries in the United Kingdom; and in the year 1919, during which alcoholic beverages could only be sold for a few hours every day, the sturdy Britons lapped up one million, one hundred and sixty-three thousand gallons of beer, or nine thousand three hundred and four million one-pint glasses. When one plunges boldly into the mystic realm of statistics and bandies these overwhelming figures about in the manner peculiar to statisticians, one begins to realize that the early Saxons and Normans, determined and hardened drinkers though they may have been, couldn't hold a sponge to their present-day descendants. If converted into rain, for example, there would be enough moisture in these nine billion glasses of beer to provide a five-week rainfall for the entire Sahara Desert. If mixed with water and run through a one-inch hose and directed against the planet Mars, there would be enough liquid to fill all the Martian canals with one per cent. beer. With more than nine billion glasses of beer consumed by the British people in one year's time, the person who nicknamed England a "tight little island" is entitled to commend himself highly for his conservatism in using the word "tight."

In England and Wales alone there are eighty-four thousand public-houses or pubs, as they are affectionately called by the English. In addition to the pubs, there are over twenty-two thousand places which have off licenses. At a pub anybody can get whatever sort of liquor he wants and pour it down his throat or in his hair or into a bucket, depending on how he feels at the moment of purchase. At an off license, however, he can only buy it to take away with him and drink around the corner or up an alley or in the privacy of his own chambers. Besides the pubs and the off licenses there are, in England and Wales alone, over eight thousand clubs in which kindred souls may assemble and accumulate skinfuls of alcoholic beverages in emulation of their gay and care-free progenitors, the Saxons and the Normans.

Thus, in England and Wales, there are one hundred and fourteen thousand places where drinks can be obtained. Every seventh shop, throughout England and Wales, is a drink-shop. There is one drink-shop for every fifty-seven dwelling-houses. During the year 1919, the sturdy citizens of the United Kingdom spent for drink alone the enormous sum of three hundred and eighty-six million pounds, or, with the pound sterling at par, one million, nine hundred and thirty thousand dollars. During the year ending March 31, 1920, the estimated expenditure on intoxicants in the United Kingdom was four hundred and ten million pounds or more than two billion dollars if the pound sterling is figured at par. It was expected to run above two billion, five hundred million dollars during 1921. Two billion, five hundred million dollars is a large slice of money for the people of any nation to toss away lightly. It would be a large slice if England were an excessively wealthy nation.

Just at present England is a debtor nation, burdened with a war debt that makes the most willing taxpayer lie awake late at night bathed in a cold perspiration. There are some pessimists, staunch Britons too, who talk darkly of bankruptcy for England. Every one agrees that if England wishes to regain her pre-war position, she must save and produce. Yet not even an ancient Saxon, drowsing under his dinner table, with suds on his long flaxen mustache and an overdose of green beer under his belt, would be so muddled as to think that the expenditure of two and one-half billion dollars by Britons for drink in one year's time was either economical or productive.

For many years the English working man has been spoken of by many sorts of observers as "sodden with drink." The Scotchman who rolls out on the streets of Glasgow of a Saturday evening and gets himself lit up, as the saying goes, like an ocean liner, refers pityingly to his English beer-drinking brother as "sodden with drink." Journalists, temperance workers, army surgeons, Scotch whisky manufacturers, big employers of labor, have repeatedly applied the phrase "sodden with drink" to the English laborer. The English resent the phrase. Even the English temperance workers are inclined to think that the English aren't so sodden as the Scotch. A Scotchman and an Englishman will argue for hours as to whether the Scotch or English are the more sodden; and a listener is almost inevitably forced to the conclusion that all Scotchmen and all Englishmen are drunk all the time—a conclusion which is entirely erroneous. Yet England boasts a thousand breweries and eighty thousand pubs and a population which spends billions of dollars each year on billions of glasses of beer. The English may not be sodden with drink; but a

comfortable percentage of them are constantly surrounded by a distinctly beery atmosphere and possess beer breaths of such virility that coats and hats may almost be hung on them.

I fell into conversation one day with a solicitor from the flourishing city of Reading, and the subject of Prohibition came up between us, as it always does nowadays between an Englishman and an American. He was a total abstainer; but the idea that England might ever go Prohibition struck him as highly ludicrous. He had presided at a number of working men's meetings, he said, and he knew from observation the violent attachment which existed between an English working man and his beer. "Why," said he, "the English laborer worships his beer. He worships it, I tell you!" Then he told me a venerable story that had to do with an English laborer who was standing in the bar of a pub dallying with a beaker of suds. A friend, in the hope of provoking a fight, came to him and indicated a third laborer. "'Arry, there," explained the friend, "'as been carryin' on wiv yer wife." The first laborer frowned heavily. "'E 'as, 'as 'e, the bloomin' tyke," said he darkly and threateningly, "I'll drink 'is beer!" This teetotaler from Reading assured me that in England you could do anything you wanted with beer. "You can buy all the votes you want with it," he said. "The English laborer worships it! He worships it!"

These are, of course, strong words. There are many British labor leaders and labor unions that have declared themselves strongly in favor of Local Option and Temperance measures, and that would no more think of worshiping beer than they would of worshiping an antique egg. But every day, in every one of England's eighty thousand pubs, one can find many a man, and many a woman too

for that matter, whose overwhelming admiration for beer is the nearest thing to worship that they will ever know.

Naturally enough, the beer-sopping in which Englishmen indulge so freely is very gratifying to the individuals who manufacture the beer and the individuals who sell it; but it is deeply annoying to several classes of people, prominent among whom are those who believe that a nation is morally weakened by drink and those who believe that a nation is economically handicapped by a heavy consumption of alcoholic beverages. In England, as in every country in the world, there have been large numbers of Temperance advocates in evidence for many years; but their strength, up to the last few years, has not been such as to cause the brewers and the distillers and the publicans to toss restlessly on their mattresses.

The war, however, put a different complexion on the Temperance movement, or the Prohibition movement or whatever you may wish to call the movement which is making the Liquor Trade of England moan sepulchrally in its sleep. In place of its pale, anemic complexion, the Temperance movement suddenly developed a rich, healthy, rosy complexion. Instead of moving slowly and painfully, with creaking joints and many a pause for breath, it began to leap hither and yon with all the briskness of an Alpine chamois. This new lease of life was due firstly to the war spirit, which made Englishmen face facts which they ordinarily refused to face; secondly to Prohibition in America and to the fear that Prohibition would so increase America's efficiency that England would be unable to compete with her; and thirdly to the elections in Scotland in November, 1920—elections at which, for the first time in history, voters resident in the British Isles were able to cast a vote on the

question of whether or not the districts in which they lived should be wet or only damp. In Scotland the people voted on Local Option for the first time in 1920. In England the voters not only have never had the opportunity of expressing their desires in regard to liquor, but they are having trouble in persuading Parliament to pass a bill which will give them the right to vote on this question in two or five or seven or an indefinite number of years. The Temperance societies and the Prohibition societies in England are not fighting for Prohibition, nor for anything which even resembles Prohibition from an American view-point, but for the passage of a bill which will permit a man to vote on whether or not public-houses shall continue to sell alcoholic beverages in the district in which he lives.

The English public-house system, I believe, is not generally understood in America. It is a quaint and piquant system and must be explained before the arguments of the Temperance workers and the Liquor advocates are introduced. Class distinction is inextricably mixed up with it, just as it is mixed up with so many things in England.

Americans—to stumble from the subject for a moment—are greatly bewildered by class distinctions when they go to England for a brief visit; but Americans who have lived in England for a year or so, claim that they can distinguish between the different English classes at a glance, just as some English claim to be able to do. In my rude, boorish, American way, I question the accuracy of this statement. Mr. H. G. Wells has said that there are more than two hundred classes to English society. Some of the delicate distinctions between different English classes are such as to give many persons a slow shooting pain at the base of the brain. There is a distinction for example, between a grad-

uate of Oxford University and a graduate of London University. The latter belongs to a lower class than the former. There is a distinction between an Episcopalian, or Church of England clergyman, and a Baptist or Congregationalist or Presbyterian minister. The Episcopalian belongs to a higher class than the Nonconformist ministers. Working men are divided by rigid class distinctions. Certain trades are classed far higher than other trades. The barrister, who argues a case for a client, is in a much higher class than the solicitor who approaches the barrister for the client and persuades him to accept the case. If a member of the so-called upper classes undertakes to sell stoves or cheese or canned goods, he falls from the class which he originally occupied to a lower class. If, however, he chooses to sell automobiles, stocks and bonds, or land, he remains in his original class and is not lowered. Those three pursuits are exempt from the stigma which attaches to trading in all other commodities. I question, however, whether an American or an Englishman, or Little Bright Eyes the Indian Control, or any other agency known to man, can tell at a glance that one man belongs to a certain class because he sells stock in the Hotair Oil Company of Rumania and that another belongs to a lower class because he sells steel safes.

That, however, is quibbling. The basis of English classes is the racial instinct of self-preservation—an instinct that has only recently begun to develop in America. There are certain broad, well-defined classes in England which, generally speaking, can be recognized at a glance by an Englishman. He has an uncanny faculty of knowing at once whether—as a middle-class Englishman put it to me—he should be polite or rude or merely decent to the persons with whom he comes in contact. I pressed this Englishman

for further information. "Well, look here," said he, "suppose a chap comes in here dressed like a juke." He meant duke, but he said juke. "What I mean, you might have trouble in knowing whether he was a juke or a butler or a clerk or what-not, what?" I acknowledged that such was indeed the case. "What I mean," he went on triumphantly, "you wouldn't know until you had talked with him because you're a blooming American; but I'd know as soon as I clapped eyes on him; and directly I'd done so I'd say politely: 'Beg pardon, but is there anything I can do, sir?' or I'd say roughly: 'Sit down over there and wait your turn,' depending on whether he was one of the upper classes, or one of the servant class. I'd know at once."

This man was a little of a snob, but not so much of a snob as he'd appear in the eyes of the average American. There is class distinction in England, and the distinction is recognized and acquiesced in by every class. The lower the classes, the more rigid the distinctions. I have heard it said that there are only two sorts of people who can mingle without embarrassment with every class of English society, from the top to the bottom: one is an English duke; the other is an agreeable American. As regards the duke and the American, there is no envy and no jealousy. They are at their ease with all classes, and since they are not suspected of snobbishness or pride, all classes are at ease with them. But let a member of the English middle or lower classes get out of his class, and he's as uncomfortable and ill at ease as a cat in a shower-bath.

The English public-house, therefore, is constructed in such a manner that an Englishman of any class that frequents one can buy himself a beaker of so-called nut-brown ale with the minimum of mental anguish.

Instead of containing one bar, as was the case with that practically defunct American institution, the saloon, the English pub contains a whole flock of bars, carefully divided from one another by high sturdy partitions, and entered by separate doors.

The height of elegance and luxury in pub circles is the saloon lounge, which is a bar with carpets on the floor, glittering mirrors on the walls, and around the walls leather or plush-covered divans on which the weary beer-drinker may seat himself with his dish of hops in sybaritic luxury. Next below the saloon lounge is the saloon bar, which is a smaller edition of the lounge, and furnished with the same rich elegance. The same class of people enter the saloon bar that enter the saloon lounge; and some of the poorer pubs in the cities dispense entirely with the saloon lounge and all the heavy British opulence that goes with it. Every pub, however, has its saloon bar; and to that saloon bar flock the very cream, or *haut ton,* of the drinking fraternity.

Next below the saloon bar is the private bar, which is a cross between the glittering elegance of a saloon bar and the sawdust-floored unostentation of the public bar. The public bar caters exclusively to the lowest classes, such as dock laborers and cabmen and teamsters and unskilled laborers generally. The saloon bar caters to a rather indefinite lower middle class—salesmen and stockbrokers' clerks and other white-collar men—which is as high as the pubs need to go in the catering line, since the upper classes and the upper-middle class do their drinking in their homes and at clubs. The private bar, therefore, purveys liquid refreshment to a class between the two—skilled laborers and hard-boiled white-collar men. In addition to all these different departments into which the bars of English pubs are divided

there is one more: the bottle and jug department. The bottle and jug department is an appendage of the public bar; and to it come the hoarse-voiced gentry in need of a little something on the hip, or the ancient crones who wish to take away with them a few shillings' worth of gin to solace them during the long night watches, or those youthful and active individuals delegated to rush the growler, as the saying goes, for their more slothful parents.

There is a slight difference in price between the drinks which one gets in the different divisions of an English pub. In a public bar, for example, one gets a large glass of dejected-tasting beer for fourpence ha'penny—which, translated into American money at the 1921 rate of exchange, is seven cents. In the private bar the same large glass of so-called beer costs a ha'penny more. In the saloon bar, surrounded by plush and elegance, one pays the same price for a glass as in the private bar; but the glass is much smaller and thinner—sweller, as the patrons of the saloon bar explain.

That, then, is the English drinking-machinery. Each pub has its saloon bar, its private bar, its public bar and its bottle and jug department; and if it is sufficiently large, it crowns them all with a saloon lounge or super-bar. Into these different divisions its patrons fall with absolute and unfailing certainty. A man whose social position entitles him to enter the saloon bar would never enter the public bar; and a regular patron of the public bar wouldn't dream of entering the saloon bar. If he were to do so, no objection would be raised by the bar-maids or the other bar-flies; but his own discomfort at being out of his element would be excessive. In the course of an exhaustive examination into the pubs of London and environs, I collected

four young men from the public bar of a Camberwell pub and led them to the saloon bar of a pub on the next corner. They were typical young men from the London slums. They were runty and thin, with bad complexions and buck teeth and mufflers around their necks in place of collars, and they were violently attached to an offensively bitter dark-brown fluid known to them as stout. One of the young men had served in France. He alone of the four followed me into the saloon bar and he wasn't wholly at his ease by any means. The other three stood outside and wouldn't come in until they were dragged in by main strength. Even after they were safely in, with glasses of stout clutched in their right hands and with their narrow chests pushed firmly against the bar, they felt and looked uncomfortable because they were in the saloon bar instead of in the public bar where they belonged.

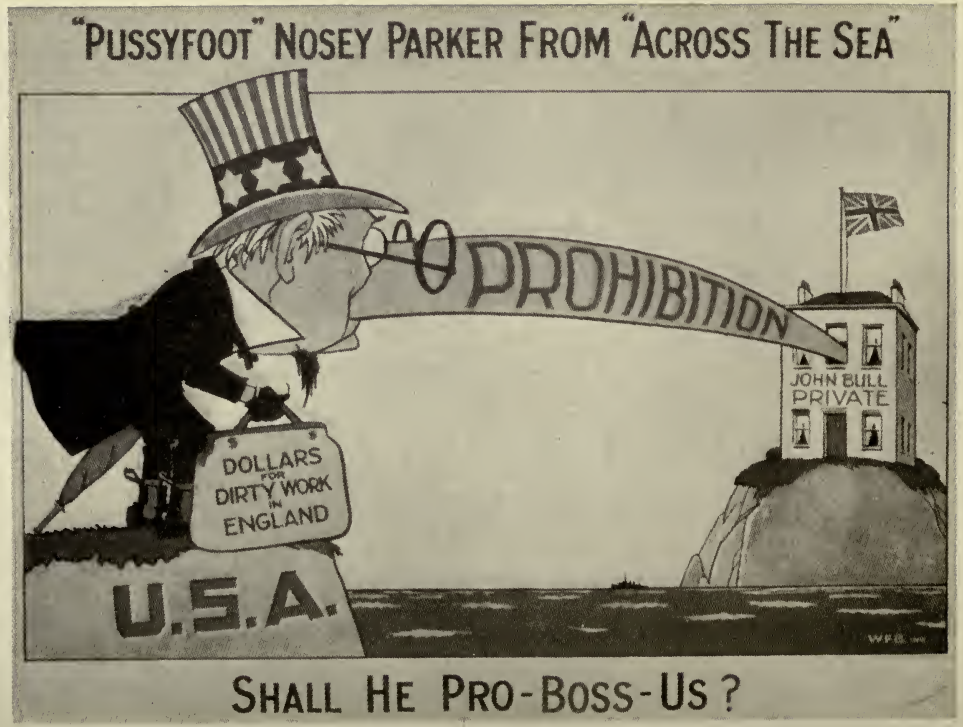
There are eighty thousand pubs in England, to say nothing of eighty thousand statisticians busily engaged in proving that the eighty thousand pubs are either the salvation or the ruin of the nation. A good Prohibition statistician can take a column of figures and demonstrate conclusively with them that unless England stops drinking in eleven years she will be occupying a pauper asylum. An anti-Prohibition statistician can take the same column of figures and prove with them that if England should stop drinking, she would have to convert her navy into coal barges and subsist entirely on boiled parsnips and suet pudding. One of these statisticians has announced that in England there is one drink shop to every two hundred adults of twenty years of age and upwards. I can not vouch for the reliability of these figures, since a long experience with golf-handicappers and Central European politi-

cians has convinced me that the man who remarked that there were lies, damned lies and statistics remarked a mouthful. My investigations into London pubs, however, have more than once made me think that if there is one pub to every two hundred adults, one hundred and ninety-eight of the adults must frequently spend their evenings in the pub attempting to absorb the entire beer-output of the country.

Unless a foreigner has made a round of the pubs in an English city, he will have difficulty in realizing the hold which drinking has on the English people. Drinking in England reached a higher stage of development centuries ago than it reached in America even during the hectic period when young ladies removed and checked their corsets on arriving at dances, and were unable to be their natural selves unless they had about a pint and a half of whisky beneath their girdles. Drinking in America was a sort of sideline; but in England it was for hundreds of years and still is an accepted portion of the daily routine. The professional man, the business man—almost every man whose income is of any size at all, has beer or whisky-and-soda with his lunch, and is inclined to follow it up with a glass of port. With his dinner he has champagne or a light wine or a whisky-and-soda, as his fancy dictates, and again tops off with a glass of port. Go to any of the countless quiet hotels in England to-day; and in every dining-room you will find austere elderly ladies sucking up bottles of champagne with their dinners. As people grow poorer they get down to beer; but it isn't much of an exaggeration to say that all England drinks with its meals. There never has been the sentiment against drinking in England that existed in America. It is not at all unusual for English business men, after lunch, to be the proud possessors of penetrating,

Copyright Underwood & Underwood

William E. (Pussyfoot) Johnson



The widely circulated pun poster.

sixty-candlepower beer or whisky breaths; but if my memory does not fail me, the average American business man, even in the days when our large cities boasted a saloon on every prominent corner, would have had an apoplectic seizure if two or three of his employees had come back from lunch exuding even the faintest of groggy odors. I know a New England town, for example, where, as recently as 1916, sentiment against alcoholic beverages was so strong that the town's social leaders wouldn't eat salad dressing made from claret vinegar—if they knew it. Such a state of affairs wouldn't exist in England. As I have remarked elsewhere, the English have been sopping up beer and ale and everything else of an alcoholic nature that they could find ever since the days of Hengist and Horsa. In that celebrated book on English public-school life in the early '40's, *Tom Brown's School Days,* you will find a description of a Saturday-night singing at Rugby. On Saturdays the boys had a double allowance of beer with their supper. They saved it and took it to the schoolhouse hall and lapped it up in concert; and the older boys, of the ripe old age of seventeen, brought in bottled beer and shared it with the younger boys of ten and eleven when the school beer had been consumed. And Brooke, the hero of the school, made a speech in which he advised the boys to keep away from the bad spirits and punch of the public-house because "you get plenty of good beer here, and that's enough for you." Beer has always been regarded by the English as being a harmless—nay, a healthful and almost essential part of their daily life, like soggy vegetables and damp bed-sheets.

It is in the pubs that one finds the British Beer Worshipers practising their most mystic rites, subject to the regulations of the Liquor Control Board which, during the war,

ordained that pubs should be open for two and one-half hours at noon and for three hours in the evening. And I would like to state once more that even with these restricted hours, the yearly post-war liquor bill of the United Kingdom is over two billion dollars—more than triple the entire national expenditure of England in 1907, which was an expensive pre-war year.

To an American, the most striking feature of the English pubs is the enthusiastic and whole-hearted manner in which the women join with the men in all their ground and lofty drinking. Possibly I have selected the wrong phrase when I say that the women join with the men. In some cases men and women enter the pubs together—a man and his wife, or a young man and his sweetheart—and then again a woman comes in alone and tosses down a couple of drinks; or a couple of women come in together and call for two Burtons, and lean up against the bar and discuss what Ella said to 'Arry, or the cost of hostrich plumes, punctuating their remarks with long silent draughts, and paying no attention to the male drinkers around them.

Lest this matter be misunderstood in America, I wish to make it plain that drinking is far more general in England than it ever was in America, and that if women of certain classes in England happen to prefer a glass of beer or ale or port or sherry to a cup of tea, they drop into a pub and get it, just as they would drop into a tea-house for a dash of orange pekoe; and nobody thinks any the worse of them for it. You see all sorts of women in the pubs of English cities. In some sections of London you see painted ladies and drabs leaning against the bars: in others you see quiet young business women in neat tweeds snatching a solitary glass of beer or sherry: you see venerable ladies in

their best silk dresses, and dowdy housewives with ratty false fronts projecting from under their frowzy hats, and women of the slums in greasy dresses and ragged shawls, all getting their stout or their bitter or their Burton across the bar and hoisting the brimming schooners with the aplomb of a longshoreman. A great many of the women who drink in the pubs are all right; and a great many of them make beasts of themselves, just as the men do. Generally speaking, there are four men convicted for drunkenness in England each year for every woman that is so convicted. Nearly eleven thousand women were convicted for drunkenness in England during 1919—and the number convicted is necessarily only a small percentage of the number who were drunk. The number, too, was small because of the war-time restrictions on the sale of liquor which were still in force. In 1913 the number of women convicted for drunkenness was nearer forty thousand.

My first pubbing expedition in London was made on a Sunday in company with a consul from the American consulate-general. Sunday is a great day in England for steady drinking among the working classes; for there is no work to distract their minds from the matter in hand. The men and women flock to the pubs, which are so crowded that one must fairly fight his way up to the bar. If the woman is unfortunate enough to be handicapped by a baby-in-arms, she can not settle down to an uninterrupted drinking bout, but must catch her drinks on the fly, so to speak. The English government allows almost everything in the drinking line; but it ungallantly refuses to allow a woman with a baby in her arms to line up at the bar of a pub, nor will it permit children under fifteen years of age to enter a pub for liquid refreshment or for relaxation and amuse-

ment or for any other reason. If a mother who has a small baby is also fortunate enough to possess a baby-carriage, she can—and frequently does—park the baby-carriage outside the pub while she herself goes in to hoist a few scuttles of suds with the other members of her sewing circle. If she does not own a baby-carriage, she must hang around the door of the pub while a friend goes in and gets a great, big, cold, wet glass of ale and brings it out to her.

The pubs closed at three o'clock on Sunday; and when three o'clock struck, my consular companion and I found ourselves in the public bar of a pub in the slums which lie just beyond Hyde Park and the Marble Arch. We were with five English laborers—all of them undersized, undernourished and unhealthy-looking as a result of the undigestible food and the oceans of beer which they and their ancestors had consumed—and at the direction of the pub owner the seven of us took our glasses of Burton and stood on the sidewalk outside the pub in the pale smoky sunshine of a London autumn afternoon. Five feet from us, as we stood and talked about Prohibition and the peculiarly nasty taste of quassia which the British brewers had succeeded in imparting to all their beer, stood a woman with a baby over her left shoulder and an enormous glass of stout in her right hand. A friend, also nursing a glass of stout, stood beside her; and while the fond mother buried her nose in the stout, the friend cooed and glugged at the baby, poking a tentative finger into its cheeks, pushing a penny into its fat fists, and breathing warmly on it with her stout-impregnated breath. Beyond this mother there were two other mothers with babies in their arms, both drinking busily; and there were five other apparently unattached women, all burdened with huge glasses of beer. The children of the neigh-

borhood played among them joyously; and altogether it was a scene of great peace and contentment. When the beer had been consumed, the owner of the pub came out and collected the glasses, and the little gathering slowly dispersed.

The pubs, on the whole, are infinitely more quiet and orderly than similar institutions ever would have been in America. The drinks in English pubs—except in the public bars of the poorest pubs—are dispensed by maidens of various ages; and their presence appears to have a refining and chastening influence on the clientele. I call them maidens because they are known generically as "Miss." They neither understand nor answer to any other term of address. Diminutives, terms of endearment, or familiarities, such as Ducky, Sister, Sweetheart, Little Honeybunch and Kid, are received by them in stony and contemptuous silence. If you want anything from them, you must call them "Miss." "Two stouts, Miss, *hif* you please!" or "Miss, two Burtons," are the phrases that echo through every English pub without cessation. During crowded hours, the frequent repetition of "Miss, Miss, Miss" that rings out on the beery air occasionally attains the proportions of the angry hissing of a second-gallery audience at an unpopular play. In the larger pubs the staff of Misses is ruled by a Miss of wide experience and mature years. She is supreme behind the bar; and beneath the bar she usually maintains a very large glass. Whenever a customer fails to drink his entire drink, the residue is poured into the glass of this duenna of Misses. When it is filled, she repairs to a spot where she is comparatively free from observation and drinks it hastily. Usually she has a false front, a hard yet watery eye, and a nose that inclines toward ruddiness and bulbosity. Whenever a customer becomes over-familiar in his manner of addressing one of

the younger Misses, the duenna is summoned. She surges majestically to the scene of hostilities and opens on the unfortunate offender with the verbal ammunition which she has acquired through years of careful attention to barroom conversation. The offender usually lasts about three seconds, and is then led away by his friends, if he has any left.

The pubs reopened at six o'clock on Sunday evening and remained open until nine o'clock. We resumed pubbing at six o'clock, working from the poor district known as Elephant and Castle out to the equally poor district known as Camberwell and pronounced Camel. The pubs were jammed with people and there were no other sorts of shops open, except candy shops and tobacconists. Movies can be open on Sunday evenings also; but in the large amount of territory which we covered on that particular Sunday we didn't happen to see a single moving-picture theater, though we passed and entered scores of pubs. In every pub there were women; and outside of almost every pub there were little children waiting for their mothers to come out. At a little before nine o'clock we found a corner pub in Camberwell with four entrances. In each of three of the entrances, on the cold stone step, were seated two little girls; and crowded on the step of the fourth entrance were three little girls. I spoke to each one of the nine in turn, asking who they were waiting for. The answer in each case was "My mama." They were all attractive-looking children, surprisingly well-dressed. There was nothing unusual about this incident. You can run across such spectacles in any section of any English city on any night in the year—except the nights when the pubs are closed.

I have seen large masses of working people in many

large cities of America, Asia and Europe; but I have never seen more universally miserable-looking specimens of humanity—such runty, stunted, malformed, buck-toothed, obviously mal-nourished, diseased and generally wretched specimens as those I saw among the lower classes of England in my tours of the English public houses. These people are the people who worship beer. They are the working people; and the English records show that out of the four hundred and ten million pounds which were spent on intoxicating liquors in the United Kingdom in 1919, two hundred and seventy million pounds were spent by the working classes. The climate may have something to do with their physical state; the soggy, vilely-cooked food which they eat in such vast quantities may have something to do with it; the bad housing and the lack of healthful recreation may have something to do with it; but if any man can go among the Beer Worshipers while they're at their devotions and not blame most of their troubles on beer, he is, to put it conservatively, singularly unobservant.

The fight against liquor in England dates back to 1853, when the United Kingdom Alliance, an Association of Temperance and Social Reformers, was formed in the city of Manchester with the sole and avowed purpose of dealing a deadly wallop to the Liquor Traffic by means of public opinion, working through Local Option. England, as I have said before, has no option in the matter of liquor. Licenses to sell liquor are granted by licensing justices appointed—frequently for political party service—by the lord chancellor. The people of a neighborhood in which a license is requested have no effective voice in saying whether or not the license shall be granted.

The fight of most of the Temperance workers of Eng-

land, to-day as in the past, is a fight to permit the people of England to express themselves on the subject of liquor. The fight of the Liquor Interests—or of the Trade, as it is always spoken of more or less affectionately in England—is a fight to prevent the people of England from expressing themselves.

The United Kingdom Alliance has been the father of practically all the Temperance organizations which have sprung up in Great Britain and her colonies. It was the father of the Scottish Permissive Bill and Temperance Association, which succeeded in obtaining Local Option for Scotland. It was the father of Alliances in Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa—which places in 1921 had either gone dry or were about to go dry with harsh, dusty crashes. In 1908 the United Kingdom Alliance nearly got a Local Option Bill made into law. The Bill struggled through the House of Commons successfully; but when it went gaily and innocently up to the House of Lords, the noble lords—being deeply interested in breweries and having large quantities of the family currency or jack invested in them—drew long keen knives from their boots and cut the bill to shreds.

The United Kingdom Alliance is a political as well as an educative organization. It fights the Liquor Trade and representatives of the Liquor Trade and candidates who sympathize with the Liquor Trade. Then there are other strong organizations which keep out of politics and limit themselves to putting out books and pamphlets and posters showing the evils of drink, or to persuading people to sign the pledge. Among these are such organizations as the National Temperance League, the Temperance Council of the Christian Churches—which is headed by the Archbishop

of Canterbury and the Archbishop of Westminster—the British Women's Temperance Association, the Women's Total Abstinence Union, and many other active organizations.

The United Kingdom Alliance has worked always for Local Option, and has devoted its energies exclusively to that. When, during the war, Great Britain was adopting strong measures to stop waste and increase the efficiency of the nation, another organization whose efforts were directed against the Liquor Trade came into being. This was known as the Strength of Britain Movement. In the beginning it was composed of business men who recognized the fearful waste caused by the production and consumption of intoxicants, and who demanded in rude and raucous tones that the government stop the production and the sale of liquor for the duration of the war and for six months after —who demanded, in other words, that the strength of Britain be conserved. Business men swung in behind this movement in tremendous numbers, and subscribed enough money for an advertising campaign. The first advertisement showed a huge tank labeled "Britain's Strength." There were three little leaks in the tank, entitled "The Pleasure Motoring Leak," "Coal and Electric Lighting Leak," and "The New Clothing Leak." The government was noticing and plugging these leaks. Then there was a fourth enormous leak out of which Britain's strength was pouring in a mighty flood. That, labeled "The Big Alcohol Leak," was the leak which the government couldn't see at all. The Strength of Britain Movement gave the Liquor Trade in England the greatest fright of its life, because its statements were both true and unanswerable. Incidentally, if its statements were true in 1916, they were equally true in

November of 1920, when the government of Great Britain had been warned by Sir George Paish that unless necessary steps were taken within the immediate future, Great Britain herself would be in financial difficulties within twelve months. In 1916 the Strength of Britain Movement demanded war-time Prohibition from the government. The demand came within an inch of being granted. At the last moment Lloyd-George refused to take the whole step; but he consented to reduce the beer output by two-thirds, cut down the spirit output by one-half, stop distillers from making whisky, and greatly curtail the hours during which the pubs could be open. As a result of this, food was conserved, efficiency was increased, and the number of convictions for drunkenness was cut from one hundred eighty-eight thousand in 1913 to twenty-eight thousand in 1918.

Now a great many of the members of the Strength of Britain Movement only advocated Prohibition during a period of national stress. Some of them were Beer Worshipers, a lot of them liked a little jolt of port before crawling into bed at night, and an appreciable number said emphatically that life was scarcely worth living in this beastly climate unless one could have a bit of a peg with his lunch, what? Consequently many of the Strength of Britain people left the organization flat on its back at the end of the war and took no more interest in Prohibition than they would have taken in a fund for indigent German submarine captains. The Strength of Britain Movement grew weaker and paler day by day. Finally a campaign was started to unite the United Kingdom Alliance and the Strength of Britain Movement. It progressed nicely for a time, until the leaders of the Alliance, hearing that the Strength of Britain movement had been on the verge of

disbanding, refused to make any concessions to the other side. It chanced, however, that there were one or two Scotchmen connected with the Strength of Britain Movement; and it also happened that the Secretary of the Movement, who was a very capable young man, didn't happen to have another job to step into. So the movement suddenly developed unexpected tenacity of life, and started spasmodically off on the up-grade again. I mention these things not because I take pleasure in rattling dry bones in an ancient grave, but because the rebirth of the Strength of Britain Movement marks an unnecessary split in the Temperance workers of England. The United Kingdom Alliance still advocates and fights for Local Option. The Strength of Britain Movement says that Local Option is futile and hopeless and strongly advocates a bill which will permit a vote on three questions, to wit: whether or not the manufacture and sale of spirits shall be prohibited; whether or not the output of beer shall be limited to one-half the pre-war quantity; and whether or not there shall be a further gradual reduction of the beer output until it entirely ceases at the end of five or seven years.

The argument of the Strength of Britain people is not unsound. Local Option, as advocated in England and as in use in Scotland, allows a city to vote on the liquor question by wards; and each ward is a unit by itself. Thus, if there are ten wards in a city, and nine wards vote overwhelmingly dry while the tenth ward votes wet by a very narrow majority, the tenth ward continues to sell liquor, though the total vote of the city has been dry. Consequently the Strength of Britain people claim that even though the people of England were given the right to vote on Local Option, they would be fifty years or more in get-

ting a dry England. That opinion was also echoed by most of the Prohibition leaders in Scotland. "The English will never vote to give up their beer," they said. "They're soaked in it—sodden with it. Only a miracle can make England dry!" So the Strength of Britain people scoff at Local Option, and demand a bill which will make it possible to return to the conditions which existed during the war—conditions which cut the convictions for drunkenness from one hundred and eighty-eight thousand to twenty-eight thousand—and gradually to better those conditions.

There is a third class of Temperance workers whose efforts are directed in still another channel. These are the people who advocate Nationalization or State Purchase of the Liquor Traffic. Some of the advocates of State Purchase are genuine Temperance enthusiasts, and they believe implicitly that State Purchase would be a stepping-stone to Prohibition. There are other rooters for State Purchase, however, who do their rooting because they are very sure that if the government owned the Liquor Traffic, it would need the money so badly that there would never be any decrease in the amount of liquor manufactured and consequently no Prohibition. Some, indeed, go so far as to say that the original suggestion for State Purchase came from the brewers. There are still other State Purchase enthusiasts who hold their views because they belong to the little coteries of serious thinkers that believe in the Nationalization of everything. At any rate, all the other Temperance workers give the State Purchase advocates the bird or razz. Local Optioners burst into hoarse and contemptuous guffaws at the idea of State Purchase; and some very pungent remarks are thrown off about the chancellor of the exchequer going into the Liquor Trade, about a minister

for drink in the Cabinet, and about attempts to make the State a minister of evil to the people.

These three classes of Temperance workers, though seeking results in different ways, have constantly dinned into the ears of the English the great truths about the use of alcohol—that it impairs the efficiency of a nation, wastes the resources of a nation, and increases crime, poverty and disease—and the thousands of lesser truths about the use of strong drink. Consequently a good part of their work is efficacious. Until they unite entirely in their aims, however, their efforts will always have less strength than the efforts of the Liquor Trade, whose sole object is the defeat of any movement which will tend to decrease the manufacture, sale or consumption of beer, wine or spirits.

At the close of the war the English people were heartily sick of the many infringements on their personal liberty which the war had brought about. An Englishman is a veritable glutton for his personal liberty. He talks about it constantly during political campaigns; and whenever there is any alteration in policemen's uniforms or a change in railroad schedules or a proposal to muzzle dogs or any talk of increasing the size of the grandstand of the football field in the town of Mushroom-under-Glass, Herts, he always views the project with deep suspicion as being a possible infringement on his personal liberty. What the government did to the Englishman's personal liberty during the war almost comes under the head of a crime; so when the war ended, all Englishmen were anxious to do away with all war-time regulations and restrictions. The manufacture and the sale of liquor had been tampered with by the government, and the people had benefited tremendously by the tampering. Nevertheless, the people wanted to get back to a pre-war

basis in that as in everything, because they considered that their drinking was a part of their personal liberty. As a result, at the end of the war, nobody was paying much attention to the arguments of the Temperance workers, and the chances of Prohibition looked as thin as boarding-house consommé.

At this juncture there were alarums and trumpets without, and Pussyfoot Johnson entered from America.

Pussyfoot Johnson is a tall, thick-set, neutral-tinted person with a soft soothing voice, an air of surprised and wide-eyed innocence, an enormous store of facts of a nature to disturb a supporter of the Liquor Interests, and a nervous giggle which he interjects unexpectedly after ridding himself of a statement particularly damning to an anti-Prohibitionist. His name is as well-known in some sections of America as is that of George Washington or Babe Ruth or Charles Chaplin. In other sections it is hardly known at all. In England there isn't a town or a village or a tiny hamlet that doesn't know about Pussyfoot Johnson. From the chalk cliffs of the Channel and the unpronounceable coal-mining districts of Wales up to the wild islands off the coast of Scotland where the natives weave their Harris tweeds in the mingled atmosphere of acrid peat reek and Scotch whisky, the name of Pussyfoot Johnson is a household word. He has become the sign-manual of the Temperance forces and the living embodiment of Prohibition. When the Wets attack the Prohibition movement they attack it through Pussyfoot Johnson. His name has become the generic term for every variety of Temperance worker and Prohibitionist. A Prohibitionist is a Pussyfoot. So is a Temperance worker. The verb "to Pussyfoot," in England means to engage in Prohibition work.

Pussyfoot Johnson did his first big anti-liquor work as Chief Special Officer of the United States Indian Service, charged with suppressing the illegal selling of liquor to the Indians on Indian Reservations. He was a game fighter and a two-fisted fighter and a gun-fighter to boot when the occasion demanded it. He got his nickname from the silent manner in which he would gumshoe from place to place and then drop like a ton of lead-pipe on the unsuspecting head of a law-breaker. The stories of some of his fist-fights and gun fights in New Mexico, Oklahoma, Utah and Minnesota are of the type to make the fiction of Old Sleuth and Old King Brady sound as innocuous as the Flaxie Frizzle books. Soon after he left the Indian Service in 1911 he became the Managing Editor of the *American Issue Publications,* which are the publications of the Anti-Saloon League of America. He visited Russia and wrote the best existing account of the Vodka monopoly, and in other ways made his name known in Europe as a highly successful Temperance worker.

In the summer of 1918, when Prohibition in America was almost as sure as death and taxes, the Prohibition forces in Scotland wrote to Johnson and asked him to assist in the Scottish Local Option campaign. He at first refused. Then, later in 1918, the Anti-Saloon League of America, looking around for more wetness to conquer, conceived the idea that the time was nearly ripe for starting an international society to war against the Liquor Traffic. It was further determined to send Johnson over to England to see whether England offered fertile ground for the planting of an international Dry seed; so Johnson decided to strangle two Wet birds with one sponge, as one might say—help the Scotchmen and look into the prospects for the International

Prohibition Society. The Anti-Saloon League of America paid Johnson's salary; the Scottish Permissive Bill and Temperance Association paid his expenses. Neither his salary nor his expenses were particularly large, in spite of the claims of the Liquor Trade that the "American Agitators" were paid "fabulous sums."

So Johnson for three months helped the Scotchmen by making speeches which told the good things that Prohibition had done for America. Then he went down to London and started work on his international society. The Drys, he said, snapped at it; and the result was the World League against Alcoholism. Johnson is a sort of press agent and special investigator for this organization. He has an office in the heart of Fleet Street, which is the big newspaper street of London; and the inscription on the big plate-glass window, at the level of the second story of the passing double-decked busses, reads "American Issue Publishing Company." The American Issue Publishing Company, remember, is a subsidiary Company of the Anti-Saloon League of America.

Shortly after Pussyfoot Johnson's arrival in London in 1919, a representative of *The London Daily Mail* saw him and wrote a long interview in which Pussyfoot was quoted as saying that the Anti-Saloon League proposed to take an active part in British elections and show the British Temperance organizations how to make the country dry. Johnson assured me that he was misquoted in that interview and that he said no such thing. I asked him whether he had remonstrated with the reporter who wrote it, and he said that he had not. He did, however, get a long interview into *The Manchester Guardian* soon afterward, explaining carefully and at great length that neither he nor the Anti-Saloon

League had ever had the slightest intention of interfering in any way with British affairs, and that they intended to take no part whatever in any British elections.

Whether he said what *The Mail* said he said, or whether he didn't, the harm had been done. The interview raised a hue and cry which broke all records for hue-and-cry raising. The hue was raised about three miles higher than a hue had ever before been raised, while the cry was raised so high that it hasn't come down yet. There were passionate howls to the effect that America was sending an army of workers and millions of dollars to England to interfere with the personal liberty of the British people. There was a violent concentration of public interest in the Prohibition question. The name of Pussyfoot was feverishly hated on every side. Pussyfoot made speeches in various parts of the country and was greeted with what the less refined elements of English society know as the bird, and what corresponding elements in America delight to term the razz. Finally at a Prohibition debate in London, some University of London students, by way of a jolly little undergraduate prank, started a riot against Pussyfoot. The riot spread and became unmanageable. Police reserves were called out; and just as the reserves were about to rescue Johnson, some one threw a rock which put out his right eye. Johnson is, and always has been, a game fighter. He suffered intense pain for many days, but never had a word of blame for any one. An evening paper started a popular subscription for him, and Johnson asked that the money be turned over to St. Dunstan's Hospital for blinded soldiers. There was a great revulsion of sentiment in his favor.

The interest in Prohibition continued to grow, and the Liquor Interests in England began to be more and more

worried. The definite arrival of Prohibition in America afflicted them with some extremely poignant pains. The rumbles of the Local Option campaign in Scotland were distinctly audible in England, and added appreciably to the spiritual unrest of the Wet element. The evident success of Prohibition in America put an enormous amount of valuable anti-drink propaganda into the hands of the United Kingdom Alliance, the Strength of Britain Movement and all the other British Temperance organizations. Most important of all, influential British business interests began to get firmly fixed in their heads—which are slow to get a new idea and very reluctant to let go of an idea which has once been grasped—the idea that a Wet England can not compete with a Dry America.

It thus became the duty of the higher Interests to convince the people of England that Prohibition would be a very bad thing for them, and that their general health, prosperity and well-being would be promoted by a continued indulgence in liquor. Their chief method of doing this was to attack violently the interference of America in British affairs, to hint darkly that vast quantities of money were being poured into England by American Prohibitionists for some presumably ulterior motive, and generally to imply that the people of England should fight Prohibition because it was a foreign movement which was striking at their sacred liberty.

One of the first and most widely circulated posters which the Wet Interests got out was a crude affair headed "Pussyfoot Nosey Parker from Across the Sea." It showed a funereal-looking person standing on the shores of the United States. His tremendously long nose stretched all the way across the Atlantic and was thrust neatly into a

house labeled "John Bull: Private." On his head he wore a Stars and Stripes hat, and in his hand he carried a valise labeled "Dollars for Dirty Work in England."

On thousands of bill-boards throughout England in the autumn of 1920 there appeared a poster showing a large John Bull holding up a glass of beer in one hand and plucking a diminutive Uncle Sam out of the beer with the thumb and forefinger of his other hand. "Lor' lumme!" John Bull was exclaiming, "there's a microbe in my beer!" The principal Liquor organizations, when I attempted to get copies of this poster, denied any definite knowledge of its source. They said that the poster had been originated and posted by an obscure organization of brewers, and that it had been ordered down by the Liquor people as likely to cause ill-feeling between the English and American people.

A small pink hand-bill put out by the Liquor people made some very mysterious insinuations which were doubtless intended to bring a hot flush of shame to American cheeks and to convince Englishmen beyond cavil that the Prohibition movement is one of singularly sinister import.

"What is the game?" asks this hand-bill without circumlocution. "Do the Yankee Prohibitionists want to provoke a revolution in Britain?" There, indeed, is a question calculated to make any Englishman upset his beer in consternation. "Results of shortage of beer and spirits:" continues this valuable document. "During the war there was a great shortage of beer and spirits, and the Home Secretary, Sir George (now Lord) Cave, stated in the House of Commons that it had led to unrest, discontent, loss of time, loss of work, and in some cases even strikes were threatened, and indeed caused, by the very fact that there was a shortage of beer. These are serious facts."

Serious, maybe; but wait until you read further.

"What," asks this Pink Paper, "what is the game of the Yankee? In many parts of the country active disturbances took place. That was due to shortage in war-time. What would be the position if, in the piping days of peace, well-organized teetotalers were to jockey the nation into seizing the supply altogether? *Many thoughtful men believe it would spell revolution.*

"Can it be in the interests of some Americans to foment a great upheaval of trade in the United Kingdom? *Scrutiny of the list of subscribers to the huge cost of this campaign of interference in the every-day life of another nation might supply the answer.*

"Is it to ruin our industries? The American speakers are preaching the doctrine that if the Briton will give up his liquor greater efficiency will be secured. We seem to remember that the abolition of vodka in Russia had a very different result, and during the war the shortage of liquor was the main cause of great industrial unrest. The Home Secretary admitted it.

"Do strikes, loss of work, loss of time, unrest, and a general feeling of discontent lead to efficiency?

"But isn't it, to say the least, a strange thing that American manufacturers, who contribute so large a part of the funds for this invasion, should be so anxious that our efficiency be improved so that we may be better able to compete with them, for the world's trade? We had never before regarded them as so altruistic.

"What is the little game? Think it over."

For one hundred per cent. piffleism, this gem of Wet thought would be difficult to beat. None the less, it goes big with the sturdy Briton when, with four or five glasses of stout swashing around in him, he gives it the benefit of his undivided attention.

I procured a set of anti-Prohibition pamphlets at National Trade Defense Headquarters—the organization which looks after the interests of the entire Liquor Trade. These pamphlets usually depict a clear-eyed, perfectly proportioned, nicely dressed British working man or working woman in close juxtaposition to a bottle of ale, engaged in an altercation with a cadaverous-looking, frock-coated, gloomy-faced Temperance worker. The pamphlets assure the honest British working man that the Prohibitionists are, among other things, sour-visaged, jaundiced old ladies of both sexes, fussy zealots, professional propagandists, fanatics and artful dodgers. Pamphet No. 13 declares:

"It is just at this time that a horde of Yankee mercenaries have come over to assist our sour-visaged Prohibitionists to make the United Kingdom 'bone-dry.' They propose to do it by stages—Local Veto is to be one..... *Make no mistake.* Local Veto is the first step toward prohibition—as it was in America—and should be resisted now if you want to avoid wide-spread poverty. There are employed in and dependent on the liquor trade, and trades dependent upon it, about 1,000,000 persons. If you allow anti-drink fanatics to have their way, you will rob that vast army of their living. Imagine the competition there would be for jobs! Can it be doubted that the result would be a large and general decline in wages? Don't sell yourselves into slavery at the dictation of jaundiced teetotalers. Preserve your freedom and self-respect. Vote against Local Veto—the first step that would put you on the slippery slope to Prohibition. Write to your M. P. and tell him that if he supports Local Veto, you won't support him."

The Wets insist continually that the people of England can not preserve their freedom and their self-respect if the country goes dry. Their reasons for this statement are

somewhat obscure, but the sturdy Briton who worships his beer wastes very little time asking for reasons.

Another favorite argument of the Wet pamphlets is that which begs the voter to consider the analogy between prohibiting drink because a few get drunk, and prohibiting shoes because some are too tight—or similar instances.

"What would you think," virtuously asks pamphlet No. 27, addressed particularly to working women, "if a silly man said: 'Some women squander a hundred pounds on a dress; the remedy is for all women to go without'? That is what teetotalers say about drink..... If you let these busybodies have their way, the next move will be against your tea, or your husband's tobacco—as in America."

This same pamphlet assures the working woman that the Prohibitionists "have huge sums of money which they are spending to bring about Prohibition" and states that "these people have now got the help of scores of Yankees—highly-paid agitators—who have come over with unlimited funds to interfere in a matter that does not concern them. Teetotal fanatics pour out an endless stream of half-truths and 'downright lies'....."

I collected a handful of anti-Prohibition pamphlets issued by the National Trade Defense people, and not one of them has recourse to statistics that tend to disprove any of the countless charges against drink which the Prohibitionists have made. All of them appeal to class-hatred or use arguments which only seem to bear on the subject.

Here, for example, is pamphlet No. 19.

"Doctors by the score warn us that excessive tea-drinking is more harmful than excessive use of excisable beverages. Are we to have polls on the question of prohibiting

the importation and use of tea? Milk is the most deadly beverage known. Tuberculosis, typhoid fever and scarlatina are milk diseases. Are we to poll in every parish on the question of prohibiting milk, or reducing the number of dairymen's shops? Thousands are slaves to drugs—particularly since whisky became so scarce. Is the remedy to be found in polls on the question of closing chemists' shops? Thousands smoke to excess, and do themselves much harm thereby. Must we poll on the question of prohibiting the use of tobacco? Absurd! you will say. So it is. But it is the same plan that is proposed by teetotal faddists."

Such stuff is, of course, a particularly rich specimen of drivel. If a country prohibits the carrying of concealed weapons because there are too many murders, it does not necessarily follow that that country will attempt to abolish the ocean because a man was drowned in it.

The statements of the Wet interests in England are extremely inaccurate, and are frequently put out with the evident intention of misleading the people of England in regard to the results of Prohibition in America. One of the best-known distillers in the United Kingdom took full-page advertisements in the English magazines in the late summer of 1920. "Prohibition in America," said this advertisement, "is the rankest hypocrisy. This Company is constantly asked to send whisky to America, but it refuses because it will not deal with hypocrites." Sir Andrew Walker, another very large distiller, recently made the statement that "he was unable at present to supply the American demand." During the first week in November the manager of one of the largest distilleries in the United Kingdom—the same one, by the way, that refused to deal with hypocrites—stated that he was shipping one thousand gallons of whisky to the United States each week, and that

the total shipment of whisky from the United Kingdom to America was larger than it had been before Prohibition took effect. Statements similar to this have been given to the English press by the Liquor Interests throughout 1920. I checked the figures for the exportation of spirits from the United Kingdom to the United States, just out of curiosity. I checked them from the British government figures, and from the figures at the American consulate-general—for no liquor shipments over one hundred dollars in value can be made to America without an American consular invoice. Both the British and American figures showed that a matter of thirty-five thousand gallons of spirits had been shipped to America from the United Kingdom during the first nine months of 1920, and that one million two hundred and thirty-nine thousand seven hundred and fifty proof gallons had been shipped in 1916. Mr. Robert P. Skinner, the American Consul-General in London, laughed at the statement that more whisky was being shipped to America than before Prohibition took effect. "Our consular figures are correct," said he, "and the statements of the whisky people are foolish, because when they make their figures larger than ours they presuppose an impossible chain of illegality. They presuppose illegality on the part of the shipper, the buyer, the British bonded warehouse people, the customs officials and the bank which gives the seller the money for his shipment on presentation of the consular invoice. One or two or three men in a chain might be crooked enough to make our figures worthless, but when you work the number up to fifteen or twenty and include bank employees and customs officials, you're getting beyond the bounds of probability."*

*The Scotch distilleries ship to Canada, and the Canadian dealers and bootleggers, working with the American dealers and bootleggers, most of whom are foreign-born, re-ship the whisky into the United

Every melancholy incident which can be connected with America and Prohibition is eagerly seized by the Wets and circulated quickly throughout England. The English are told that America is turning to new forms of intoxicants which destroy the reason and the stomach-lining at one fell swoop. Doctors, they are told, spend all of their waking-hours writing drug-prescriptions for those who are obliged to satisfy their wild appetites for stimulants. One London paper recently published a story to the effect that three New York physicians wrote one and one-half million prescriptions for drug addicts within a period of six months. This statement provoked loud cries of delight in Wet circles until some skeptical soul pulled out his pencil and figured that three physicians, to write one and one-half million prescriptions, would have had to work twenty-four hours a day, Sundays included, for six months. Prohibition has done some strange things, but it hasn't yet made it possible for physicians to go without sleep for six months.

The Englishman believes that every American home is equipped nowadays with hot and cold water, a private still, electric lights and a miniature brewery. The English are assured that America is troubled with furious strikes on the part of men deprived of their beer, and that her citizens are frightfully unhappy and morose because of their beerless state. Great emphasis is laid on the report that America went dry because the dry legislation took place unknown to the people. Ancient stories are disinterred, and dead bones are rattled feverishly. Visiting Americans are questioned closely regarding the results of Prohibition; and usually each

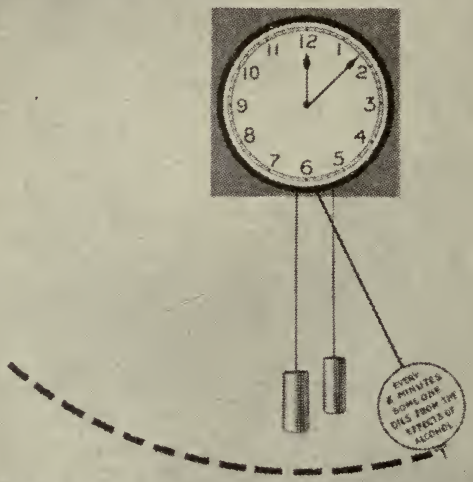
States. When the Scotch distilleries ship "to America," they are actually shipping to Canada (or the West Indies) and knowingly conniving at breaking the American laws.

visiting American drains his cocktail glass with evident enjoyment and says, "My boy, Prohibition is a great thing! I never believed that they could slip it over on us; and I wouldn't have voted for it for five dollars; but it's done now and, believe me, it's great stuff! I'm for it; and if I ever had another chance to vote for it, I'd vote the Prohibition ticket straight. Yes, sir! George, bring us a couple more of those cocktails and just spear that cherry with a toothpick, will you?" Then the Englishman who is questioning him shakes his head in a dumb, puzzled way and decides ponderously and irrevocably, after the British fashion, that the American is a liar and a hypocrite.

The Wets defend themselves chiefly by attacking Pussyfoot Johnson and stirring the working man to vote against the American invader. Pussyfoot Johnson is a good fighter and an agreeable man; but his presence in England is the best anti-Prohibition argument in the Wets' bag, and a constant irritant to the British. The average Britisher thinks that Johnson was sent to England by the American nation to interfere with England's affairs. He doesn't know that Johnson is employed by the Anti-Saloon League—and that the Anti-Saloon League is scarcely regarded as a government organization in America—and that he came to Great Britain at the invitation of Britons. The Wet interests encourage the average Britisher's erroneous beliefs. Most of the English Prohibitionists, for that matter, resent Johnson's presence and think that the Anti-Saloon League would be wiser to keep him at home. Most Americans would think so, too, if they knew the irritation which has been stirred up against Johnson and America by the anti-Prohibitionists. On Guy Fawkes day—November fifth—each year the English children burn Guy Fawkes in effigy for his Gunpowder

As the workman is supposed to see it.

ONE DEATH
FROM ALCOHOL
EVERY EIGHT MINUTES



Drink is one Cause of Not Less Than 60,000 Deaths Every Year in the United Kingdom.

DO NOT LET US GO BACK TO PRE-WAR CONDITIONS.

Advocating the status quo

Plot against the Houses of Parliament. During the last few years, however, many of them found Guy Fawkes too tame, and started burning more concrete enemies of England. During the war, they burned the Kaiser. In 1919 they burned Lenine or Trotsky. On November 5, 1920, large numbers of them burned Pussyfoot Johnson in effigy.

The Temperance workers of England are confronted by a political situation which would make even a Pollyanna burst into tears and kick the shins of any one who could find any gladness in it. In order to get Local Option, which is the measure for which the majority of the Temperance workers yearn, the Temperance workers must get through Parliament a bill which permits the people of England to vote on the liquor question.

The present Parliament, however, is very kindly disposed toward strong drink. There are a couple of bars in the House of Parliament, and the members go in keenly for their grog. One of the most conservative of the Temperance leaders assured me mournfully that the present Parliament lapped up more liquor than any Parliament in history. It is a Coalition Parliament, and the Coalition whip or boss is Sir George Younger, owner of Younger's Scotch Ale. In addition to Sir George Younger, there are twenty-seven other members of Parliament directly connected with the Liquor Trade, either as distillers, brewers or sellers. The introduction before these gentlemen and their colleagues of a bill aimed to remove the brew from the breweries and the still from the distilleries would leave them more or less cold. It would, unquestionably, cause them to burst into hoarse, blood-curdling peals of English merriment and to destroy utterly the features of the bill before it left their presence. Mr. Lloyd George, the present prime minister,

is personally in favor of Prohibition; but ministerially he refuses to be either for or against it. As an individual he made the statement early in 1920 that if America kept dry for ten years, England would have to go dry as well because England could not afford to give America the benefit of the ten per cent. advantage in efficiency which Prohibition would bring. As prime minister he will not commit himself. If he did, Sir George Younger, the Coalition Whip, would—according to the dope dispensed by both the Wets and the Drys—round up his gang and leap gaily on Mr. Lloyd George, leaving him bruised and jobless on the cold pavement.

In short, the Temperance people don't dare to ask anything of the present Parliament for fear that they may get something which they don't want—a Local Option bill, say, which would permit them to start voting in the year 2020, and oblige the Temperance people to poll seventy-five per cent. of the registered votes in order to obtain any success. Consequently they are devoting all their efforts to educating the voters so that when the next Parliament is elected in six months, or a year, or two years, it may contain men who are more favorably disposed toward the suppression of the Liquor Traffic.

The Temperance people have put out a large amount of excellent propaganda since America went dry; but oddly enough the most striking and useful piece of anti-drink propaganda has just been published by the Board of Education at the government's expense. This is called *The Hygiene of Food and Drink; a Syllabus of Lessons for Use in Schools, and Notes for the Assistance of Teachers.* It is published by His Majesty's Stationery Office in London, is distributed free to schools, and may be purchased for two pence. What

this pamphlet does to old John L. Barleycorn is little short of criminal. It goes into the matter deeply in a cold, detached, unemotional British way and proceeds to show with great vigor, éclat, élan and bluntness that alcoholic beverages result in (a) uncritical self-satisfaction of the individual with his words and actions; (b) disregard of occurrences and conditions normally requiring caution of word and act; (c) trespass of rules and conventions previously respected; (d) impaired appreciation of the passage of time; (e) talkativeness; and (f) an argumentative state of mind; quarrelsomeness. One might think, if he were a careless thinker, that alcoholic drinks, outside of these few bad features, were all right; but the pamphlet proceeds to show that their use weakens the heart and the body, diminishes the power and capacity to work, lowers the resistance of the body to disease, causes under-nourishment, causes loss of bodily heat in cold weather and predisposes to sunstroke in hot weather.

Having thus warmed gradually to its subject, the pamphlet figuratively removes its coat and vest, rolls up its sleeves and—as the saying goes—hops to it. The United States is a Prohibition country; and in presenting the arguments of the Board of Education my intention is not to discourage home brewers in their pleasant pursuits or to wean the perfumery-drinker from his secret vice, but to show that though the working classes of England may be Beer Worshipers, the children of the Beer Worshipers are being educated to follow other gods.

"The man who drinks to excess," says this plain-spoken government document, "even if he is never intoxicated, degenerates in character and capacity. He becomes unfit to work, and in many cases unemployable. Diligence and

application become distasteful to him. Ill-health, and not infrequently disease, follows such excess, and he becomes pauperized and even a burden on his family, and to the State. Even moderate drinking may, in certain circumstances, impair the full development of a man's mental capacity. Thus the drinker may suffer socially, physically, mentally and morally. Further, a person who is intemperate in one way is likely to be intemperate in other ways; the loss of self-control in one respect indicates a predisposition to moral weakness in other directions also. Sexual immorality is often dependent on alcoholic intemperance. Moreover, a person who takes too much alcohol becomes unfit for a good day's work, and is among the first to be discharged when employment slackens. Intemperance, therefore, leads to pauperism. The association of alcoholic excess with crime is well known; the effects produced in the home and family life are disastrous.

"The children of drunken parents start life with many disadvantages. With their physical health and energy below the average, they lack the care, nourishment and protection which all children require if they are to grow up well and strong; they are accustomed to squalor, poverty, and a low standard of comfort, and therefore often have no desire or ambition to aspire to better things, and, being thus badly equipped from the outset both in mind and body, their chances of leading happy and useful lives are greatly lessened.....

"The evils of drinking too much are not limited to the man himself and his family. He may also influence others to follow his bad example, and the harm done by one man may thus be wide-spread. One degraded or ill-conducted worker will demoralize a whole family; one disorderly family inexplicably lowers the conduct of a whole street; the low-caste life of a single street spreads its evil influence over the entire quarter; and the slum quarter.....subtly deteriorates the standard of health, morality and public spirit of the whole city.

"We must therefore consider the effects of intemperate habits on the nation as well as on the individual. Money spent by the nation on drink must be reckoned as money which is largely wasted, because there is no proper return for it. The expenditure of four hundred million pounds or more in a year is a drain on the resources of the nation and the direct cause of not a little national poverty.

"While these facts demonstrate the grave evils which may arise from the drinking of alcoholic beverages to excess —*and it must be remembered that unsober nations have to compete with sober nations*—they do not prove that the moderate use of such articles always does harm, though it is obvious that for many persons the only certain way of avoiding all risk is to abstain altogether from the consumption of alcohol. Some States have for this reason sought to prohibit the consumption of alcohol; others have sought to restrict its use by law or regulation temporarily or permanently. During the European war, restrictions were introduced into most areas of Great Britain with the result that there was a remarkable decline in convictions for drunkenness (by eighty-five per cent.); cases of delirium tremens; deaths from alcoholism."

The thought that the statements in this booklet are to be taught in the schools of England for years to come almost makes the Liquor people actively ill. They were raising prolonged, wolf-like howls about it when I was in England. Most of the Liquor people were blaming the booklet on Pussyfoot Johnson. Some of them said that he wrote it and all of them said that he inspired it. As a matter of fact he had no more to do with it than he had to do with inspiring or writing *Down where the Wurzburger Flows.* The Wets blame Pussyfoot Johnson for everything. If England goes dry in ten years the Wets will blame Pussyfoot, though he will be very little to blame. The Wets

think that Pussyfoot is a sort of magician, with strange occult powers, whereas he is nothing but a good-natured plugger against liquor, with a lot of horse sense and bull-headed nerve. The gambler at Monte Carlo almost invariably plays a system; and when he goes broke he blames the system instead of the gambling. The Wet advocate in England is always ready to blame his troubles on anything except drink.

The Prohibition workers have excellent propaganda pamphlets, though their lack of money causes them to get them out in very restricted numbers. Their greatest difficulty lies in reaching the drinking public. The Wets reach the drinkers through advertisements in the pubs—an avenue which is practically closed to the Drys.

They have pamphlets showing the improvement in conditions which has taken place under Prohibition in America. One reproduces messages from the governors of twenty-seven states in the United States. One—the Governor of New Mexico—stated: "I believe that every decent American is in favor of the closing of the saloon, but when we go further than the teachings of Christ and say that a man shall not take a drink, we are adopting a law which is and always will be a failure." Twenty-six governors had sent enthusiastic messages in favor of Prohibition. Booklets show how the hiring of non-drinkers in certain plants has eliminated waste and inefficiency, produce figures to show how alcohol increases accidents, give figures on drunkenness, go into the economic side of the drink question and show the tremendous yearly expenditure on drink, give all the figures on the capital involved in the Liquor Trade, give the results of Prohibition in countless cities, states and industries in America, and jump suddenly and

heavily on the Wets who make false statements. *The Brewers' Journal* quotes an authority as saying that "the use of alcohol is beneficial if partaken of moderately, at sufficient intervals, and adequately diluted." The United Kingdom Alliance at once gets out a broadside declaring that this statement does not occur in the quoted authority, calls *The Brewers' Journal* a liar in a quiet way, and asks it to put up or shut up. Lord Dewar returns from America and quotes Henry Ford as saying that he has seen no benefits from Prohibition, and that Prohibition has made millions of lawbreakers. The United Kingdom Alliance at once cables Mr. Ford and asks whether Lord Dewar had quoted Mr. Ford correctly. Mr. Ford cables back "Statement relative Mr. Ford is not correct." Thus Lord Dewar is left, so to speak, holding the sack. The Drys get out all the details concerning Lord Rowallen's estates—seven thousand houses with thirty thousand people in them, not a pub allowed among them, and applications for houses pouring in by every mail; concerning Toxteth Park in Liverpool where nearly thirty thousand people live without complaint in a restricted area which allows no pubs; about Letchworth Village, a garden city, where thousands of workmen live and express themselves so strongly against pubs that none is allowed; of the mining community near Nottingham whose inhabitants subscribed money to keep out pubs because they owned their own houses; of the estates of Arthur Balfour, where pubs aren't allowed though he himself is a strong supporter of the Liquor Traffic; of Usher's Whisky estates, where pubs are not permitted; and of many other similar examples. They remind you of the words of Mr. Justice Bailhache who, after passing sentence on a man who had confessed to a particularly revolting murder, said to the

crowded court: "You have just witnessed the trial of a man of good connection and of good upbringing. You have seen to what a pass drink has brought him. I want to beg you, with all the force I can put into my words, to take warning by his example, and for God's sake to keep away from drink." And the Dry pamphlets name over the ever-growing list of the big bankers and shipbuilders and merchants and manufacturers and labor leaders who are insisting strongly that England must either go dry or have Local Option. The Dry arguments, supported by facts and figures, would more than fill this book, and most of them are unanswerable by the Wets.

The man in the pub, however—the genuine soaked-in-the-malt, soused-in-the-suds Beer Worshiper—hasn't a very good idea what you're talking about when you talk Prohibition to him. Usually he laughs heartily at any mention of Prohibition, conceiving such mention to be the height of facetiousness or a reference to a delicious drollery like tunneling to China. Sometimes he takes it seriously and takes his lips away from his stout long enough to curse Pussyfoot Johnson fluently. My consular companion and I bought a number of drinks for an out-of-work carpenter in a pub about three hundred yards from Marble Arch. We then broached the subject of Prohibition to him. He could not get the word at all, though each of us bawled it into his ear in turn. He didn't know what it meant. The only Pro he knew anything about was Pro-German. However, our efforts got him started. He had had his drink, he said, ever since he was able to stand up at the bar and take his own. Some drinkers, now, make a great mistake, because they go without all the week and then hog it down on Saturday. He had never made that error. He always got his

regularly—five or six times a day. He needed a shot of beer at ten-thirty every day, and now that the pubs weren't open until noon, he never felt right in the morning. These new, outlandish closing hours, he observed, were awful on the bus drivers and the other early workers, who suffered keenly unless they could get an early-morning drink. He brooded over this to such an extent that he began to cry, so we came away and left him.

We interviewed scores of working men on Prohibition, and out of the number we found only one who had a good or a thoughtful word to say for it. That one man said that he'd just as soon it would come as not: if it came he might be able to save money a little faster and get over to Canada sooner, where a feller had a chance. The rest confined themselves to complaining bitterly because of the restricted hours for selling liquor, and to cursing the weakness of the beer. Before the war it was five per cent. alcohol, during the war it was three per cent., and at present it is four per cent. alcohol. One man advanced the clever theory that Germany had actually won the war because Germany sells beer at all hours, whereas England only sells it for five hours a day. As yet the English Beer Worshiper isn't educated on the subject of drink.

An English club-man gave me a good average Wet English talk when I asked him about Prohibition. "What I mean," said he—the average Englishman is troubled with the what-I-mean affectation just at present: he likes to start a new sentence with what-I-mean even though nothing with any meaning at all has preceded the remark— "What I mean, it's a terrible thing for a rich country like America to inflict such a horrible thing on the rest of the world for money, you know. What I mean, the general effect of the idea is deplorable, what?"

"Just what has this, if true, got to do with Prohibition?" I asked.

"Look here, old chap," he said, "what I mean, this Johnson intervention of yours is an idealistic humanitarian intervention and all that sort of rot, what? for the good of mankind, isn't that so, old chap? Now don't be angry, you know; but you American chaps are so touchy, what I mean, you hate criticism and all that sort of thing; but really, old fellow, you won't mind this, will you now, what?"

"Go as slowly as possible, and don't mind me," I begged.

"What I mean," he continued firmly, "you pretend to be idealists, you know, but you don't come to us with clean hands. You say that whisky is poison, and then you turn around and perform your good deeds for all humanity by sending this poison out of your country and into other countries, and by taking payment and profit on it. What I mean, if it wrecks every home it enters, you should pour it down the drain and not send it to us, as you do, old chap. What? What I mean, how can you expect us to enthuse over Prohibition if it works that way with you?"

"Do I understand you to say," I asked, "that the Anti-Saloon League is sending bad whisky to England?"

"Oh, my dear chap; no, no!" he said. "No, no! What I mean, America sends it, and also sends Johnson, what? It won't do, old fellow: really, you know, it won't wash, what I mean."

Now it was no use to carry this conversation to greater lengths. Early in 1920 there were shipments of bad American whisky to England. These shipments were stopped in a very short time. Yet great numbers of educated Englishmen have somehow succeeded in twisting this fact firmly into their heads, and constantly use it as an argument as to why

England should scorn and spurn the Prohibition movement. It does no good to shriek and tear out handfuls of hair; for the Englishman at once becomes very superior and remarks: "What I mean, you know, you Americans do so resent a little criticism."

The Scotch Temperance leaders say that English workmen are so sodden with beer that the country will never vote itself dry. The Temperance people in the Strength of Britain Movement say that if England depends on Local Option to go dry, it will be a fifty-year task. Pussyfoot Johnson, who is a good Prohibition dopester, predicts a Dry England by 1930.

And here is what two big Englishmen say:

Lord Leverhulme, a millionaire soap manufacturer, says:

"One of the results of prohibition is that America is now saving four hundred million pounds a year through Prohibition. England owes America about two billion pounds, and if we were to save on our drink bill at the rate America is doing we should pay off our debt in five years. Now the lender of money is saving millions, and we are spending it. This policy is the reverse of what it should be. England's position is very much like that of a young man with a heavy mortgage on his home. He should cut down all unnecessary waste and concentrate upon production, with no waste.

"While I should prefer that alcohol should be obtainable, and that through strength of will, rather than by strength of law, it should not be consumed, I believe the policy of going dry in America means that in the world's race America has thrown away a heavy weight, and we, who are already behind in the race, are adding to our weight."

Sir James Hope Simpson, Director and General Manager of the Bank of Liverpool and Martins, Ltd., has recently

returned to England from a visit to America. He was amazed by the benefits which Prohibition had brought. "I was impressed above all," he said, "by the enormous industrial advantage which the Americans have already begun to reap from their policy of the prohibition of drink. In my judgment, Prohibition has made America the most formidable industrial competitor that we have in the world."

The prime minister of England has said that if America stays—and really stays—dry until 1930, England will have to go dry as well. He knows that his country can not compete with a more efficient dry America in the markets of the world. The big business men of England are rapidly waking up to the same fact. It might take the Beer Worshipers of England fifty years to vote themselves dry. If America stays dry, however, the Beer Worshipers will never be forced to suffer from an epidemic of writer's cramp from voting on that question; and the New Yorkers who lost money betting that Prohibition would never come can recoup their losses by putting their money on Lloyd George's dope sheet for the Prohibition sweepstakes.

Scotland for Scotch

THE student of Scotch whisky—and of the actions and reactions of Scotch whisky taken in conjunction with the Scotch people—is somewhat handicapped by the haziness of early Scotch history, which is as muddled and messy as though it had been written by a lowland Scotchman laden internally with about three quarts of that potable spirit known as Highland malt.

In the extreme background of the earliest reliable facts which can be discovered concerning Scotland, one finds rumors of a fluid known as usquebaugh or water of life—*usquebaugh* or *Uisgebeatha* being the Celtic word which was later contracted to whisky by persons who were more successful at drinking than at pronouncing. Thus, one finds the Irish coming over to Scotland and fighting with the Scots away back in the dawn of Scotch history. The Irish brought their own usquebaugh with them, and the Scotch had their own private blends. When they weren't hitting the usquebaugh, as the phrase goes, they were hitting each other, and vice versa. At this late date the historian is unable to determine with any accuracy whether they fought because they had been drinking usquebaugh, or whether they drank usquebaugh to quench the thirst which resulted from the fighting.

Back of that the investigator loses himself in the haze. There are very ancient stones in Ogam, Scotland, bearing inscriptions which yield no sense in any known Indo-European language; but a great many of the leading Scotch controversialists, accustomed by training and instinct to find controversies in stones, controversies in running brooks and controversies in everything, claim that these undecipherable inscriptions are recipes for making what is technically known among whisky experts as a big whisky with a full peaty flavor.

One Scotch controversialist, whose revenue is partly derived from a flourishing distillery, professed to have a large amount of inside information concerning the tonic qualities of Scotch whisky on the early inhabitants of his country; and he insisted on taking me to his Glasgow club where he could get at a pencil and paper—and a private bottle of a fine old Islay malt whisky with an ethereal bouquet strong enough to bring tears to the eyes of an ammonia-maker. At his club he demonstrated by diagrams, dates and drinks how Scotch whisky had changed the entire history of Scotland.

He claimed—I answer for none of his claims because it is my belief that controversialists are apt to claim everything in sight, especially if they are in danger of losing money—he claimed that whisky was invented by the Picts, who were a runty, tough, hardy race of people concerning whom nobody knows much of anything except that they occupied the Highlands of Scotland for many centuries. He claimed that the reason why the Picts were originally able to whip double their weight in wildcats and three times their weight in Romans and Scotchmen was because they drank vast quantities of a home-distilled brand of whisky of sufficient

potency to remove the paint from a battle-ship. Early in the ninth century, he claimed, gradually freeing the kinks from his claimer and making it work with more fluency, the Scandinavian sea rovers landed in Scotland, seized a little rich land along the shores and started in to do some farming, varying the monotony by their favorite indoor and outdoor sport of beer-drinking. The Picts, coming down from their highland fastnesses full to the brim of whisky and desire to knock the eye-teeth of the Scandinavians out through their ears, saw the passionate delight which the Scandinavians took in their beer-drinking and began to wonder how the beer tasted. They accordingly submerged their differences and fraternized with the Scandinavians.

When they recovered from their headaches they secured the recipe for making beer from the Scandinavians and took it back home with them. It became fashionable among the Picts to drink beer.

As a result, the remarkable strength and cunning which the Picts had developed because of their long and single-minded devotion to whisky was diffused and weakened. Being naturally small in stature, they became much inferior to the Scotchmen, who were fine large men with knobby knees. When, therefore, they were attacked in the year 860 by Kenneth MacAlpine of Kintyre, King of the Dalriad Scots of Argyll, the Picts were subjugated for the first time.

This energetic and comprehensive claimer further claimed that the Picts, having been thus weaned from whisky, gradually became extinct. Their conquerors and successors, the Scotch, divided their attention between whisky and ale for many years, and consequently failed to maintain those mental and physical heights to which they might have won had they specialized on whisky.

In the twelfth century, for example, every religious house and every barony in Scotland had at least one brewery. Things didn't go well for Scotland. Then, according to the claims of this fluent controversialist, the Scotch began to give up ale and beer and devote their finest efforts to the consumption of Scotch whisky. "What," demanded the controversialist pregnantly, "what has been the result?" He threw a prehensile upper lip over his glass of Islay, closed his eyes, tossed down half its contents, shuddered slightly, and then answered himself. "For many years," said he, "Scotch whisky has been the national drink of Scotland. Aye, the national drink. And who is it that's at the head of English banks and English businesses, and English factories to-day? The Scotch! Aye! Who is it that's at the head of the big projects in England's colonies? The Scotch! Aye, the Scotch, God bless 'em! That's what Scotch whisky has done for Scotland! Give the Scotch enough Scotch whisky and they'll rule the world!" He hiccupped loudly, and gazed affectionately at the bottle which had so recently held a quart of Islay with a flavor reminiscent of a fire in a peat stack.

In one respect at least the controversialist was correct. The Scotch, like the English, have been accustomed to dally with alcoholic beverages with the utmost freedom ever since the dawn of Scottish history; and the national drink of Scotland is whisky, just as the national drink of England is beer. More whisky is drunk per capita in Scotland than in any other country in the world. The English are determined and efficient drinkers, and the Englishman all over the world is noted for his attachment to whisky-and-soda. Yet the English, per capita, drink about one-half as much as do the Scotch. This works out year after year in a persistent

The Scot kicking goal.

The Wets of Scotland warn the people of the horrors of Prohibition.

manner. In 1891 the per capita consumption of spirits in England and Wales was nine-tenths of a gallon and in Scotland it was one gallon and eight-tenths. In 1900 Old Man Per Capita consumed just short of one gallon in England, while in Scotland he sucked up just short of two gallons. In 1914 the figures for England showed two-thirds of a gallon consumed per capita; and one and one-third gallons was the corresponding figure for Scotland. There are one hundred and twelve distilleries doing a rushing business in Scotland as against seven distilleries in England. During 1919 the Scotch lapped up 3,282,000 imperial proof gallons of whisky and spent over eighteen million pounds—or sixty million dollars at the normal rate of exchange—in so doing. Two Scotchmen who have had even the slightest experience in drinking sit down at a table and split a quart of Scotch whisky with the same insouciance with which two frugal Americans, in the old days, might have split a bottle of beer.

The imperial proof gallon, with which one is constantly coming in contact when moving in select British alcoholic circles, should be explained at this juncture. An American gallon contains seven-tenths as much liquid as does an imperial gallon. A proof gallon is the basis of taxation of spirits in the United Kingdom; and a proof gallon of whisky contains fifty-seven per cent. by volume of absolute alcohol. All spirits sold in the United Kingdom must be, by order of the Liquor Control Board, thirty per cent. under proof. This is a war measure. To change one hundred gallons of proof whisky into whisky that is thirty per cent. under proof, one adds 43.9 gallons of water—getting 142.8 gallons because of the peculiar contraction of bulk which takes place when alcohol and water are mixed. The alcoholic strength of a thirty per cent. under proof whisky is forty per cent.

The majority of Scotch drinkers are unable to explain the proof gallon or the alcoholic content of a thirty per cent. under proof whisky. They attempt it frequently and get themselves badly twisted, and occasionally break down and cry over the subject, especially after dallying with a few glasses of it. Every Scotch whisky-drinker, however, assures the investigator that a thirty per cent. under proof whisky is so weak that it has about as much effect on the drinker as goat's milk. He will make this assertion with all solemnity at moments when the bar is revolving before him in a slow and stately manner as a result of the action of thirty per cent. under proof whisky on his eyes. There have been a number of canards circulated concerning the weakness of thirty per cent. under proof whisky; but after constant experimenting with gentlemen who kindly offered me their services for experimental purposes, I can state confidently that ten quick drinks of thirty per cent. under proof whisky will usually cause the drinker to pick a fight with the nearest trolley-car or compose himself for slumber in any convenient gutter.

As a result of their persistent tampering with hard liquor, the Scotch are able to produce some very finished specimens of the souse family. Saturday night, in any Scotch city or town, sees more whole-hearted ossification and spifflication than it sees anywhere else. There is, indeed, a belief in many parts of Scotland that Scotch water has an evil effect on the teeth; and strangers are urged warningly to "look what it does to iron." The Scotch also believe that water rusts and eats away the veins and the arteries and the internal organs, while whisky purifies and toughens and preserves them. If this is so, there are some Scotchmen who ought to live to be a million years old.

Down in England there is constant talk of this Scotch enthusiasm for hard liquor, and one is urged—if he thinks that the English are sodden with drink—to go on up to Scotland and look 'em over. The Scotch readily admit that there are some gorgeous souses among their number; but they maintain heatedly that England is really more alcoholic than Scotland. The English, they say, suck away at their beer every day and are sodden with it; whereas the Scotch go out two or three nights a week, or on Saturday night, and get themselves lit up like a summer hotel on the Fourth of July, and then don't touch the stuff again for several days. This, of course, is one of the controversial subjects with which the Scotch love to toy. The English say that they are not sodden, but that the Scotch are sodden: the Scotch say that for soddenness the English are without peers. It is a case of sodden, sodden, who's got the sodden, so to speak.....

"Glasgow," said Englishman after Englishman to me, "is the drunkennest city in Scotland. Go up to Glasgow on a Saturday night and walk up and down Argyle Street and you'll see some sights!"

So I went up to Glasgow, which the Scotch call Glesca; and I walked up and down Argyle Street on a Saturday night. I also walked up and down Sauchiehall Street—which is pronounced Soaky-all, probably in honor of all the soaks that do their soaking there and thereabouts—and I took a daunder down Sautmarket and dawdled through Cowcaddens and Bridgeton, which are about as slummy slums as ever I hope to see. I went through these places on Saturday night and Sunday night and holiday nights and ordinary week-day nights. I went through them with Scotch newspaper men, and I went through them with a

young woman, and I went through them with two American officers from the Army of Occupation in Germany, and I went through them alone; and it was my opinion after each trip and after all the trips together that the people who call Glasgow the drunkennest city in Scotland have expressed the situation neatly but sketchily, whereas those who call Glasgow the drunkennest city in the world have, to quote the rude patois of Manhattan Island, said a mouthful.

The Scotch, of course, wax controversial over the question. The Glasgow Scotchmen say that there is a lot of drunkenness in the city—too much by far; but that there is a more virulent and concentrated form of drunkenness in the adjacent city of Greenock, the manufacturing and shipbuilding center whence came Jamie Watt, who made steam famous. The Greenock Scotchmen smile dourly and say that Glasgow has the bonniest drunks—aye! and that Edinburgh runs Glasgow a close second. The Glasgow citizens also claim that there is more misery from drink in Edinburgh than in Glasgow. The Edinburgh citizens deny it indignantly, and award the palm for all-round tipsiness to Glasgow.

During the first sixteen weeks of 1920, the number of persons who were convicted of, or who forfeited pledges in Glasgow for offenses involving drunkenness, was 6,077 males and 1,344 females—or a total of 7,421 hard-boiled souses in less than one-third of a year. This number was smaller than during a pre-war year because certain war-time restrictions still applied; but it was very much larger than in 1918 and 1919, when Scotland's liquor supply was greatly restricted at the source. For the corresponding period in 1918 there were only 1,779 convicted drunks of both sexes in Glasgow; and in 1919 there were only 1,426

of them during the first sixteen weeks of the year. As the war-time restrictions were removed, the drunk came into its own again with a loud wet splash.

The first thirty-two weeks of 1920 showed 17,177 convictions for drunkenness in Glasgow, or one conviction for every twenty-three men over twenty-one years of age. When a Glasgow citizen of the wet persuasion begins to wave his arms wildly and deny that Scotchmen are particularly heavy drinkers, it is easy to give him the gentle razz by reminding him that Glasgow alone spends as much on drink every week as would build one hundred and eighty cottages at seven hundred and fifty pounds per cottage.

It should be understood that the number of persons convicted for offenses involving drunkenness has no bearing at all on the number of persons who are drunk. I have never had any Scotchman explain to me what one must do in addition to being drunk in order to be arrested for drunkenness in Glasgow; but it is my impression that one can sop up all the whisky one may be able to hold and roll around in the streets and howl and yell and cuss and finally be dragged home by friends, and the police will look on with a benignant and imperturbable eye so long as one doesn't attempt to murder a cab-driver or set fire to a house or otherwise become a trifle rough in one's actions.

On a Thursday night I walked through the crowded mobs of Argyle Street, from one end to the other and back again. During the walk I saw only five policemen, four in pairs and one alone. There were literally hundreds of drunks. They weren't men that were slightly under the influence of liquor: they were in that condition which is vulgarly known as stewed to the ears. They were clinging to doorways and tumbling up against the passers-by and

falling off the sidewalks into the gutters and supporting each other in abortive attempts to proceed in some definite direction which could neither be determined by a casual observer nor by a scientist equipped with instruments for plotting the curve of their footsteps. I saw two drunks, dragging between them a third drunker drunk, stagger crazily under the very nose of a lone policeman. He gazed at them broodingly; and as they staggered onward he wearily turned his eyes away in search of more interesting matters.

On another night I saw two men with monumental jags pitch out of a doorway just where Argyle Street runs under the Central Railway Station, and where the crowds are so thick between eight and ten o'clock every night that one must use force in order to get through. They were fighting industriously. They plunged off the curb; and their impetus carried them to the street-car tracks. The wheels of a double-deck tram passed a fraction of an inch from the head of one of them, and after it had passed a stranger rolled him back from the car-tracks into the gutter.

I saw a man and a woman, fighting drunk, start slugging each other with their fists in the middle of Main Street in the Bridgeton section of Glasgow. The woman seemed to be getting the best of it when another man came running up and hit her under the left ear; so that her attack, in a manner of speaking, broke down. I saw scores of drunken women, some of them with their babies wrapped in their shawls in the peculiarly Scotch manner; and a number of drunken girls about seventeen or eighteen years old.

And out of all the nights that I walked the streets of Glasgow, I saw not one arrest for drunkenness. Therefore I say that the number of persons convicted for drunkenness

has no bearing on the number of persons who are drunk. Certainly—and though I believe my estimate to be unnecessarily conservative, the Wets will call me seventeen sorts of liar for the statement—certainly there are more than one hundred unarrested drunks in Glasgow for each one that is arrested.

I have witnessed a large number of souse-parties, ranging from the hectic celebrations in college towns after big football victories to the fireworks which resulted when two thousand American soldiers were turned loose to lap up Japanese Scotch whisky in Hakodate, the fishing metropolis of Northern Japan; but never have I seen more degrading, depressing, sickening drunkenness than I saw in one night in the city of Glasgow.

Glasgow's largest and most influential newspaper, shortly before the 1920 elections, stated editorially that for the people to vote to retain public-houses "would mean that for at least three years more we should witness that excess of drunkenness on our streets which is an index to the misery of thousands of women and children and to an amount of self-inflicted inefficiency in industrial life which shames our boasted civilization." This newspaper, by the way, was the only influential paper in all Scotland—and England too, for that matter—which came out flat-footed in favor of Prohibition. The English newspapers took it to task severely for its attitude; and one staunch and representative English journal referred frequently to the editorial stand of the Glasgow paper as "that unedifying spectacle" and spoke of the anti-Prohibitionists as "the forces of common sense and decency," and of the Prohibitionists as "bigoted and wrong-headed people working in a bad cause."

The slums of Glasgow and Edinburgh, which produce

by far the largest percentage of Scotch souses, are the equals of any slums in the world. The slum districts, in many instances, are composed of houses which were old when Mary Queen of Scots was complaining about the Scotch climate and getting ready to be beheaded. From the old town of Edinburgh down to the turreted walls of Holyrood Palace runs a straight steep street about a third of a mile in length known as the Canongate. The Canongate, and the narrow alley-ways and courtyards and holes-in-the-wall which lead from it—alleys and holes known in Scotland as wynds and closes—make up the principal slum district of Edinburgh. The houses which abut on the Canongate and its dark offshoots are towering buildings of dingy gray stone, eight, ten, twelve and even fourteen stories high.* These buildings are known as *lands;* and in the old days they were inhabited by Scotland's best. Poets, statesmen, scholars, clergymen, philosophers and belles of the Assembly Rooms passed one another daily on their narrow staircases. Here lived the most powerful and famous of the Scotch nobility—the Dukes of Queensberry and Hamilton, the Marquis of Argyll, the Earls of Dalhousie, Moray, Breadalbane, Haddington, Panmure—the list is long and impressive. John Knox's house adjoins it, and Blackfriars Street, formerly Blackfriars Wynd, on which were built the homes of cardinals, archbishops, princes—and above all the princely house of St. Clair, Earls of Orkney and Rosslyn. When Earl William headed this family, the Scotch records show, his lady never rode out of Blackfriars Wynd and down the

*Various Scotch correspondents have sneered at me viciously for stating that Edinburgh has fourteen-storey lands. They told me flatly that I was a liar. They had never counted them, however; and I had. Sevenson speaks of seventeen-storey Edinburgh lands; but I couldn't find them.

Canongate but she was accompanied by two hundred belted knights; and when she came home late at night, she didn't come in the dark; for eighty pages, all of noble birth, held torches on either side. She was attended by seventy-five gentlewomen, of whom fifty-three were daughters of noblemen, all clothed in velvets and silks, with chains of gold....

To-day the lands of the Canongate are the abodes of misery. Six, eight, ten and even more people huddle in dark, squalid, filthy cubicles of rooms. The spare money of the families—or rather, the money which should be spent on decent clothes and decent food—is spent on whisky. The children who dart in and out of the wynds and closes have neither shoes nor stockings in many instances, even in the raw and biting weather of a late Scotch autumn; and their clothes are of the meanest and sleaziest materials, and often ragged to boot.

Doctor Littlejohn, Medical Officer of Health for Edinburgh at a time when more than five million dollars was spent on housing and in clearing away the haunts of poverty and wretchedness, made the following statement: "The greatest obstacle to the improvement of the homes of the working classes has been intemperance, leading to improvidence and poverty. Wherever a home is found in a wretched condition, out of repair and unwholesome owing to squalor and filth, in ninety-nine out of a hundred the cause is the use of alcoholic liquors. Until the habits of the working classes undergo alteration, it is impossible to expect that they will be decently housed. The temptations by which they are surrounded in the shape of spirit shops are such that good resolutions are easily broken down, and the efforts of social reformers are completely frustrated. Our great scheme of city improvement..... has been rendered almost

nugatory, so far as the housing of the poorer classes is concerned, by the prevalence of intemperance."

The last time I passed Blackfriars Street, out of which used to ride the lady of the house of St. Clair with her two hundred belted knights, there were three gray-haired Scotch women, drunk, staggering down it arm in arm through a cold rain. .....

One of the great causes of infant mortality in Scotland and England is what the British call "overlaying." A mother, stupefied by liquor, rolls over on her baby in her sleep, and the baby strangles. That is "overlaying." In the last pre-war year 1,226 babies were killed by "overlaying." America has never known this form of child-killing; but it is common in Scotland.

The public-houses of Scotland are more like the bar-rooms of America than the pubs of England. The women don't bulge up to the bar, as they do in England; and in more refined drinking circles there is a pronounced belief that when a woman wants a drink, she should get it as inconspicuously as possible. Consequently there is a back room in most Scotch pubs, and the women steer for the back rooms. In the slum districts, however—like the Canongate in Edinburgh, for example—the women go into the bar with the men. I dropped into one bar on the Canongate—in the pursuit of knowledge, of course—and when the bar-keeper slipped me a jolt of Glenlivet, he had to pass it over the head of six lady patrons who were roasting the weakness of thirty per cent. under proof whisky with such venom that one might have thought they had to drink a gallon apiece in order to get a glow.

One marked difference between the bars of Scotland and the bars that America knew lies in the manner of dispensing

whisky. In a Scotch bar one never sees a bottle—probably because the premises would soon be so cluttered up with bottles that there would be no room for anything else. In a Scotch bar all the whisky is draught whisky. The whisky casks usually hang high above the bar and are connected with the bar by pipes; so when a cluster of boon companions drifts in and calls for mugs of Scotch, the barman simply turns a spigot and lets it run.

Once a man is soused and shows it, the doors of all pubs are closed to him until he has lost his jag. The Scotch pubs and the English pubs as well are very strict on this point; for the publican who ignores it stands an excellent chance of losing his license. When, therefore, the old prune-juice reaches a drinker's brain and he begins to make noisy announcement that he can lick each or all of his fellow-drinkers, he finds himself seized by the back of the collar and the slack of the pants and hurled out on the cold bricks with such force as to telescope or pulverize several of them.

I do not wish to convey the impression that everybody who walks the streets of Glasgow and Edinburgh and other Scotch cities on Saturday night is burdened with a skinful of hard liquor. The population of Glasgow, for example, is one million; and the percentage of that number which is drunk on any given night is very small. Even on Hogmanie, which is the Scotch name for New Year's Eve, when thousands of drunken citizens of Glasgow congregate in the Cross, where the Trongate and the Gallowgate converge, and pepper the statue of King William III with empty bottles, the percentage of drunks to the rest of the population is small. None the less, I repeat that Glasgow is the drunkennest city in the world, and that there are several other Scotch cities which crowd it close for premier honors.

Conditions of this sort are the ones that the people of Scotland fought in the elections of November, 1920, and the ones that they have been fighting since 1853, when the State of Maine passed the first Local Option law. In 1853 the people of England and Scotland began to fight for a Local Option law of their own, based on the Maine law, which should give them the right to express an opinion as to whether or not the community should be saddled with the public-house. England is still fighting, and is almost as far from gaining her objective as she was in 1853. Scotland, however, was luckier. On August 13, 1913, the Temperance (Scotland) Act was passed into law by Parliament, after a fight on the part of the Scotch Temperance workers which had lasted for sixty years. The Liquor Interests, however, fought nearly as hard; and before the Act was passed they had slipped so many knives into it and forced so many compromises on the Temperance advocates that it was one of the weakest, palest, sickliest Temperance acts that ever caused a brewer to burst into hilarious and derisive laughter.

The Act, for example, gave to the people of Scotland the right of Local Option at the end of seven years. Though the Act became a law in August, 1913, the people of Scotland couldn't vote on the question involved in the law until November, 1920. Thus the brewers and the distillers and the public-house owners had seven years of grace in which to make their fortunes if they had not already done so, or to change their occupations if they were sufficiently foolish to think that the Act would ever result in putting any barkeepers or distillers or brewers out of business.

The Act provided that when voting-time finally arrived, no voting area could vote itself no license by a bare majority.

Unless fifty-five per cent. of the voters voted for no license, the area remained wet. Moreover, the fifty-five per cent. must represent at least thirty-five per cent. of the total number of electors in the voting area. In other words, if a bare majority of a district voted to make the district dry, the district remained wet in spite of their wishes. This very thing happened repeatedly in the 1920 elections. If the Wet-and-Dry portions of the election had been settled by a majority vote, twice as many areas would have gone dry as actually went. In using the word "dry," I am using it in the Scotch sense, which allows more latitude than the American interpretation.

The Act also provided that towns with populations less than twenty-five thousand should vote as a unit; but that larger towns should vote by wards, and that no ward should be affected by the votes in other wards. This situation can be better realized if one imagines New York voting for Prohibition measures under such an act. If most of New York were to vote itself dry by large majorities, but if a few districts refused to do so, those few districts would be unaffected by the majority vote and would continue to dispense liquor as before. Not only would they dispense liquor as before, but they would also dispense it to most of the rum-hounds from all the districts which had gone dry. Now, an optimistic Prohibitionist may regard such a state of affairs as effectively prohibitive; but the most active barflies of America would regard a city with one wet ward as a haven of refuge and a Paradise of Golden Opportunity.

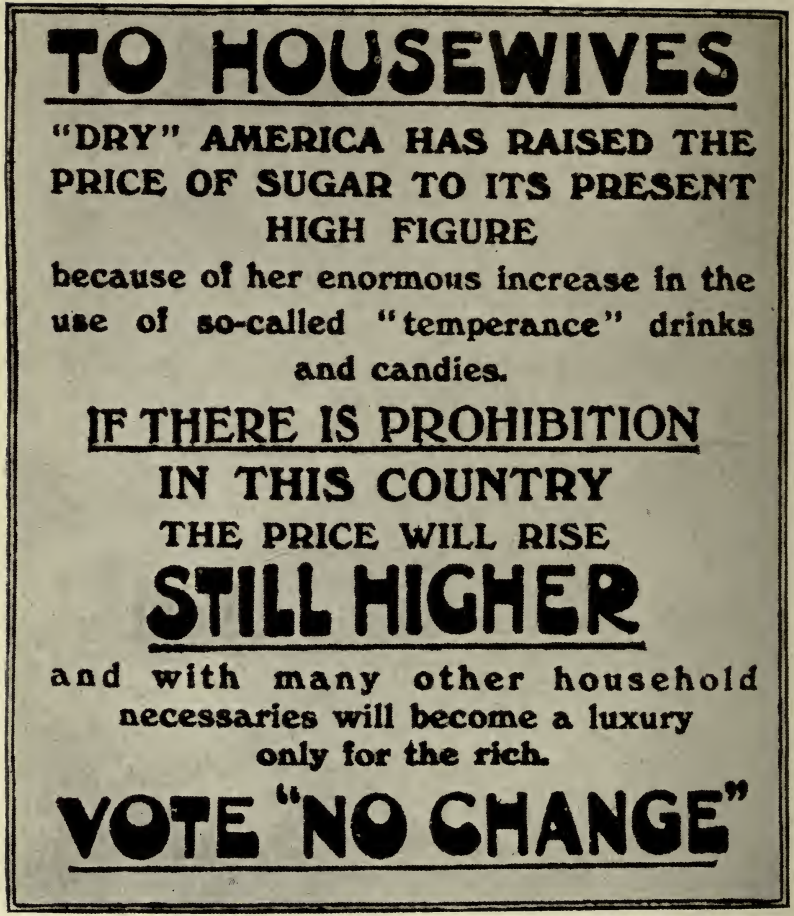
Finally the Temperance (Scotland) Act is so framed that when a voting area goes no-license, the licensing of inns, hotels and restaurants for the sale of drink is not affected; and there are hundreds of thousands of people in

America—those, by the way, who are raving the loudest against Prohibition—who would consider that a city whose inns, hotels and restaurants could sell spirituous liquors was as wet as, if not wetter than, the Atlantic Ocean.

This Act, it must be understood, is not the act which the Prohibitionists and the Temperance workers wanted. They wanted a very much stronger act—one which would close the distilleries and hit the traveler and the wealthy citizens the same brutal wallop that it would hit the working man. They couldn't get it, however. Even after the Act had been passed into law in 1913, the Liquor Interests claimed that it was a dead law because of the handicaps which they had caused to be imposed on the Temperance workers. It is not a dead law, though; and it has frightened the Scotch distillers and brewers and the Liquor Trade of the United Kingdom generally into a series of violent convulsions.

The so-called Prohibition fight in Scotland—I say so-called because the fight was not on Prohibition as America understands it, but on the evils of the public-house and the question of licensing or not licensing public-houses—was waged on the Dry side by the Scottish Permissive Bill and Temperance Association and by the National Citizens' Council. The Scottish Permissive Bill and Temperance Association is the association which struggled for sixty years to gain for the people of Scotland the right to vote on the sale of liquor in the districts in which they live. It is the organization which persuaded Pussyfoot Johnson to come to Scotland to help the Dry campaign by telling Scotchmen about the good things that Prohibition had done for America. The National Citizens Council is a comparatively new organization formed, according to its officials,

A bit of Wet fence decoration in Glasgow.



The inscription on the paper bags in which all the grocery stores of Scotland sent out their supplies during the Prohibition campaign.

"on the widest basis of citizenship for the purpose of educating the public as to its rights and duties with regard to the new Act." Among the officials of the National Citizens Council are such representative Scotchmen as Lord Rowallan, a leading Scottish peer; Sir Joseph Maclay, the shipping controller; William Graham, a Labor member of Parliament from Edinburg; Sir Samuel Chisholm, Lord Provost of Glasgow; Sir Edward Parrott, a member of Parliament from Edinburgh and head of the Nelson printing firm; and Bishop Walpole of the Scottish Episcopal Church.

The brains and heart of the Wets—and the lungs and limbs and viscera as well—is the Anti-Prohibition Campaign Council. This council is composed of three brewers, three distillers, three liquor retailers and a secretary. It represents all the distillers of Scotland, all the brewers, all the wine merchants, retailers and allied traders. Over one hundred associations—such, for example, as the Whisky Association (Scottish Branch); the Brewers' Association of Scotland; the Scottish Licensed Trade Defense Association; the Scottish Licensed Trade Veto Defense Fund—are affiliated with the council. Through the Anti-Prohibition Campaign Council the licensed Liquor Trade of Scotland fought as one body; and it is a safe bet that if the Scottish Liquor Trade had not organized as it did and fought as it did, Scotland to-day would be so spotted with Dry areas that if they were shown on a map the general effect would be that of a bad case of measles.

Each of the one hundred affiliated associations of the Anti-Prohibition Campaign Council had election agents, competent secretaries and large working committees composed of both men and women. In every voting area these associations set up the usual Parliamentary electoral machine

and did their campaigning under the guidance of the Anti-Prohibition Campaign Council.

The headquarters of the council, in Edinburgh, had a large staff of workers, enormous masses of literature, posters and propaganda of various sorts, and a corps of trained anti-Prohibition speakers. Fifty of these anti-Prohibition speakers were ex-army officers who were trained in London for their particular task by the English Liquor Interests, who maintained a school for the purpose. The speakers, the literature and the posters were distributed from Edinburgh in such a manner as to reach the places where they were most needed at times when they were most needed. The machinery of the Anti-Prohibition Campaign Council deserves to be described in detail; for its excellence was responsible for the overcoming of an almost overwhelming sentiment in Scotland against the public-house and indiscriminate drinking.

The Anti-Prohibition Campaign Council in its seven months of active fighting prior to and during the election issued more than twenty-five million pamphlets dealing with the subjects of Prohibition from all points of view—except, of course, those points favorable to Prohibition. The figures which I quote, by the way, were given to me by the very capable and industrious secretary of the Anti-Prohibition Campaign Council. The council published a two-sheet newspaper once every month, and distributed two hundred and fifty thousand copies of each issue. It printed and distributed eighteen million bottle labels, and saw to it that no bottle containing an alcoholic beverage should reach a consumer without one of the labels pasted on it. The sentiments conveyed by these labels were short and sweet, such as:

"Prohibition destroys Liberty: Vote No Change."
"Prohibition means more Taxation: Vote No Change."
"Prohibition increases Cost of Living. Vote No Change."
"Prohibition is 'Dry'-Rot. Vote No Change."
"Prohibition means Unemployment. Vote No Change."
"Temperance is Strength; Prohibition is Slavery. Vote No Change."
"Prohibition Robs the Worker, but will not empty the Rich Man's Cellar. Vote No Change."

It printed eight million cards which were slipped into the hands of people on the streets by Wet workers. On these cards were printed select anti-Prohibition remarks by great writers. Samples that were given to me quote John Stuart Mill to the effect that so monstrous a principle as Prohibition is far more dangerous than any single interference with liberty; there is no violation of liberty which it would not justify.

This quotation is probably correct, though both the Wets and the Drys in Scotland have an unpleasant habit of quoting the same people to prove their cases. The Wets quote Mill to show that Prohibition is a horrible infringement on liberty; the Drys quote him to show exactly the opposite. The Wets quote Abraham Lincoln to show that they are being abused: the Drys quote Abraham Lincoln to show that the suppression of the Liquor Traffic was a thing which he ardently hoped to accomplish as the crowning feat of his career. The Wets quote Sam Gompers and so do the Drys. Both of them quote Theodore Roosevelt in support of their arguments; and each side claims Oliver Cromwell and quotes him extensively.

The Anti-Prohibition Campaign Council purchased

two million five hundred thousand paper bags in two sizes and issued them to grocers all over Scotland. Grocers sell bottled goods and the Temperance (Scotland) Act affects them, so that they are glad to use all the bags that are given them. On one side of each bag was printed:

"To Housewives. 'Dry' America has raised the price of sugar to its present high figure because of her enormous increase in the use of so-called 'temperance' drinks and candies. If there is Prohibition in this country the price will rise *still higher* and with many other household necessities will become a luxury only for the rich. Vote No Change."

This bag, which was carried into every home in Scotland before the campaign was over, was excellent propaganda; and the propaganda was damaged very little by the fact that sugar, during the last part of the campaign, was considerably lower in price in America than it was in England.

The council distributed two hundred and sixty thousand big posters limited to printing, sixty thousand colored picture posters, and twenty thousand enormous sixteen-sheet colored posters of the same designs as the sixty thousand smaller colored ones. Every hotel, public-house and licensed grocery covered its windows with the council's posters; and in many cases the entire front of a public-house would be covered so that no house could be seen. A cartoon in an Edinburgh paper showed two Scotchmen standing in front of a mass of posters on a busy corner. "Whaur's the pub, Tam?" one of them is asking—the inference being that every public-house completely screened itself with posters. Every bill-board and hoarding in Scotland was covered with

these posters for six months before the election. There were Wet posters in every railway station in the country. The council contracted with street-car companies, so that the cars carried strip-posters twenty feet in length along their sides. They contracted with moving-picture houses so that throughout every afternoon and evening every silver screen in the land warned the people against the perils of Prohibition. Wet slogans appeared on the football result cards which hang in all public places, and on the programs of all theaters and athletic events. At big football parks the council painted anti-Prohibition signs two hundred feet long and thirty feet deep on the tops of grandstands—and Scotch football parks hold as many as one hundred and twenty thousand people. Wherever it could rent the end of a house or a private fence it painted thereon a powerful blast against Prohibition.

The council carried on a seven-months advertising campaign in all the important newspapers in Scotland, a house-to-house campaign for distributing anti-Prohibition literature, and a personal canvass of all electors. It held meetings in many places each day from the middle of August to the end of November; and for speakers at these meetings it provided members of Parliament, clergymen, barristers, ex-members of Parliament and the ex-army officer of whom I have already spoken. These ex-officers were usually spoken of as "fighting a new battle for freedom and liberty." They were also fighting for an excellent salary.

There is no question but that the Dry Interests would have been far more successful if the Wet campaign had been a little weaker or had started a little later. The people of Scotland were deeply aware of the evils of drink and wanted to stamp them out. But the assurance on the part of the

Wets that Prohibition meant increased taxation and increase in the price of necessaries of life set a lot of the housewives to wabbling; and when they wabbled, their men-folk wabbled—wiffle-waffled, as the Scotch say. The Drys assured me that if the elections could have taken place three months earlier, they would have won some striking victories. Some of the Wet leaders confirmed this statement.

The Drys could not counteract the Wet advertising campaign because their resources were much smaller than those of the Wets and also because they were unable to get their propaganda into the voters' hands with the same surety. They could not, for example, reach the housewives who carried home provisions from the groceries in paper bags which assured them that Prohibition would send the price of sugar beyond their reach. The grocers, being Wets by nature of their business, would throw all possible obstacles in the path of those who attempted to show that this statement was untrue. The Drys couldn't get their propaganda into the pubs and so reach the working men. At the lowest estimate, the cost of the Wet campaign was ten times the cost of the Dry campaign. The Wets probably spent much more than ten times as much as the Drys, because a majority of the Prohibitionists and Temperance workers do their work for love or in the interests of humanity; whereas I have never happened to encounter an active worker in the anti-Prohibition cause who was working for anything except his bank account.

The campaign of the No-License workers—the Scottish Permissive Bill and Temperance Association and the National Citizens' Council—was an educative campaign carried on by means of posters, pamphlets, a fortnightly newspaper, a few newspaper advertisements and a number of speakers.

Pussyfoot Johnson, on the invitation of the Secretary of the Scottish Permissive Bill and Temperance Association, spoke in behalf of No License in all parts of Scotland. One other American speaker participated in the campaign; and these two speakers comprised the "horde of Yankee agitators" to which the Wets made such frequent reference.

The Drys set themselves to prove—and did prove conclusively and to the satisfaction of all persons not congenital nit-wits, not slaves to the drink habit, and not financially interested in the Liquor Trade—that drink was the cause of an undue amount of crime, disease, poverty, bad housing conditions and national inefficiency.

The Wets set themselves to prove that the contentions of the Drys were not true, and to convince the people of Scotland that they were voting on Prohibition instead of on a No-License resolution which was no more akin to Prohibition than beefsteak is akin to a cheese omelette. They clouded the issues with extreme skill; and they made innumerable statements with just enough basis of fact to enable a determined quibbler to defend them against the accusation of being liars—such statements, for example, as that Bolshevism in Russia was the result of Prohibition, and that Prohibition in America was the reason for the high price of sugar in the late summer of 1920.

One of the spots at which the Wets kept hammering in their propaganda was the connection between America and the No-License movement in Scotland. By stretching the facts the Wets were able to convey to the bulk of the Scotch people the belief that America was officially interested in thrusting Prohibition on them, and that she had some secret advantage to gain by so doing. The Wets could prove in court, with every evidence of injured innocence, that their

posters have never said such things in so many words; but their posters and their pamphlets conveyed that impression and stirred up a tremendous anti-American sentiment among the working classes. One Wet poster, for example, shows a giant British workman lying bound on the shores of Scotland, while a small figure by his side waves an American flag. From the distant sky-line of New York, a huge stream of dope-packages, patent-medicine bottles and chewing-gum boxes is flying toward Britain's shores. "Are you going to allow British Commerce, British Labour and your own personal liberty to be bound and gagged?" asks this poster.

A hand-bill, headed "The American Pussyfooters' Intrusion," warns all good Scotchmen not to get chummy with the American adventurers. Since the invaders are classed by suggestion with Germans, it is to be assumed that the Wets wish their adherents to tap the Americans lightly on the heads with trench-clubs or bung-starters by way of greeting.

"You remember," says this amiable little document, "the German efforts at peaceful penetration and what it cost you to shake the country free of it?

"Do you wish to take another dose of peaceful penetration from adventurers and cranks from another foreign nation?

"The American Pussyfooters are here to try some more peaceful penetration upon you.

"They brag that they are going to 'butt in' at your elections to influence politicians and the newspapers, and to make teetotalers of us all by promoting the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of all alcoholic liquors.

"They boast that they are paid highly for the job out of funds collected principally from American capitalists.

"This is only the beginning of the intrusion. There are

other prohibition movements on foot in America—*the prohibition of smoking, theatres, dancing, and of Sunday recreation.*

"American adventurers are coming over here to earn a living by agitating to filch more of your liberties from you, and so your freedom may be stolen bit by bit.

"Turn down this prohibitionist business at once, and so put an end to this dangerous interference in your domestic affairs.

"It is the act of a traitor for any Britisher to encourage or tolerate these American prohibitionists.

"Aliens have no right to put us to the trouble of defending liberties we have enjoyed for centuries.

"VOTE NO CHANGE."

The *Anti-Prohibition Journal,* to quote another example, mentioned that the United States Internal Revenue Board was considering the seizing and selling of all foreign ships that violate the Prohibition law, and then quoted an editorial from the *Dundee Advertiser* which stated that the current American patriotic creed is the possession of the biggest mercantile marine in the world, and that to confiscate foreign ships for "wetness" would be "just the kind of measure to appeal to our cousins, who are great altruists—especially when altruism can be combined with good business for themselves."

A newspaper advertisement two columns wide and a page deep, put out by the Wets, attacked the anti-liquor forces in the following detached and restrained manner:

"We don't want the marks of the Pussyfoot all over Scotland!

"Without any assistance from Yankee faddists and fanatics, Scotsmen have succeeded in making a splendid mark in every field of human endeavour, at home and abroad.

"Their achievements are the clearest proof that they know how to look after themselves so as to secure the best results.

"They are the most competent judges to decide what individual and social habits are most suited to their national character, to their environment and to the development of their capacities.

"They have claimed, fought for and secured the right to be free and independent, both as Scotsmen and as individual human beings.

"Are they now to be ruled, regulated and regimented by prohibitionists infected by a foreign germ? Will the independent Scotsman allow himself to be made over according to an American pattern and placed under nursery government by a grandmotherly officialdom?

"In the matter now at issue—that of their freedom to drink what they choose—will they submit to be treated as though they were a half crazy collection of inebriates?"

The advertisement winds up with a statement in large black capital letters declaring that "We can keep our own house in order."

This statement is not an unreasonable one. The people of any nation are easily aroused against the reformers from another nation, irrespective of the merits of the reform measures which they may be advocating. The most potent ammunition possessed by the Wet forces was their claim of American interference. The Drys in any country have enough arguments on their side to defeat the Liquor Interests if the facts are properly presented and distributed; for there are no sound arguments in favor of drink. The Drys, therefore, handicap themselves when they import speakers from a foreign country and give the Wets an opportunity to cloud the issue by advertisements such as the one I have quoted—advertisements which cause the man in the street

to growl that he isn't going to have any blooming American run *his* affairs.

If the Anti-Saloon League of America wishes to assist the Liquor Interests in their fight against the Temperance people in England and Scotland, it can best do so by continuing to allow American speakers to go to Great Britain, and by agitating in America for a Puritan Sunday, the abolition of smoking and lower heels on women's shoes—as the Scotch Wets say it is doing. These are points that stir up more antagonism to the Prohibition movement in Scotland and England than all the other Wet arguments put together.

Since America is the largest Prohibition country in the world, both the Wets and the Drys turned to America to prove their contentions. All of the evidence brought from America by the Drys tended to show that Prohibition has made the United States into an ideal country where life is one grand sweet song. The Wets, however, tapped a very different source of information, and all of their reports indicated clearly that Prohibition had tremendously increased crime, law-breaking, vice, Bolshevism, anarchy and other unpleasant matters.

The Dry evidence starts with such glittering words as those of a Louisville, Kentucky, minister, who declares comprehensively and rhapsodically that "life in Kentucky is the nearest thing to Heaven since the arrival of Prohibition." The Dry propaganda then goes on to quote the governors of states, chiefs of police, secretaries of labor organizations, wardens of jails and presumably unbiased observers in America to the effect that the benefits of Prohibition have been incalculable, and that sentiment in America is almost unanimous against returning to the pre-Prohibition days.

Prohibition in America, according to the Drys, is a magnificent and inspiring success.

The Wet evidence brings forward voluminous reports of illegal traffic in liquor in America and the failure of the Prohibition law to prohibit, of the increase in crime and the dope evil, of the growing number of drunks which infest the streets of leading American cities, and of an almost unanimous sentiment against Prohibition. The Wet evidence quotes influential Americans to the effect that the Dry law in America is doomed. Prohibition in America, according to the Wets, is an unparalleled and overwhelming failure, and, instead of making the country into a near-Heaven, it has made it into a hell of a place.

It is scarcely necessary to point out that both the Wets and the Drys are correct in most of their contentions. Prohibition has been an unmixed blessing for many sections of America; and it is also giving rise to an enormous amount of law-breaking, bootlegging, whisky-running and home-brewing and distilling. But even the average great American boob who connives at illegality by separating himself from a ten-dollar bill in return for about seventy-five cents' worth of fire-water will, when pressed, admit that the United States without the saloon is a better place in which to live, so far as most people are concerned, than it was when the saloon was dispensing jags, headaches and hooch in equal proportions. Students of the American temperament say that the wide-spread making of home-brews will gradually begin to pall on the makers as they continue to contemplate the awful mess that they make of their kitchens and the meager results which they get in return. These same students declare that the people of America go in whole-heartedly for things—rioting, for example, and

drinking and graft and misgovernment; and when they are through going in for them, they are through in a wholehearted manner. The time to judge the effects of Prohibition on America, say the students, is in 1925 or 1930 or whenever it is that our most interesting circles cease to think it smart to restrict their dinner table conversations to the subject of manufacturing and obtaining liquor.

The Wets shrieked and tore their hair and frothed at the mouth in rage because of Pussyfoot Johnson's presence in Scotland; and I have already reproduced a few of their more poignant ululations against American intervention in their private hooch problems. They bawled deafeningly that Scotsmen "are the most competent judges to decide what individual and social habits are most suited to their national character, to their environment and to the development of their capacities"—and I wish to interject at this point the observation that the individual habits of Scotsmen at this writing are certainly suited to the development of greater capacities than I have ever encountered even in a wide experience with the most capacious capacities in Boston political circles, which possess some of the snappiest and most commodious capacities known to science. And then, in spite of their shriekings and their bawlings and their evident nausea at the unspeakable lowness of the Drys in importing an American speaker, the Wets imported two American speakers of their own.

The principal American speaker on behalf of the Wets was C. A. Windle, of Chicago, of whom *The Anti-Prohibition Journal* said, "The Honorable C. A. Windle is recognized as the most brilliant debater in America. His command of language, overwhelming personality and absolute sincerity make him at once a convincing and fascinating

speaker." The other was Mrs. Minona S. Jones, also of Chicago; and of Mrs. Jones *The Anti-Prohibition Journal* declared that, "She has done yeoman service for the cause of freedom and liberty in America and understands the Prohibition question from beginning to end." When *The Anti-Prohibition Journal* refers to "the cause of freedom and liberty in America," it is not speaking of the American Revolution or the Civil War, as one might suppose, but of the cause of Old John B. Booze.

The Honorable C. A. Windle, in the parlance of the Big Time circuit, knocked 'em off their chairs; and when he got through telling about the awful results of Prohibition in America, strong men felt moved to doff their coats and vests in anguish, while women almost wept to think that any one could be so cruel as to deprive them of their grog. One of Mr. Windle's most frequently-quoted statements was that "the only three places where Prohibition has proved to be a success are the penitentiary, Turkey and hell." Mr. Windle's statement was taken at its face value, though he never produced figures either on hell, Turkey, or the penitentiary.

Harry Earnshaw, Secretary of the Anti-Prohibition Campaign Council, was particularly anxious that I should give Mr. Windle a full measure of credit for the 1920 defeat in Scotland of the Prohibition forces; and I am glad to comply with Mr. Earnshaw's request. "Windle," said Mr. Earnshaw, "was the most prominent single factor in our defeat of the Drys. We permitted him to be our banner-bearer, or standard-bearer, as you call it in America. What I mean, it is utterly impossible to give Windle too much praise. He undoubtedly opened the eyes of the Scottish people on the evils of Prohibition. It is the consensus of opinion in Scotland that there isn't a man living who is capable of standing on a platform and debating the matter

with him. He is the finest soldier that ever fought in any campaign. I got him accidentally, but it was the best day's work that I ever did."

Mr. Windle for the Wets and Mr. Pussyfoot Johnson for the Drys had some violent differences of opinion as the Scottish campaign neared an end; and the most violent altercation arose over the question of crime in Chicago. Briefly, Mr. Windle claimed that murder increased in Chicago during the first year of Prohibition. Mr. Johnson promptly said that Mr. Windle was elected to the Ananias Club by acclamation. Mr. Johnson said that there was less murder in Chicago during the first year of Prohibition. Mr. Windle threw aspersions on Mr. Johnson's veracity and put up a thousand pounds as a wager that Mr. Johnson couldn't prove what he said. Mr. Johnson discovered that Mr. Windle was including in his figures the persons killed during the Chicago race riots. This, he claimed, wasn't fair. Mr. Windle continued to declare coldly that Mr. Johnson could not prove what he said about the decrease of murder in Chicago. This is one of those delicate questions which disrupt families and cause spite fences to be built. The people of America, of course, can see at once who was right, just as did the people of Scotland. Those who want the Eighteenth Amendment to die a sudden but painful death will see probably that Mr. Windle was right; while those who wish America to stay dry—or as dry as possible—will at once perceive that Mr. Johnson was correct.

An interesting statement made by Mr. Windle was crossed over at a meeting in Dundee. He said that if Prohibition had been popular in America, President Harding, who had admitted that he owned breweries, would never have been elected with a majority of six million votes.

So far as I have been able to run down this statement,

President Harding in the old Marion printing days once printed some advertising for a Marion brewery. Being short of money, the brewery handed out two shares of its stock in payment. Therefore President Harding owned breweries. Following the same line of reasoning, a man who inherits two shares of International Mercantile Marine stock is the owner of several ocean liners.

There was a great deal of quoting of American authorities in the campaign by both sides; and frequently quotations ascribed to the same man by both sides were in direct opposition to each other. Mr. Earnshaw of the Wets, for example, quoted Bird S. Coler, Commissioner of Public Charities in New York, as saying on August 18, 1920, that the number of cases for alcoholic treatment in Bellevue Hospital, New York, equaled those of pre-Prohibition days. Mr. Johnson, for the Drys, quoted a letter from Mr. Coler, dated August 26, 1920, to show that the general medical superintendent of the same hospital reported one hundred and seventy-five alcoholic patients per month during the first eight months of 1920 as against a thousand a month prior to 1916. It is fairly obvious, therefore, that somebody was indulging in some ground and lofty prevarication, and that the poor voter who was attempting to get at the truth of the matter would, after reading the claims of both sides, find his brain reduced to the general texture of corned beef hash.

The most effective poster used by the Wet forces was a brilliantly colored affair decorated with a picture of Sam Gompers. This, in two sizes,—one a single-sheet poster and one a sixteen-sheet poster—was plastered all over Scotland. It was headed "America and Prohibition: The warning of 'The Little Giant' of organized Labor in America." And it ran on in the following chaste phrases:

"Sam Gompers, President of the A. F. of L. says: 'I have always contended that foisting Prohibition on this country was a blunder—a blunder charged with danger and loaded with disastrous probabilities.....

" 'Prohibition has risked wrecking the social and economic fabric of the nation.....

" 'We have invaded the habits of the working man—we have upset the man and unsettled him.....

" 'He meets other men restless and discontented like himself—they rub together their grievances and there are sparks, sometimes fire.....

" 'I believe that Bolshevism in Russia began in Prohibition.....

" 'Is Prohibition worth such a price?' "

The campaign provided a controversial debauch for hardened Scotch controversialists; and for weeks prior to the elections the newspapers were sprinkled with letters from Wets and Drys, in which each side rammed dirks into each other up to the hilt until the weary editor, in the Scotch fashion, wrote across the bottom of a letter "This correspondence is now closed."

The Wets had eleven stock arguments as to why the Scotch voters should not vote for the abolition of public-house licenses.

The Wets claimed that men can not be made sober by act of Parliament.

The Drys replied that the act of Parliament which cut down the production and sale of whisky and beer during the war reduced convictions for drunkenness in England, Scotland and Wales from 223,000 in 1913 to 36,000 in 1918.

The Wets claimed that the provisions of the Temperance act would merely drive the Liquor Trade out of one area and leave it in another.

The Drys replied that conditions would promptly become so bad in the remaining Wet areas that they would vote dry at the next elections for self-protection.

The Wets claimed that the better-class districts would go dry; while the slums, which needed dryness most, would never accept it.

The Drys replied that the slums would eventually see that it was to their interests and the interests of their children to go dry.

The Wets claimed that districts which voted out liquor would vote it in again.

The Drys replied by producing figures from the United States and Canada to prove that districts which once went dry stayed dry.

The Wets claimed that hardship would be inflicted on liquor sellers and thousands deprived of a living.

The Drys replied by quoting American and Canadian bartenders to the effect that Prohibition was the best thing that ever happened to them.

The Wets claimed that to vote Scotland dry would injure trade and commerce.

The Drys replied that in America and Canada, Prohibition had caused drink money to flow to retail stores for clothing and food for families previously neglected.

The Wets claimed that the abolition of the Liquor Trade would flood the labor market and depress the wages of all workers.

The Drys replied that other and better trades would rise on the Liquor Trade's ruins.

The Wets claimed that Prohibition doesn't prohibit.

The Drys replied that it does prohibit.

The Wets claimed that the State would lose its revenue and that taxes would rise.

The Drys replied that the State spends more each year to repair the evils caused by drink than it takes in revenue.

The Wets claimed that Prohibition is an unwarrantable interference with personal liberty.

The Drys replied that nobody can have a personal liberty which runs contrary to the well-being of the community. No man has liberty to murder or steal; and no more should he have liberty to subject himself and his children to the tyranny of drink.

The Wets claimed that the Temperance (Scotland) Act is a rank piece of class legislation, taking drink from the working man but not interfering with the rich.

The Drys replied that they had been forced to accept the terms of the Act in order to get any act at all, and that any measure which reduced the Liquor Traffic was a good measure.

It was my impression, after dragging through most of Western Europe the trunkful of Prohibition and Anti-Prohibition propaganda that was forced on me in Scotland—propaganda, by the way, which caused me to be regarded with deep suspicion in the hotels of such noticeably non-Puritanical centers as Paris and Monte Carlo—it was my impression, I repeat, that the Wets and the Drys got out enough propaganda to make fifty-seven volumes of the size of *The Bartenders' Guide;* and I am reasonably certain that one of the two parties was responsible for statements of a type that will keep the Recording Angel busy with his adding machine until next August.

Burdened with this mass of information and misinformation, then, the men and women of Scotland went to the

polls, not on one day but on scattered days through November and part of December, 1920. The sentiment against the continuation of existing drinking conditions had been very strong; and the Scottish Labor Party was officially committed to a No-License policy. In spite of this, the Drys were badly defeated.

A voter could use his vote in three ways: for a No-Change Resolution, which meant that public-house licenses would stay as they were; for a Limiting Resolution, which meant that licenses would be reduced by one-quarter; and for a No-License Resolution, which meant that all licenses in the area should be revoked except in inns, hotels and restaurants. In order for a No-License Resolution to be adopted, fifty-five per cent. of the votes cast had to be in favor of it instead of a bare majority; and this fifty-five per cent. had to represent thirty-five per cent. of the total number of registered voters. Votes cast for No-License, if No-License failed, were added to the votes for the Limiting Resolution; and a bare majority of the votes cast were sufficient to carry Limitation—provided they represented thirty-five per cent. of the registered voters.

The city of Glasgow was one of the first places in Scotland to vote. There are thirty-seven voting areas in Glasgow. Four of these areas—all of them suburban residential sections—went No License by very narrow margins; nine more areas, also suburban, narrowly failed to get the required fifty-five per cent. and went into the Limitation column; and the remaining twenty-four areas, including all of the slum districts, voted firmly for No Change. Out of the 1,604 licenses in the city, only ninety-nine were suppressed. *The Glasgow Herald,* leading morning paper of the city, commented on the result by remarking "it is espe-

cially disappointing that the working-class population has so consistently voted No Change. They are the chief sufferers from the culpably excessive manner in which temptations are crowded upon them; their homes are darkened, their lives embittered and their brains impoverished by conditions which, however created and perpetuated, are now controllable by their own agency. It is a dismal reflection on democracy that, when the chance is offered for escape from Egyptian bondage, it can not rise above habits that are enfeebling and always degrading."

The Temperance workers had made their hardest fight in Glasgow; and the result, to put it bluntly, was a complete fizzle. Not a single bad ward went dry; so that in 1924—since three years must, by the provisions of the Temperance Act, elapse before these same areas can vote again on the question—there will be no shining example of Prohibition's benefits at which the Drys can point with pride.

The Drys declare that they are not down-hearted. They say that their first year of voting brought them more and better results than were ever obtained in any country on a first Local Option vote. They point proudly to the Glasgow figures: 182,860 for No Change; 8,449 for Limitation and 142,328 for No License. All they need to do, they point out, is to swing ten per cent. of the Wets over to the Dry side in order to effect a tremendous swing to the Prohibition side of the fence. The same thing was true of all Scotland.

Two hundred and fifty-three voting areas had voted when I left Scotland. Two hundred and six had voted No Change; twenty-four had voted Limitation and twenty-three had voted No License.

The Wets lost a few districts, but they always had good explanations for all their losses. In fact, they out-alibied

Alibi Ike. They were badly jolted when the town of Cambuslang, heavily populated by steel workers and miners, went dry. I asked them about it. They explained by saying that in the first place the laborers were peevish at the pub owners for not selling them all the liquor they wanted during the war, and that they had consequently voted No License to spite the pub owners. In the second place, extreme labor agitators had got among the workmen and filled them with radical notions. The Wets have it firmly fixed in their heads that the extremists see Social Unrest in Prohibition, and that in Social Unrest the extremists see the desired revolution. Consequently the extremists use Prohibition as the means to their end. Kilsythe, inhabited largely by coal miners and industrial workers, is a hotbed of extreme Socialism, say the Wets. It went dry, they claim, because the labor leaders openly preached using Prohibition as a stepping stone to revolution. One ward in Clydebank, the big shipping town where the *Aquitania* was built, went dry. The Wets swear that it was the one radical, red-hot Bolshevik ward in the town.

Auchterarder is a pleasant agricultural and fruit-growing town and is the home of Lord Haldane, Lord Chancellor of Great Britain when the Temperance (Scotland) Act became a law. Auchterarder turned up in the dry column. The name sounded intriguing, so I took it up with the Wets. "This place must be a hotbed of Bolsheviks, don't you think?" I asked them.

They doubted it.

"Then why is it dry?" I asked.

The Master of Explanations for the Wets stepped briskly to the fore. "In Auchterarder," he said, "they just simply couldn't see any reason for fear. They didn't think there

was a possibility of the town going dry. Auchterarder was just like America; and that's why she got it in the throat, as you Americans say. Do you know, it wasn't until two weeks before the election that the Liquor Interests in Auchterarder made any sort of fight. What I mean, they wouldn't—just actually wouldn't. They couldn't conceive of *anything* going dry. There are four license holders in Auchterarder, and two of the beggars actually forgot to go and vote! Couldn't do a thing with them, what I mean. Then the ministers there are very strong—oh, *very* strong. And a residential district in the main. Beastly situation, what?"

I went over to see the Drys about Auchterarder. I ran into a conclave of Scotchmen who eyed me calmly.

"They tell me that the Wets made no fight in Auchterarder," I informed them.

"Did they so?" replied one of the Scotchmen.

"I'm asking you," said I.

"They did," said the Scotchman. "They made a gude fight, if you want to call it that. They had the place fair covered with posters saying we intended to make Scotland a place where there'd be no smoking or dancing or football or theaters, and all the rest of their stuff. They held open-air meetings, and they called us as many names as they'd call us on Argyle Street."

"Then why did you win?" I asked.

"Well-nigh pairfect organization," replied the Scotchman. "Well-nigh pairfect organization!"

His statement bears out—in part—a summing up which an unaffiliated resident of Glasgow made for me; and this is the summing up:

If Scotland had gone dry, America would stay dry without any question. If America goes back to wetness, or even to dampness, there is scarcely any power on earth that can make Scotland dry. If America stays dry and the Wets slacken their fight, Scotland will go dry as sure as shooting in Central Europe. If the Wets hadn't been so well organized, Scotland would have gone dry in 1920. And if the Drys ever have access to half as large a campaign fund as the Wets—and America still stays dry—then farewell, Scotch whisky.

THE END

RETURN TO → **CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT**
202 Main Library

LOAN PERIOD 1	2	3
HOME USE	NRLF	
4	5	6

ALL BOOKS MAY BE RECALLED AFTER 7 DAYS
1-month loans may be renewed by calling 642-3405
1-year loans may be recharged by bringing the books to the Circulation Desk
Renewals and recharges may be made 4 days prior to due date

DUE AS STAMPED BELOW

REC CIR AUG 9 1984
MAY 17 1999
JUL 19 1999

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, BERKELEY
FORM NO. DD6, 60m, 1/83 BERKELEY, CA 94720

JUN 22 1984

LD 21A-50m-4,'59
(A1724s10)476B

General Library
University of California
Berkeley

YC 09838

520210

JV6455
R55

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY